SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

DECEMBER 23, 1957
America's National Sports Weekly
35 CENTS
THIS ISSUE ONLY

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

BOWL PREVIEWS

SCOUTING REPORTS AND PLAYS TO WATCH

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

VINTAGE CARS

SILVER ALL-AMERICA

THE 25 WINNERS FOR 1957

FLIP-TOP FUN

RARE BIRD IN RARE COLOR

SKIING

PART III: WILLY SCHAEFFLER'S NEW WAY TO SKI; PLUS POWDER SNOW BY TONI FRISSELL

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DOCTOR CARY MIDDLECOFF, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MEMPHIS COUNTRY CLUB, MEMPHIS, TENN.

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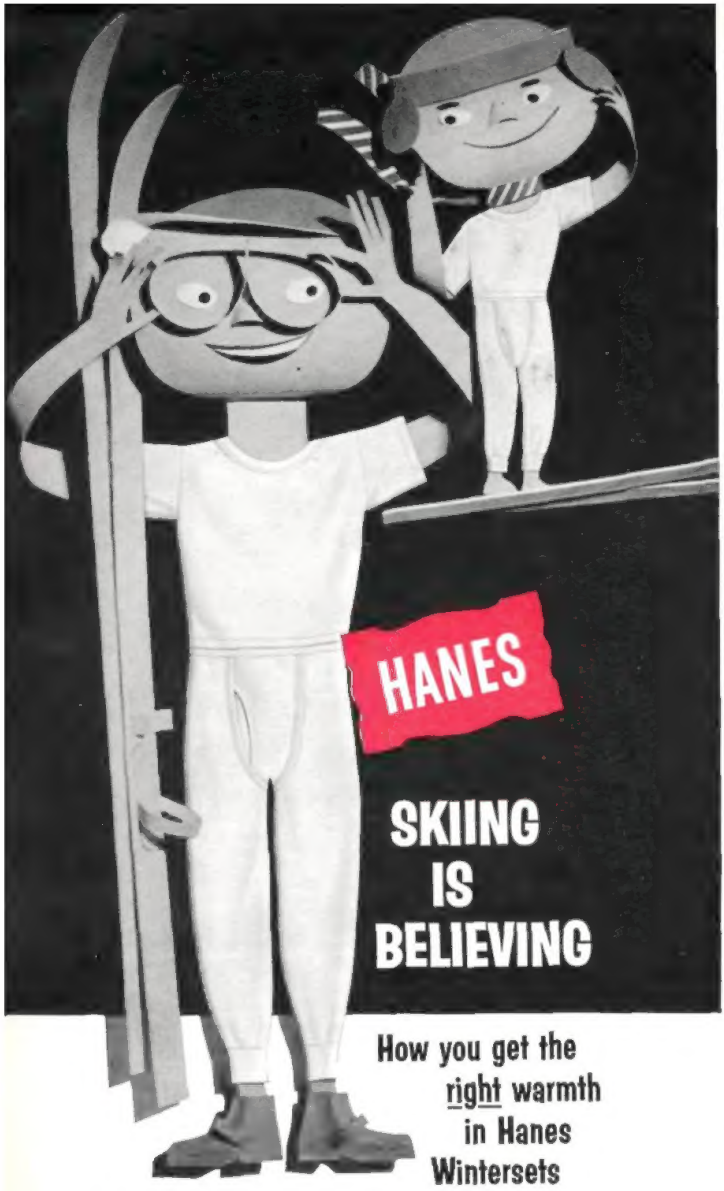

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DECEMBER 23, 1957
Volume 7, Number 26

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TWO MAGAZINES IN ONE IN A SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

The Sportsman of the Year and the Silver Anniversary All-America are only two of many editorial bonuses that distinguish our second annual double issue—Dec. 23 and Dec. 30 rolled into one. Our next issue, pretty special too, will be dated Jan. 6.

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IN OUR JAN. 6 ISSUE

Sports Illustrated South—a 6,000-mile vacation sweep from Maui to Martinique, with tourist ratings by Horace Sutton and eight pages in color

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JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *Do you want your son to be a football hero?*

MRS. WILLIAM A. SWIACKI

Wife of former Columbia end

I certainly would. My husband's career at Columbia University, plus pro football with the New York Giants and the Detroit Lions, was a stepping stone to better things in business and in friendships later on. Our son is still very young but he's already playing with four footballs and we take him to as many of the big games as we can.

MRS. ROY OSMOND

Grimsby, England

I don't see why not. If he wants to play American football or any other dangerous game like English Rugby, I couldn't stand in his way. If that's what he wants I'd encourage him, whether or not he ever does become a hero. Why worry about him getting hurt? He has to stand on his feet sometime, and athletes usually die in bed.

MRS. FRANK G. CLEMENT

Dickson, Tenn. Wife of the governor

My boy is already playing football in his grammar school. He plays halfback on the team. After all, sports of all kind mean as much to our boy as anything he comes in contact with. They help to make him a well-rounded boy. He has to stand on his own feet, and the one thing that football does for him is teach him manliness.

MRS. PAT HOY

Ambassador Hotel Chicago

From a mother's point of view, no. The football men who went to college with my husband—Bronko Nagurski, Pug Lund—all either had their teeth knocked out or have other permanent injuries such as trick knees, and the like. Do you think this scares my boy? Not in the least. When the time comes, I'll have nothing to say. I've always known that.

MRS. ARNOLD H. BRUNER

Dallas

No, but don't ask my husband that question. He'd veto me. I don't want my twins to play football because the game has gotten too rough and dangerous. I'm beginning to worry because they love the game, and they've just started to play. Suppose one of them should break his leg or his neck? That sort of thing has happened in football.

MRS. TOM HARMON

Hollywood, Calif. Wife of the former Michigan star

I would be disappointed if he didn't follow in his father's footsteps as a player. I say this because of what football does for every boy who plays the game and not because my husband was once a star. Our boy is 6 and he is a Little Leaguer. When I watch him play I can see he is a natural athlete, because he does everything naturally.

continued

THE LUXURY LIQUEUR...

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is a weekly reward for an athletic and sports-minded person like me, bringing both good literature and wise effort to bear upon a most important part of life.

Andrea Mead Lawrence

Olympic Double Gold Medal Winner, 1952

WILLIE SCHAEFFLER SAYS ABOUT COLORADO SNOW:

Willie Schaeffler, world famous skier and coach of the 6 time national champion University of Denver ski team says,

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HOTBOX

continued

MRS. KYLE ROTE

Wife of N.Y. Football Giants captain

Although I've often seen a ton of professional football muscle bury my husband after he's caught a pass, I never have gone to a game thinking he may get hurt in it. If my three boys are able to take care of themselves as well as Kyle does, and if they have the same ambition and ability, I'd love to see them star in football.

MRS. RED BARBER

Wife of the famous sportscaster

Three weeks ago I definitely would have answered no. The roughness and danger of football have always shocked me. But then I sat with my good friend, Martha Cavallon, at the Yale-Princeton game this year and watched her son win the game for Yale. Her boy was the hero. She felt so proud of him that I almost wished he were my son.

MRS. CHET LAROCHE

Wife of the president of the Football Hall of Fame

I certainly would if he has the ability to be a football hero. But whether he is a hero or not isn't really the important thing. Football is the greatest contact sport in the world. It has done ever so much for our boy. No other sport compares with it in teaching boys very early in their lives lessons of sportsmanship and manliness.

NINA RAO CAMERON

New York Assistant director in N.Y.C. Department of Commerce

Yes. I'd want him to play big-time football because I want him to do everything better than the other boys. Everything he ever attempts to do I want him to do in the big-time manner. If he gets seriously injured playing football—and I hope he isn't—that's the chance he'll have to take to be big-time, but once he gets there he'll be glad he tried.

SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .

Jack Dempsey, hard-hitting old heavyweight champ who still packs wallop for fans who remember when The Game was more of a sport, has been voted James J. Walker Memorial Award for "long and meritorious service," by New York Boxing Writers.

Woody Hayes, Ohio State strategist whose power game has sometimes set football's most vocal alumni to grumbling, was elected Coach of the Year in Scripps-Howard poll. Quips Hayes: "When you cross the goal line, they don't ask how you got there."

William A. Shea, prominent attorney and once active in attempt to keep Dodgers in Brooklyn, is chairman of Mayor Wagner's committee to bring National League team to New York. Other members: Bernard Gimbel, Jim Farley, Clinton Blume.

FOOTBALL

San Francisco 49ers scored come-from-behind 27–20 victory over Green Bay, forcing Western Division playoff with **Detroit Lions,** who defeated Chicago 21–13 *(see page 10)*. Los Angeles spoiled Baltimore's hopes for three-way tie, knocking down Colts 37–21. In East, Cleveland's champions closed out regular season by beating New York 34–28.

Pacific Coast Conference, heading for ruinous explosion ever since it threw heavy penalty marker at four member schools for giving illegal aid to athletes, blew up with loud bang heard as far as Big Ten, when three southern members, California, UCLA, USC, decided to secede *(see page 19)*. Drastic move may terminate PCC-Big Ten Rose Bowl tie-up, could also be beginning of end for 42-year-old conference.

Dallas Highland Park clicked on 59-yard pass play in closing minutes to earn 20–20 deadlock before 30,000 at Dallas, broke Abilene High School's record 49-game winning streak when peculiar tie-breaking formula (one point for each penetration of 20-yard line) put them ahead 5–3 and into state title final.

BASKETBALL

North Carolina, its winning streak stretched to 36- and **Kansas** were still among nation's unbeaten teams at week's end, but Kentucky came to grief at hands of scrappy Maryland 71–62, then bounced back to beat St. Louis 73–60. In first of many holiday tournament finals, Duquesne defeated Pitt 81–64 in Pittsburgh's Steel Bowl; Mississippi State outdefensed Auburn 52–37 in Birmingham Classic; Cincinnati outscored Xavier 79–68 in own invitational.

St. Louis Hawks, fired up by slick-shooting Bob Pettit and Cliff Hagan, ran off five straight, including 97–94 triumph over near-invincible Boston, began to put plenty of daylight (and 5½ games) between themselves and second-place Cincinnati **Royals,** who dropped four in row, in NBA Western Division. Celtics proved to be human after all, bowing to Hawks and New York Knicks 106–103, but were still so far ahead in East that major battle was for second place with Syracuse, which took three out of four, leading Knicks and Philadelphia.

TENNIS

Vic Seixas, picking up slack when jittery young Herb Flam and weary old Gardnar Mulloy stumbled badly, gave one of his better performances to beat Belgium's Jackie Brichant 10–8, 6–0, 6–1 in payoff singles for 3–2 victory at Brisbane, moved U.S. into Davis Cup challenge round against imposing Australians. Seixas and Flam won opening singles, but Brichant and Washer struck back to take doubles, and Washer upset below-form Flam 6–2, 6–3, 0–6, 6–3 to even score. Close call gave Captain Bill Talbert food for thought, indicated possible shakeup which may put power-hitting young Barry MacKay into singles spot for bout with Aussies, who named Mal Anderson, U.S. champion and winner over Ashley Cooper for Victorian title last week, Neale Fraser, Mervyn Rose and Cooper to defend Cup at Melbourne Dec. 26–28.

USLTA, meanwhile, gave Seixas his due, tentatively ranked him No. 1 in men's singles for 1957, ahead of Flam and Dick Savitt, but dropped last year's leader, Ham Richardson, and Budge Patty, both of whom (along with Savitt) turned down bids to join Davis Cup team, for "insufficient data." Also ranked No. 1: Althea Gibson, first Negro to win Wimbledon and U.S. titles, women's singles; Brooklyn's Alan Roberts, junior singles; San Diego's perky Karen Hantze, girls' singles *(see below)*.

HOCKEY

Toronto Maple Leafs, on upbeat these past weeks, went puck-happy to beat Chicago 4–1, Boston 3–1, moved up to tie Bruins for third place in NHL, only four points behind second-place New York Rangers, who were still sputtering. Montreal Canadiens, despite injury to Jean Beliveau, held even firmer grip on first place, increasing their lead to nine big points at expense of Rangers, Bruins, Black Hawks.

AUTO RACING

Jim Bryan, cigar-chomping throttle-pusher who powered his way to three national racing titles in DeanVan Lines Special, will shift to George Salih's revolutionary Belond Exhaust Special—same car in which now-retired Sam Hanks won 1957 Indianapolis "500"—for next year's Memorial Day race. Still uncertain: which car Bryan will be roaring around dirt tracks in 1958.

BOWLING

Don Carter, unorthodox shovel-style St. Louis bowler who gave up minor league pitching to knock down tenpins, lost his final match to young Tom Hennessey before nationwide TV audience, but had more than enough Petersen points (313.36) in hand to win first world's invitational match game title and $5,000 at Chicago *(see page 19)*. Women's champion: perennial All-Star titleholder, Mrs. Marion Ladewig, 43-year-old grandmother from Grand Rapids, Mich., who averaged 205 for 32 games, piled up 158.10 points.

HARNESS RACING

Torpid, Max Hoehberg's nimble-footed 3-year-old pacer, finished second to trotter Hoot Song in earnings ($114,887 to $113,982) but first in eyes of U.S. Harness Writers, who overwhelmingly voted him Harness Horse of Year at Columbus, Ohio. Other year-end intelligence from U.S. Trotting Association: Billy Haughton, 34, steady-handed reinsman from Brookville, N.Y., was far and away nation's leading driver, winning dollar crown for fifth straight time with $586,950 and race-winning title for sixth year in row with 156 victories.

BOXING

Herman (Muggsy) **Taylor,** rumbly-voiced little promoter who numbers some of underworld's best names among his acquaintances, wasted little time hooking up with IBC after getting back into good graces of Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, was given his reward by good friend Jim Norris: Jan. 15 TV welterweight elimination bout between Gil Turner and Vince Martinez in Philadelphia, Taylor's first local promotion since dope-tainted Harold Johnson-Julio Mederos fiasco in May 1955.

MILEPOSTS

BORN—To **Bobby Morrow,** fleet triple Olympic gold medal winner; SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's 1956 Sportsman of Year, and wife Jo Ann; their first children, twins, at Abilene, Texas. Names: Ron Floyd (weight: 5 pounds, 11 ounces); Viki Jo (weight: 5 pounds, 4½ ounces). Cracked Morrow's coach, Oliver Jackson: "That boy does everything first class."

DIED—**Maurice Evans McLoughlin,** 67, broad-shouldered California Comet who came booming out of West in 1909 to revolutionize Eastern (and U.S.) tennis with slam-bang, violent style, Davis Cupper in 1909, 1911, 1913, 1914, when he beat Australia's Norman Brookes 17–15 in one of sport's most thrilling sets, U.S. champion in 1912, 1913, member of Tennis Hall of Fame; of heart attack, at Hermosa Beach, Calif.

USLTA TENTATIVE RANKINGS FOR 1957

MEN'S SINGLES

1. Vic Seixas, Philadelphia
2. Herb Flam, Beverly Hills, Calif.
3. Dick Savitt, South Orange, N.J.
4. Gil Shea, Los Angeles
5. Barry MacKay, Dayton
6. Ron Holmberg, Brooklyn
7. Bernard Bartzen, Dallas
8. Whitney Reed, Alameda, Calif.
9. Alejandro Olmedo, USC
10. Grant Golden, Wilmette, Ill.

WOMEN'S SINGLES

1. Althea Gibson, New York City
2. Louise Brough, Beverly Hills, Calif.
3. Dorothy H. Knode, Forest Hills, N.Y.
4. Darlene Hard, Montebello, Calif.
5. Karol Fageros, Miami
6. Mimi Arnold, Redwood City, Calif.
7. Jeanne Arth, St. Paul
8. Sally Moore, Bakersfield, Calif.
9. Janet Hopps, Seattle
10. Mary Ann Mitchell, San Leandro, Calif.

JUNIOR SINGLES

1. Alan Roberts, Brooklyn
2. Robert Delgado, Los Angeles
3. Rudy Hernando, Detroit
4. Ronnie Fisher, Houston
5. Charles McKinley, St. Ann, Mo.
6. James Shaffer, St. Petersburg, Fla.
7. Chris Crawford, Piedmont, Calif.
8. Robert Bowditch Jr., Worcester, Mass.
9. Clarence Sledge Jr., Dallas
10. Edgar Neely III, Atlanta

MEN'S DOUBLES

1. Gardnar Mulloy, Coral Gables, Fla., and Budge Patty, Paris
2. Ham Richardson, Arlington, Va., and Vic Seixas
3. Myron Franks, Los Angeles, and Mike Green, Miami Beach, Fla.
4. Art Andrews, Iowa City, and Crawford Henry, Atlanta
5. Sam Giammalva, Houston, and Barry MacKay
6. Crawford Henry and Ron Holmberg

WOMEN'S DOUBLES

1. Louise Brough and Mrs. Margaret O. duPont, Wilmington, Del.
2. Althea Gibson and Darlene Hard
3. Belmar Gunderson, Ft. Meade, Md., and Margaret Varner, Boston
4. Janet Hopps and Diane Wootton, Santa Barbara, Calif.
5. Jeanne Arth and Patricia Naud, San Mateo
6. Lois Felix, Meriden, Conn., and Katharine Hubbell, Conway, N.H.

SENIORS' SINGLES

1. Bryan M. Grant, Atlanta
2. Ladislav Hecht, Kew Gardens, N.Y.
3. Harry R. Hoffman, Philadelphia
4. David Perchonock, Philadelphia
5. W. E. Hester Jr., Jackson, Miss.
6. Dr. Reginald Weir, New York City
7. Edgar Yeomans, Los Angeles
8. Alexander Wellford, Memphis
9. C. Alphonso Smith, Arlington, Va.
10. Clifford Robbins, Los Angeles

BOYS' SINGLES

1. William Bond, La Jolla, Calif.
2. Robert Siska, San Francisco
3. R. Dennis Ralston, Bakersfield, Calif.
4. Paul Palmer Jr., Phoenix, Ariz.
5. Henry Kamakana Jr., Honolulu
6. William Lenoir, Phoenix, Ariz.
7. Frank Bertram, Austin, Texas
8. Frank Froehling, Coral Gables, Fla.
9. Michael Neely, Atlanta
10. Hugh Lynch III, Bethesda, Md.

Sepp Ruschp, busybee Austrian who arrived in U.S. 21 years ago, has since transformed Stowe, Vt. into one of East's most agreeable ski centers, was awarded American Ski Trophy for his "contribution to pro and amateur skiing" in U.S.

FOR THE RECORD

BOXING

BOB BAKER, 10-round decision over Dick Richardson, heavyweights, London.
INGEMAR JOHANSSON, 10-round decision over Archie McBride, heavyweights, Gothenburg, Sweden.
YVON DURELLE, 10-round decision over Jerry Luedee, light heavyweights, Tampa, Fla.
ARTHUR KING, 10-round decision over Yama Bahama, welterweights, Toronto.
KENNY LANE, 8-round TKO over Luke Easter, lightweights, San Francisco.
FRANKIE RYFF, 10-round decision over Frankie Ippolito, lightweights, New York.

DOG SHOWS

CH. FONTCLAIR FESTOON (miniature poodle), owned by Clarence Dillon, Far Hills, N.J., best-in-show, Kennel Club of Philadelphia show.

FOOTBALL

FLORIDA A&M, over Maryland State, 27-21, Orange Blossom Bowl, Miami.
ARLINGTON STATE, Texas, over Cerritos Jr. College, Norwalk, Calif., 21-12, Jr. Rose Bowl, Pasadena.
BOLLING AFB, over San Diego Marines, 28-7, Shrimp Bowl, Galveston, Texas.
(NFL results)
Chi. Cards 31-Phila 27 Wash. 10-Pitts. 3

GOLF

WALTER BURKEMO, Franklin Hills, Mich., Sanford (Fla.) Open, with 269 for 72 holes.

HORSE RACING

BAROUCHE, $25,000 Golden Gate H., 1 1/8 m., by 1½ lengths, in 1:47 3/5, Golden Gate Fields, Merlin Volzke up.

SQUASH RACQUETS

PHILADELPHIA over Boston, 4-3, for Lockett Cup, Boston.
NEW YORK over Philadelphia, 3-2, women's Howe Cup final, New York.

TENNIS

(USLTA hard-court championships, La Jolla, Calif.)
TOM BROWN, San Francisco, over Whitney Reed, 6-2, 6-2, men's singles.
BEVERLY FLEITZ, Long Beach, Calif., over Mimi Arnold, 6-1, 6-1, women's singles.
MYRON FRANKS, UCLA, and ALEJANDRO OLMEDO, USC, over Michael Davies and Roger Becker, 6-2, 6-4, men's doubles.
BEVERLY FLEITZ and PAT TODD, La Jolla, Calif., over Dorothy Cheney and Sally Moore, 6-0, 6-0, women's doubles.

GIRLS' SINGLES

1. Karen Hantze, San Diego
2. Gwyneth Thomas, Cleveland
3. Sally Moore, Bakersfield, Calif.
4. Lorna Raymond, Covina, Calif.
5. Barbara Benigni, San Francisco
6. Albertina Rodi, Beverly Hills, Calif.
7. Jacqueline Tegland, Oxnard, Calif.
8. Susan Hodgman, Kalamazoo, Mich.
9. Donna Floyd, Arlington, Va.
10. Sandra Loubat, New Orleans

FATHER AND SON'S DOUBLES

1. Harry Hoffman and Harry Jr., Philadelphia
2. Admiral James Farran and James, Philadelphia
3. Guadalupe Delgado and Robert, Los Angeles
4. Robert Bowditch and Robert Jr., Worcester, Mass.
5. Harrison Rowbotham and Harrison Jr., Waban, Mass.
6. Cecil Powless and John, Flora, Ill.
7. Everett Hicks and Donald, Worcester, Mass.
8. Leslie Fitz Gibbon and Herbert, New York City
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SNOW PATROL

SPOT TO SKI: LOVELAND BASIN

MANAGER ROY PARKER SKIMS OFF PACKED RUN INTO POWDER ON LOVELAND SLOPE

Two years ago Loveland Basin was just a place with a lot of snow and a couple of rope tows snuggled up against the east side of the Continental Divide.

Today, with over $500,000 spent in developing chair lifts, rope tows and 11 runs, it offers a weekend haven to ski enthusiasts in the Denver area. After piling the wife and kids into the family car, the ski fan heads out U.S. 6, and 57 miles later pulls into the parking lot at Loveland. Loveland has two double chair lifts, the newest of which opened last week. With a capacity of 800 an hour, this new lift brings skiers 5,700 feet up one side of the basin in a real Alpine snowfield. At an altitude of 12,000 feet there are no trees, just soft and gentle slopes where novices can tumble around without running into anything. Further down the slopes experts find powder skiing in the deep ravine among the trees. The older chair lift on the opposite side of the basin is used by those who want steep, tough and tricky runs on a par with the hair-raising stretches of Strawpile or Elevator Shaft at Aspen. Roy Parker, the area manager, can sometimes be persuaded to go along; and when not too busy teaching snow bunnies, Ski School Head Jack McTargnahan is good company too.

At day's end it is a 12-mile drive to Georgetown for a family dinner of smorgasbord or fried chicken at the Alpine Inn. Then, with the kids tucked away, parents and young people hike off to the Red Ram, a new night spot in town which features a rathskeller and Austrian food specialties.

SKIING ACROSS THE COUNTRY

Be sure to check resorts for latest condition changes

UP—*inches of snow on upper slopes and trails* **LO**—*inches of snow on lower slopes and trails* **CR**—*crowd last Saturday* **SN**—*inches of snow last week*

● WEST

Loveland Basin, Colo.: Skiing very good on packed snow, with powder on expert trails, for families and crowds of young racers. Women favoring tangerine and moss-green Bogner stretch pants. **UP** 18, **LO** 18, **SN** 0, **CR** 750.

Arapahoe Basin, Colo.: All lifts operating. Good hard-packed surface. Ski school teaching Schaeffler shortswing technique, and pupils learning fast. Air Force Academy has contracted for 500 lessons for cadets. **UP** 20–40, **LO** 20.

Aspen, Colo.: Skiing excellent on packed snow. All trails open. Schaeffler training Denver U. team here for Aspen Invitational Intercollegiate race, Dec. 21–22. **UP** 40, **LO** 14.

Alta, Utah: Mambo and Main Street runs best, all trails open and packed. Experts hitting back slopes where powder waist-deep. Booked solid. **UP** 48, **LO** 42, **SN** 0, **CR** 1,000.

Brighton, Utah: Excellent skiing on Mt. Millicent and Majestic. Miller safety binding more popular than ever. **UP** 42, **LO** 36, **CR** 2,800.

Sun Valley, Idaho: Reservations tight after Dec. 20 opening. **UP** 14, **LO** 10, **SN** 6.

Santa Fe, N. Mex.: Ski school program doubled with juniors learning new Austrian technique. **UP** 36, **LO** 24, **CR** 300.

● FAR WEST

White Pass, Wash.: Skiing good along chairlift line and Pomalift on main hill, experts' Midway Cutoff and Roller Coaster trails. **UP** 36, **LO** 17, **SN** 4, **CR** 300.

Stevens Pass, Wash.: Light new snow made skiing good. Duofold powder-blue long underwear under stretch pants popular with girls. **UP** 50, **LO** 40, **SN** 10, **CR** 300.

Paradise, Wash.: Great skiing on Alta Vista slope. Experts climbing to Anvil Rock for 1½ mile rock-dodging downhill run. **UP** 56, **SN** 24.

Mount Hood, Ore.: Skiing excellent on all slopes. Crowd on hand for Lucia Swedish Festival of lights at Timberline. **UP** 41, **CR** 900.

Squaw Valley, Calif.: All facilities operating. North Bowl cover 30 to 36 with snow falling heavily over weekend throughout Sierras. Reservations booked solid through Jan. 4, **CR** 150.

Mammoth Mt., Calif.: Good skiing on back trails and in timber with 18 inches of powder.

Mt. Norquay, Alta.: Heavy snow in week, all slopes skiable. Saturday night dances at Norquay Lodge starting Dec. 21. **UP** 12, **CR** 500.

● MIDWEST

Boyne Mt., Mich.: Machine-made snow base helped by last week's storm. Slopes serviced by new chair lift best. **UP** 30, **LO** 18, **SN** 10.

Brule Mt., Mich.: Area greatly improved by dusting of new snow. Pierre Chavin from Mont Tremblant new head of ski school.

Rib Mt., Wis.: Three- to five-inch packed base with light snow cover, skiing poor to good.

● EAST

Snow Ridge, N.Y.: Good, packed powder skiing brought out big weekend crowd. Quilted parkas hot equipment item. **UP** 10, **CR** 850.

Big Bromley, Vt.: Fair to good skiing on entire mountain. Neil Robinson and Hans Palmer head large ski school, on new slope next to Lord's Prayer. Women sporting blue, beige and red stretchies. **UP** 8, **LO** 3, **SN** 10, **CR** 1,500.

Bousquet's, Mass.: Machine-made snow to build up natural base during week. **CR** 500.

Stowe, Vt.: Toll Road good, Tyro and Standard fair. **UP** 12, **LO** 8, **SN** 14, **CR** 500.

Sugarloaf, Me.: Skiing good to excellent for best conditions in territory, with lower T bar running. **UP** 3, **LO** 6, **CR** 100.

Lac Beauport, P.Q.: Ten inches of powder on hard base, all tows working. **UP** 18, **CR** 1,500.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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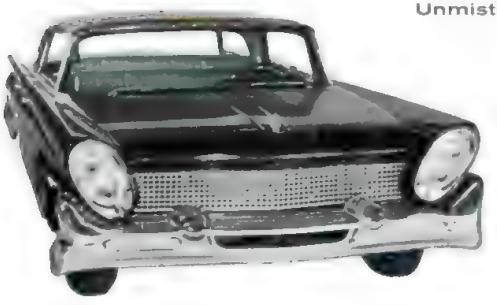

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COMING EVENTS

DEC. 20—JAN. 3

■ *TV* ★ *COLOR TV* ● *NETWORK RADIO*
All times E.S.T. except where otherwise noted

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20

Basketball
(Leading college tournaments and games)
Kentucky Blue Grass* Louisville Seattle San Francisco Army at Louisville (also Dec. 21)
Kentucky Invitational North Carolina Minnesota West Virginia Kentucky, at Lexington, Ky. (also Dec. 21).
Bradley vs. UCLA Peoria, Ill.
Kansas State vs. California Kansas vs. Washington Lawrence, Kans.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21

Basketball
(Lead ng college games)
● Iowa vs. Oregon State, Iowa City (Midwest Regional; Sports Network, Inc.)*
Kansas vs. California, Kansas State vs. Washington, Manhattan, Kans.
(Profess onal)
Cincinnati at Detroit
● Minneapolis at Boston 2 p.m. (NBC)
St. Louis vs. Syracuse at Detroit

Football
(Bowl game)
● Holiday Bowl Hillsdale vs. Pittsburg State (Kans.), St. Petersburg, Fla., 1:30 p.m. (CBS)

Golf
■ All-Star Golf Gene Sarazen vs. Gene Littler, Phoenix, Ariz. 4 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

Hockey
Boston at Toronto
● Detroit at Chicago, 4 p.m. (CBS)
New York at Montreal

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22

Basketball
(Profess onal)
Boston at Cincinnati
Detroit at Syracuse
Minneapolis at St. Louis
Philadelphia at New York.

Football
(Professional)
● Detroit at San Francisco 4 p.m. (CBS).
Pittsburgh at Chicago Cards

Hockey
Chicago at Detroit
Montreal at Boston
Toronto at New York.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 23

Basketball
(Leading college games)
Bradley vs. St. Mary's (Calif.) Peoria, Ill.
Brigham Young vs. Oregon, Provo, Utah.
Indiana vs. Oregon State, Bloomington, Ind.
Iowa State vs. Michigan State, Ames, Iowa.
Kentucky vs. Utah State, Lexington, Ky.
Oklahoma vs. Ohio State, Norman, Okla.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25

Basketball
(Professional)
Boston at Philadelphia
Minneapolis at Detroit.
New York at Syracuse

Football
(Bowl game)
● North-South game, Orange Bowl, Miami, 8 p.m. (Mutual).

Hockey
Chicago at New York.
Detroit at Boston
Montreal at Toronto

Tennis
USLTA Girls Indoor Championship, Chestnut Hill, Mass. (through Dec. 29).
Orange Bowl Tourney, Junior girls and boys, Miami (through Dec. 31).

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26

Basketball
(Leading college tournaments)
Holiday Festival Dayton Manhattan, Temple Pitt Seattle Connecticut California NYU, at Mad. Sq. Garden, New York (also Dec. 28 and 30).
All College San Francisco, Denver, Western Kentucky, Niagara Oklahoma City, Tulane, Idaho State, Tulsa, at Oklahoma City (through Dec. 28).
Dixie Classic Wake Forest Duquesne North Carolina State Northwestern, Duke, Seton Hall, North Carolina, St. Louis, at Raleigh, N.C. (through Dec. 28).
Big Eight Kansas Oklahoma Colorado Iowa State Kansas State Missouri Nebraska Princeton, at Kansas City, Mo. (also Dec. 27, 28 and 30).
Southwest Conference SMU Texas Tech Texas Christian, Texas A&M Texas, Arkansas, Rice, Baylor, at Houston (through Dec. 28)
(Professional)
Detroit at St. Louis.
New York at Boston
Syracuse vs. Cincinnati at St. Louis.

Boating
Miami to Bimini Power Boat Race, Orange Bowl Regatta Miami (through Dec. 28)

Tennis
Davis Cup Challenge Round, U.S. vs. Australia, Melbourne (through Dec. 28).

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27

Basketball
(Lead ng college tournaments and games)
Far West Classic Washington, Utah, Yale, Oregon State, at Corvallis, Ore. (also Dec. 28).
Mississippi State Invitational Mississippi State, Alabama Mississippi, Morehead, at Starkville, Miss. (also Dec. 28)
Motor City Detroit, Marquette, Columbia, Georgia Tech, at Detroit (also Dec. 28).
Richmond Invitation La Salle, Penn, Richmond, Virginia at Richmond (also Dec. 28).
Holy Cross Invitational Dartmouth, Colgate, Holy Cross, Brown, at Worcester, Mass. (also Dec. 28).
Hoosier Classic Indiana, Butler, Notre Dame, Purdue, at Indianapolis (also Dec. 28).
(Professional)
Boston vs. Philadelphia at New York.
Detroit at New York.
St. Louis at Cincinnati

Boxing
■ Joey Giardello vs. Tiger Jones, middleweights, 10 rds.,
● Miami Beach, 10 p.m. (NBC).

Tennis
Sugar Bowl Invitational, New Orleans (through Dec. 29)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28

Basketball
(Leading college tournaments)
Sugar Bowl Maryland, Vanderbilt, Memphis State, Loyola (New Orleans), at New Orleans (through Dec. 30).
Queen City Iowa, Cornell, Canisius, Syracuse at Buffalo (also Dec. 30).

Football
(Bowl games)
■ Gator Bowl Tennessee vs. Texas A&M, Jacksonville, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)
●■ Blue-Gray game Montgomery, Ala. 1:45 p.m. (NBC)
●■ East-West Shrine game San Francisco, 4:45 p.m. (NBC)

Hockey
■ Boston at Chicago 4 p.m. (CBS).
Detroit at Montreal
New York at Toronto

Horse Racing
Breeders Trial Stakes, $25,000, 2-yr.-olds, 7 furlongs, Santa Anita, Calif.
Malibu Sequel Stakes, $25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 7 furlongs, Santa Anita, Calif.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29

Football
(Professional)
National Football League championship (NBC).*

Hockey
Boston at Detroit
Montreal at New York
Toronto at Chicago

MONDAY, DECEMBER 30

Basketball
(Leading college tournament)
Gator Bowl Georgia, South Carolina, Florida, Clemson, at Jacksonville (also Dec. 31).

Hockey
● Detroit at New York, 3 p.m. (CBS)

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1

Basketball
(Leading college tournaments)
Senior Bowl Georgia Tech, Citadel, Florida State, Spring Hill, at Mobile, Ala. (also Jan. 2).
New Hampshire Invitational Harvard, Amherst, Springfield, New Hampshire, at Durham, N.H. (also Jan. 2).

Football
(Bowl games)
■ Rose Bowl Ohio State vs. Oregon, Pasadena, Calif.,
● 4:45 p.m. (NBC)
● Orange Bowl Oklahoma vs. Duke, Miami, 1:30 p.m. (CBS)
● Sugar Bowl Mississippi vs. Texas, New Orleans, 1:45 p.m. (NBC)
● Cotton Bowl Rice vs. Navy, Dallas (picked up in progress following Orange Bowl, CBS)
Sun Bowl Drake vs. Louisville, El Paso
Tangerine Bowl Mississippi Southern vs. East Texas State, Orlando, Fla.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2

Golf
Los Angeles Open, $40,000, Los Angeles (through Dec. 6).

*See local listing.

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED
DECEMBER 23, 1957

SUDDEN DEATH IN SAN FRANCISCO

The Lions and 49ers survived and the Colts died as professional football's friskiest season races to a playoff for the Western title

by TEX MAULE

PROFESSIONAL football swirled to the most frenetic finish in its history last Sunday to cap a wildly exciting season which set records for attendance, hysteria and plain old fashioned dramatics. When it was all over, the Detroit Lions and San Francisco 49ers shared the Western Division title, which they must battle over this Sunday for the right to meet the rejuvenated Cleveland Browns, winners of the Eastern Division, for the National Football League title December 29.

When the curtain fell Sunday night, it was the old pros in the league who took the bows. In rain-swept stadiums on the West Coast, one group of old-timers carried their team into the Western Division tie while another group turned back the bid of some obstreperous youngsters for their first shot at the title. In Chicago, a long, lean Texan playing his eighth year of professional football threw the 100th touchdown pass of his pro career and rallied the Detroit Lions to a 21-13 victory over the Chicago Bears.

The brash young Baltimore Colts were victims of the artistry of the home town Rams' Norman Van Brocklin, a 31-year-old veteran of nine years of pro football warfare and Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch, who is 34 and has been playing college and professional football for 16 years. Twice Van Brocklin passed to Hirsch for touchdowns; the Colts, new to the pressure of a game upon which a championship rested, wilted and lost 31-21. They were leading 7-3, when the public address system boomed through the rain, "Detroit Lions 21, Chicago Bears 13." The Colts were not the same after that, the nerve-shattering knowledge that they had to win to retain a chance for their first division title cost the young team its poise.

The same announcement in Kezar Stadium in San Francisco seemed to steady the old hands on the 49er team. Yelberton Abraham Tittle, a bald quarterback who has played 10 years of pro ball, hobbled out to replace Rookie Quarterback John Brodie as the second half of the 49er-Green Bay Packers game started under lowering skies. Tittle, with pulled muscles in both legs and recovering from a broken toe suffered in midseason and kept quiet, promptly led his team on scoring drives which brought the 49ers from a 20-10 half-time deficit to an eventual 27-20 victory. Joe Perry, the stumpy, hard-running 49er fullback, carried the ball 27 times, gained 130 yards and scored two of the touchdowns; Perry's time in the league 10 years.

The 49ers hold an important advantage—that of the home field—in next Sunday's game. Should the two teams end the game in a tie, an extra, sudden-death period will be played to determine the best in the West.

The two teams, otherwise, are rather well matched. Both have strong, veteran quarterbacks—Tobin Rote of the Lions, Tittle of the 49ers. Both have powerful running, especially from halfback, where the 49ers have the incomparable veteran, Hugh McElhenny, and the Lions have Hopalong Cassady, the Ohio State All-America of 1955. Cassady has developed magnificently in the last few games and was the driving force in the Lion running attack which salvaged Sunday's game with the Bears.

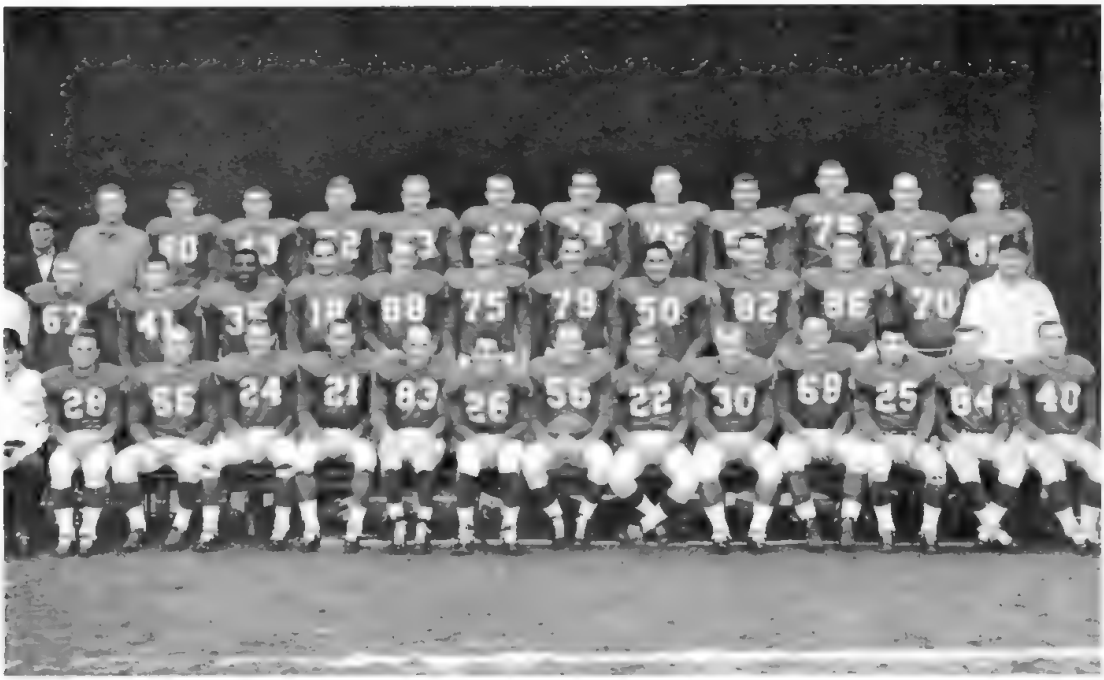
Both Rote and Tittle have fine targets. Dave Middleton, who plays end or slot back for the Lions, is one of the best young receivers in the league; Tittle has a kangaroolike rookie named R. C. Owens, who can outjump any defensive halfback in the league, and also Billy Wilson, an old pro who can outfake any defensive halfback. McElhenny, who has played offensive end recently, is a topnotch receiver with tremendous speed.

The Lions hold an edge in two very important phases of defense—linebacking and deep pass defense. In blond, strong Joe Schmidt, Detroit possesses, by a good margin, the best middle linebacker in the league. And the four Lion secondary pass defenders, headed by veteran Jack Christiansen, comprise the most polished and effective unit of its kind in pro football.

To offset that advantage, the 49ers have a distinct edge-in-depth at quarterback. Since Bobby Layne was injured for the season against Cleveland two weeks ago, Detroit has been forced to rely on Rote for its quarterbacking. If anything should happen to him the team would be in dire trouble. The 49ers, however, can always fall back on John Brodie, who saved the Baltimore game two weeks ago with a touchdown pass in the last 16 seconds after Tittle had been injured.

All in all, it appears as even a game as you might want. As is usual, the old pros—Tittle, Perry, McElhenny, Wilson for the 49ers, Rote, Christiansen, Schmidt for the Lions—will decide the issue.

SAN FRANCISCO 49ers: Top row (*l. to r.*): Wilson, Soltau, Powell, Morze, Jessup, Toneff, Henke, Dahms, Babb, Owens, McElhenny. Middle row (*l. to r.*): Brodie, Tittle, Cross, Rubke, Sherrill, Herchman, Barnes, Hardeman, Smith, Connolly, Conner. Bottom row (*l. to r.*): St. Clair, Walker, Ridlon, Holladay, Arenas, Perry, Carr, Palatella, Stits, Moegle, Matuszak, Nomellini.



DETROIT LIONS: Top row (*l. to r.*): Dr. Richard Thompson, Trainer Millard Kelley, Reichow, Lowe, Gatski, Russell, Martin, Miller, Creekmur, Zatkoff, McCord, Mains, Dibble. Middle row (*l. to r.*): Head Coach George Wilson, Campbell, Barr, Johnson, Rote, Junker, Gordy, Perry, Ane, Hart, Long, Krouse, Coach Buster Ramsey. Bottom row (*l. to r.*): Coach Bob Nussbaumer, Lary, Sewell, Christiansen, Karilivacz, Doran, Gedman, Schmidt, Layne, Tracy, Cronin, David, Middleton, Cassady.

CHARACTER BUILDERS

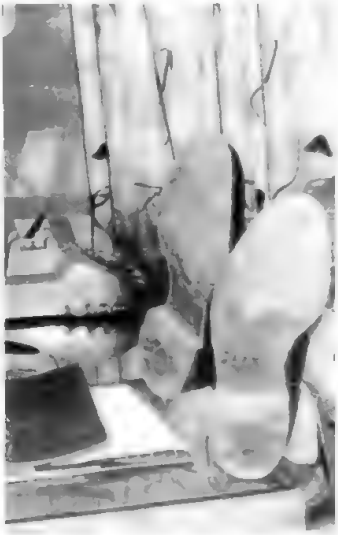
FOOTBALL COACHES have toiled so assiduously to create the legend that they are developers of character that it is difficult, this week, not to consider them hoist on their own petard. Their legend, of course, is partially true for the young have always learned by observation. But just what kind of character is being built? Though it must be conceded that alumni pressures may be largely responsible, coaches are accumulating within their ranks a very slick, fast-talking and shifty group of fellows adept at evasion of the recruiting rules and equally adept at charming old ladies on television. This week, a quick-moving minority of them is piously engaged in what is becoming a sort of winter rite—contract jumping. It is now widely accepted that a coach's contract is only a scrap of paper if he has an opportunity to "better himself," although the college which fires a coach must prepare to pay off at least part of the total salary agreed on for his tenure or face action in the courts. Thus, Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant demonstrated no compunction at all when he broke a 10-year contract after only four years at Texas A&M and took a fresh coaching job, which was offered him—also with no signs at all of abashment—by his alma mater, the University of Alabama. At first glance the issue of sharp practice aside—it seemed like an odd thing to do. Bryant has been making a good deal of money in Texas (some estimates are as high as $60,000 because he has a television program, is privy to the thoughts of large men in the oil industry and has built and runs apartment houses just off the campus). Bryant himself explained the decision as one based on love and duty. "When your mother calls," he said, "you come arunnin'." Actually, Bryant, whose team was put on probation for two years (1955-56) as a result of his overenthusiastic recruiting, is now "running out of horses"—that is, his hotter players are graduating—and next year he would be forced to face the world, and the alumni, with less than realistic hopes of victory. At Alabama, however—where both Coach J. B. (Ears) Whitworth and a program of low-pressure football have just been junked—a slush fund is being raised and an atmosphere conducive to big-time operations re-established. Meanwhile, Texas A&M, which still lusts for bowl games, is looking for another top coach—which means it is doing its best to encourage more contract jumping.

It would be hard to say whether the condition of the present player roster at Texas A&M might have influenced him or not, but when the news of Bear Bryant's departure reached Michigan State's Duffy Daugherty, 1,000 miles to the northeast—closely followed by an inquiry on his availability—Duffy said, "I guess I have too much sentiment for Michigan State." When the news reached UCLA's Red Sanders, 1,500 miles away, he cleared his throat and said: "I have a very good job here." A week later, despite the fact that his contract at UCLA has six years to run, Red Sanders allowed that he would fly to Texas to consider a deal described by Texans as a $15,000 salary, a $5,000 expense account, television shows to net $10,000, plus ground-floor stock in an oil company, an air-conditioned, rent-free home, free food and a new station wagon every year.

The game of musical chairs went

WINNER: Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant, who is leaving Texas for new job at Alabama

LOSER: Low-pressure Coach J. B. (Ears) Whitworth, dropped in favor of Bryant.



NEUTRAL: Michigan State's Coach Hugh Duffy Daugherty, who was asked to take

Football coaching's winter rite contract jumping is now at its frenetic height

merrily on elsewhere, too. Smiling Jack Mitchell hopped from Arkansas he had replaced Bowden Wyatt who hopped off in his gift Cadillac in 1955) to the University of Kansas. Coach Frank Broyles hopped from the University of Missouri (where he had spent just one season) to replace him and intoned on arrival, "I'm in Arkansas as long as you want me." The week's record of frenetic job grabbing moved the *New York Herald Tribune*'s Red Smith to characterize football as the "only sport that publicly claims to ennoble the human race [but one which often] brings out the worst in man. A baseball manager, a horse trainer, or the proprietor of a prizefighter is seldom encountered in a cathedral discoursing upon the spiritual values of his game. But football is characterized [by cynical contempt on both sides for the sanctity of contracts; by constant violation of agreements governing the subsidizing of players. In the circumstances it seems almost miraculous that the undergraduates have not taken a tip from the elders and gaffed a game now and then. The basic decency of kids must be indestructible."

Bear Bryant's job at Texas A&M but cordially declined to abandon the Spartans.

FRANK BROYLES

When this genial-looking custodian of young athletes took over the football coaching job at the University of Arkansas last week, he gave a new and clearer meaning to a little speech he delivered just 11 months ago when accepting a three-year contract at the University of Missouri. "I didn't seek out the Missouri job just to stay a year or two. If the people want me and I feel I'm contributing to the program, I'll be happy to make my home at Columbia for a long time."

JACK MITCHELL

The vacuum into which Frank Broyles plunged last week was created by this even happier-looking molder of young manhood, who resigned his job at Arkansas after two years of a five-year contract to move on to the University of Kansas. Arkansas high school coaches were prompted to buy a newspaper advertisement suggesting the qualifications of his successor: "Coach," it read, "must be willing to break a contract at slightest whim and without any second thoughts."

CHARLES V. (CHUCK) MATHER

It would seem only fitting to be able to report that this jobless coach, having been dumped into the cold by the University of Kansas, was about to hop into the spot at Missouri vacated by the gent at the top of this column. Job hopping, however, is not that neat a process and Chuck Mather, at the moment anyhow, is low man on the totem pole in more ways than one. Pity the coach with no contract to break, for both his allure and chances of getting a new one are apt to be slim.

LOOK WHO'S RACING!

HALF A LENGTH SEPARATES DENISE AND RUTH AS THEY GET THE CHECKERED FLAG

NASSAU was absolutely unsurprised when Britain's great Stirling Moss won the featured race the other day during the fourth annual Speed Week, for Moss is as constant as the turquoise sea that frames the Bahamian outpost. And it was perfectly reasonable that three other major events should go to the Americans Masten Gregory, Phil Hill and Ed Crawford.

What startled and delighted the racing crowd was the spectacle served up by two girls named Denise and Ruth and a boy named Ricardo. Denise McCluggage is a gal reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune* and a racing driver of no little skill; Ruth Levy is a gal racing driver from California; and Ricardo Rodriguez is a 15-year-old racing driver from Mexico City who stands 5 feet 6, weighs 125, and manages to produce a shavable beard once a week.

Well, when Denise, in her Porsche 550RS, and Ruth, in the 3.7-liter Aston Martin she had borrowed from Moss, hooked up in two five-lap ladies' races on Nassau's 4.5-mile airport course, the crowd forgot all about the Briton and the rapid Americans.

As Denise dutifully reported to the *Tribune*, the ladies' races were said to be the most exciting of the week. "It seemed so," she wrote, "from the seat of a Porsche 550RS."

POLKA-DOT FRIPPERIES IDENTIFY THE HAPPY WINNER, DENISE

STORY STILL TO BE WRITTEN, SHE ACCEPTS A COMPLIMENT

Two heavy-footed girls and a fuzzy-cheeked boy stole the stage in Nassau's Speed Week

In the first heat the girls dueled fiercely, and Denise won it, one of auto racing's rare and stimulating close finishes (*see left*), with Ruth half a car length behind. In the second heat Ruth's desperate attempt to pass Denise in the turn for home caused the Aston to careen off-course and roll. She was unhurt but Denise won again.

Young Ricardo created a sensation not by winning but by the remarkable maturity and excellence of his driving. His only master among small-car drivers at Nassau was Illinois' Crawford, and when Crawford retired with mechanical difficulties near the end of the featured 50-lap Nassau Trophy race, Ricardo finished eighth over-all and first in class with his Porsche 550RS.

As a toddler Ricardo wistfully eyed the speeding cars in the Pan-American Road Race. At 9 he took up motorcycle racing (taught by his wealthy industrialist father, Pedro, who had been a champion), and last year he moved on to sports cars, in which he is acknowledged to be Mexico's best.

Home is a sumptuous residence in Mexico City's fashionable Polanco neighborhood. On a typical day Ricardo rises at 7, breakfasts on corn flakes, chocolate milk and a vitamin pill, and drives his 1957 Chevy to school—the exclusive Instituto Alonzo de la Vera Cruz. School is out at 2 p.m., and after lunch Ricardo often goes to the movies, usually with a pretty girl. He is very popular with the girls, is Ricardo (*see right*), and he dances an expert cha-cha-cha. Like many of his American contemporaries, Ricardo often falls asleep before the TV screen.

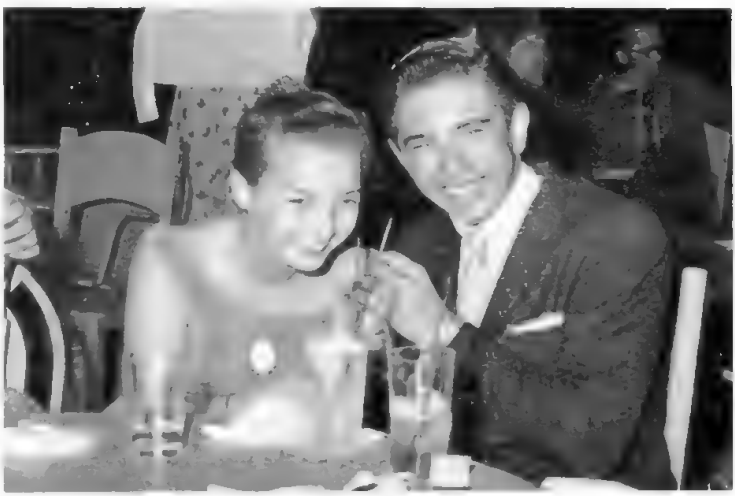
When training for races Ricardo rises at 6 and zips his Porsche over the old Cuernavaca road, a perilous 35-mile stretch of mountain highway. He is a bit nervous at first in an actual race, but he says, "As long as I have an engine, I give her the gun."

It is particularly regrettable, in view of the superior racing at Nassau, that the meet was cheapened by a lie. Officially advertised as a five-mile course, it was in fact a 4.5-mile circuit, as the management well knew; the big race thus covered 225 rather than the announced 250 miles, and average speeds were nearer 90 mph than the announced 100-plus mph.

A LOOK AT THE NEWS WITH MOTHER BEFORE LIGHTS OUT AND A REST FOR RACING

A KISS FROM MOTHER IS YOUNG RICARDO'S CUSTOMARY SENDOFF AT RACING TIME

A COOL DRINK, TWO STRAWS AND A PRETTY DATE ARE RICARDO'S RACING REWARDS



SLOSHING through shallow water of Currituck Sound, Abram D. Voorhees (*left*) of Manasquan, N.J. and guide leave blind

PARTIALLY HIDDEN by pine bough of typical Corolla brush blind, hunters *from left* Abram Voorhees, Bernard Evans of

SCANNING [illegible], N.J. S.p. Representative Alfred Beadleston (*left*) of Stroudsburg crouches in an off-shore blind with guide.

WHALEHEAD OWNER Ray T. Adams watches shooting activity from cover of trees with club's only lady guide, Naomi Simons

HEAVEN FOR HONKERS

EACH YEAR as cold winds whip down the Atlantic Coast tens of thousands of Canada geese drop into the waters of Currituck Sound along the isolated shores at Corolla, N.C. Here, on a strip of sand only yards from the ocean, the rambling elegance of the Whalehead Club plays host to hunters from most of the eastern states. Once a private home, it has been converted by its owner, Ray T. Adams of Washington, D.C., into a unique sportsmen's club. For $50 a day carefully chosen guests may make Whalehead their private shooting ground for a weekend, enjoy its traditionally southern hospitality, excellent accommodations and some of the finest goose shooting in the country. Along its five miles of sound and sand dunes more than 30 widely scattered blinds offer a variety of gunning for ducks as well as for big honkers. And for those who bag their limits before nightfall at Whalehead, there's a wonderful bass fishing practically from the back door.

CONTINUED

Maple, N.C. and Alfred Beadleston peer at distant hill dotted with thousands of Canada geese seeking shelter from high winds.

SPOILS of sportive morning are examined by guest Clifford Kingston of Long Branch, N.J. outside entrance to club gun room.

SOUTHERN COMFORT at hunt's end find Whitehead's guests from left: Dr. Harry Brindle of Brielle, N.J., Clifford Kingston, Peter Brown of Spring Lake, N.J.; Munroe C. Hawes of Sea Girt, N.J.; O. H. Brown II, Spring Lake; William Russell of Ladue, Mo.; Walter R. Woolley, Brielle; and Ed Peters, Pittsburgh relaxing in club's spacious recreation room after good day afield.

THE LAST COP

THE UNGENTLE athlete *right* who is testing the strength of Madison Square Garden's sideboards with a Chicago Black Hawk is Lou Fontinato of the New York Rangers. He serves the pony-weight Rangers as defenseman and "policeman." He is by far the most spectacular cop on the ice-hockey beat these days, and from the galleries he seems to be the last in the fiery tradition of Lionel Conacher, Ching Johnson and Eddie Shore.

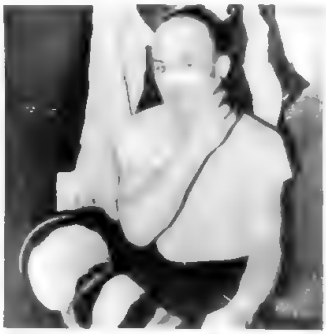
The hockey cop's historic duty was to be "take-charge guy" who checked fiercely and quickly punished opponents' transgressions against any teammate. Now the game has become so fast and the penalties so severe that the old breed has disappeared.

Today's hockey men point to Fontinato's lack of polish (he set an all-time record for penalties two seasons ago and again leads the NHL in penalty time) and call attention to Detroit's Gordie Howe, and Montreal's Doug Harvey as fine cops who do little time.

But they have other and larger talents than law enforcement alone, which is precisely why Leapin' Lou, a throwback to the old breed, is, in the public mind, the last of hockey's policemen.

A LUSTY CHECK BY LOU FONTINATO PINS A CHICAGO PLAYER TO THE GARDEN'S BOARDS

BEHIND BARS after a fight in 1949, Ken Reardon *right*, onetime Montreal "policeman," and teammate await succor from Montreal's Dick Irvin and Chicago's Bill Tobin



EDDIE SHORE. Boston's all-cop of violence, nurses nose after riot 1939 scrimmage.

ONLY THREE-TIME NATIONAL CHAMPION IN GAME'S HISTORY, DON CARTER WON CHICAGO TITLE IN OWN GREAT STYLE (SI, NOV 18)

IN ... AND OUT

IN the prize money last week was World Champion Bowler Don Carter *above*, who won $5,000 and the World Invitational Match Game Bowling Championship in Chicago's Coliseum before a national TV audience.

Out of football's Pacific Coast Conference, in a cloud of verbiage, went the University of California, UCLA and the University of Southern California. The ostensible reason for the schools' withdrawal was the refusal of the PCC to approve their athletic policies; a more likely reason lies in the ABCs of fiscal football: the University of Michigan or, say, Oklahoma is a much better bet to fill the 100,000-plus seats in Los Angeles Coliseum than Oregon State or Washington State. After June 30, 1959, when California's withdrawal becomes effective, the three California colleges can freely schedule the colossi of the South and Midwest to the pleasing whir of turnstiles.

ANNOUNCING WITHDRAWAL of UCLA and California from the Pacific Coast Conference, college officials face newsmen somberly. They are *left to right*: Dr. Raymond B. Allen, chancellor of UCLA; Dr. Robert G. Sproul, California president; Ed Pauley, chairman, and Edward W. Carter, a member, California Board of Regents; and Dr. Clark Kerr, president-elect of California.

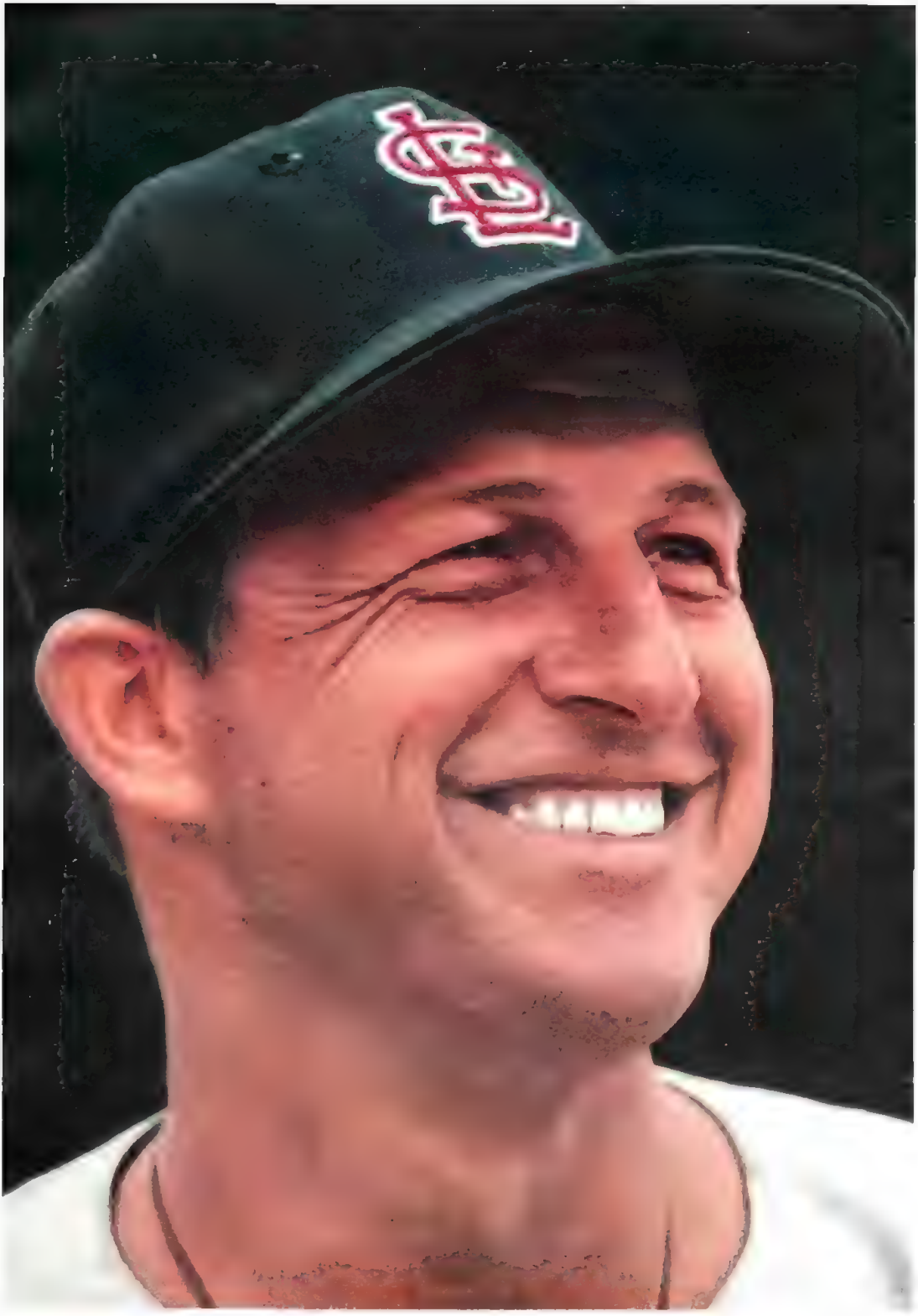
SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

A Symbol and a Word

THROUGH THE YEAR or perhaps in a single superlative performance he has achieved that degree of excellence which is suggested by the ancient Greek concept of *arete* a unity of virtues of mind and body to which the complete man of every age must aspire. The victory may have been his, but it is not for the victory alone that he is honored. Rather, it is for the quality of his effort and the manner of his striving. Whether it was over an extended period or only for an hour or an instant, his performance was such that his fellowmen could not fail to recognize it as the revelation of pure excellence *arete*. His ideal, if only at the instant of rising above himself, was the ageless ideal that in giving his best of body and spirit, he was honoring all men. Thus, it is fitting that the symbol of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's annual award to the Sportsman of the Year is a Grecian amphora, or vase, with a sport motif. It has been dated by Dietrich von Bothmer, Curator of Greek and Roman Art at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, at about 510 B.C. Its decoration, by an unknown artist of Attica, the peninsula which was the site of the city-state of Athens, portrays discus and javelin throwers and a sprinter and a trainer. The original, which has been acquired by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, is on permanent display in the Time & Life Building in New York. A reproduction is presented to each Sportsman of the Year. Those who have already qualified for this award are:

1954 Roger Bannister
1955 John Podres
1956 Bobby Joe Morrow

1957 Turn the page to meet the man SPORTS ILLUSTRATED believes best exemplifies the ideals of *arete*.



For 1957 *the Editors of Sports Illustrated Choose*

STAN MUSIAL

by PAUL O'NEIL

DEEP in their inner fiber Americans still remember the vanished frontier, and measure their heroes against its hard and simple attitudes: the leathery "old pro" rather than the dashing amateur is the real beau ideal of U.S. sport. He is held no less a gentleman for being a mercenary. The fact that he is paid to play is simply taken as proof of superiority, evidence that he will stand firm—sagacious, contemptuous of pressure, immensely competent and as coolly realistic as Kit Carson himself—when the Indians attack in the fourth quarter or the ninth inning. The Sportsman of the Year for 1957 is a grand professional: Stanley Frank Musial, bright, particular star of the St. Louis Cardinals.

In his 17 years with St. Louis, quiet, handsome Stan Musial has proved himself—with Ruth, Cobb, Hornsby, Wagner and Speaker—one of the genuinely great hitters in the history of baseball. He has been one of the most durable of players as well. Between Opening Day 1952 and last August 22, he took part in 895 consecutive games, the National League record. But adversity is the test of a man's quality. Musial, now 37, was hurt this year—so badly hurt in August that he was out of the game for 20 days. Nevertheless, he won the National League batting championship with a dazzling .351, and in September, during the Cardinals' breathtaking pennant race with Milwaukee, he went into the lineup with a fractured shoulder and for two astonishing weeks averaged .500.

In choosing Musial as a successor to England's Roger Bannister (1954), Brooklyn's Pitcher Johnny Podres (1955) and Olympic Sprinter Bobby Morrow of Texas (1956) it was impossible to overlook his constancy (7 batting championships) over the long pull. But he is truly the Sportsman of 1957—his performance in last summer's grueling National League race has seldom been matched for valor, dedication and brilliant achievement in the face of odds.

It was a baseball year. The national game, shadowed in 1956 by the excitement attendant upon the Melbourne Olympics, once more arrested the nation's full attention as the Milwaukee Braves battled their way to Yankee Stadium and won the world championship. Musial was hard pressed by other baseball men, none of whom performed more magnificently than Ted Williams, the moodily individualistic batting genius of the Boston Red Sox. Williams, too, has long since proved himself one of the great hitters, and last summer, at 39, as he edged past 26-year-old Mickey Mantle for the American League batting championship, he contrived, singlehandedly, the only real excitement in a pennant race dominated by the New York Yankees. But the season's most sensational feat of derring-do was, without question, Lew Burdette's triple pitching triumph in the World Series, its most heart-warming comeback the emergence of Washington's Roy Sievers as a home run hitter, after a drastic operation for a crippled shoulder.

Professional boxing was dominated by two men—Sugar Ray Robinson and Carmen Basilio—and in their stirring 15 rounds of battle at Yankee Stadium, Basilio, the lionhearted welterweight, beat Robinson and became the middleweight champion. Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson, whose two fights were made against lackluster opponents, perforce sank into a sort of eclipse in 1957, but Basilio, an honest, brave and dignified man, proved once again that professional boxing is deserving of an honorable place in the world of sport.

The 1957 football season, both professional and collegiate, tended to dramatize the undramatic fact

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

continued

that individual football stars, in this day of complex team endeavor, are increasingly rare. Some sensational football players performed, among them Jim Crow of Texas A&M, Bob Anderson of Army, Ned Oldham of Navy, Johnny Unitas, quarterback of the Baltimore Colts, and Cleveland's hard-running rookie of the year, Jimmy Brown. But the one big news story of the season could be summed up in four words—Notre Dame beat Oklahoma—and the year's one vastly sentimentalized hero was not a player (Dick Lynch made the historic touchdown for Notre Dame, Nick Pietrosante threw the historic block) but Coach Terry Brennan.

A great many agile young men of track and field seemed to relax, somewhat, after their exertions at Melbourne, but the milers continued their grueling feats. Ron Delany of Ireland and Villanova University was unbeaten in the indoor season, Don Bowden of the University of California finally proved that an American could break four minutes, too; and England's Derek Ibbotson erased John Landy's 3:58 world record by turning four laps in 3:57.2 at London. A pole vaulter, however, must be considered the year's most brilliant performer: Bob Gutowski of California's Occidental College broke Cornelius Warmerdam's 17-year-old record by reaching 15 feet 9¼ inches.

International tennis' first Negro star, Althea Gibson, the gangling girl from the streets of Harlem, burst up to the heights at last by winning at both Wimbledon and Forest Hills. Bob Cousy of the Boston Celtics went right on being the world's best basketball player; Dick Mayer of La Jolla, Calif., made himself a parachute emeritus of golf by beating Cary Middlecoff in the U.S. Open and Sam Snead in the Tam O'Shanter. Juan Manuel Fangio, although hotly pursued by England's Peter Collins and Stirling Moss, remained the master of Grand Prix racing.

There were new attempts and assaults on the "water barrier." Britain's Donald Campbell pushed his jet-powered *Bluebird II* past his old world record and set a new one of 239.07 miles an hour on England's Coniston Water. California's Jack Regas, managed a feat fully as difficult by driving Henry Kaiser's Gold Cup boat, *Hawaii Kai III*, almost 200 miles an hour—194.619 to be exact—on Seattle's Lake Washington. Meanwhile Henry Sears, Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, almost singlehandedly assured revival of yachting's most splendid competition, the ancient and honorable race for the America's Cup.

It was an impressive list of people and an impressive record of accomplishment. But, in 1957, as indeed in all his years with the Cardinals, Stanley Musial was more than an extremely talented baseball player. Good sportsmanship is a phrase which has come to be spoken almost sardonically in some quarters in the U.S.—an unfortunate reaction to a problem in semantics, and an inaccurate one to boot. The ideals of sportsmanship to which the average American gives reluctant lip service are considerably different, it is true, than those in which he instinctively believes. But such idealism—though it is in need of definition—continues to be the very foundation of American sport, and no man has exemplified it more laudably than Musial.

Webster defines "sportsman" as one who is fair and generous in sports, who has recourse to nothing illegitimate; a good loser and a graceful winner. The word has other connotations, sprung from the English public school; the most important involves the idea that victory or defeat is less important than how one "plays the game." The average American expects—in fact he demands—fairness, generosity and grace in his heroes of sport. But what is illegitimate? He thinks not a whit less of the pitcher who "brushes the batter back" by throwing at him—and neither does the batter—although this encounter to the rules. The game itself is more important than winning? Few Americans can believe so in their hearts. They like a good winner. But what is a good loser? If he is simply a man who keeps his mouth shut about his misfortunes, one. But the leap across the tennis net, the extravagant handshake, strikes the average fan as "strictly phony."

"Make the other fellows beat you"

In the U.S. the ideals of sportsmanship as well as those of competence are increasingly those of the professional—his attitudes, rather than those of schoolboys at play, shape the American code of sporting behavior. The schoolboys and the amateurs subscribe to them, too; sport in the U.S. tends to be an emulation of life. The pros, it must be admitted, sometimes feel the need to enforce sportsmanship by sheer muscle power, as in the "bootsie play" of pro football, where the whole team charges an offender, but the English public school has its bullies, too, and they are discouraged by much the same method. By and large, professional athletes, in the supercharged phrasing of Branch Rickey, are a "splendid influence on the youth of our country," even though some of them would deny any such intent.

"I don't think I believe in sportsmanship," cried ex-Cardinal Manager Marty Marion, a few days ago in talking of Musial. "Look at those fighters on television—I'll be damned if I'd be throwing my arms around somebody who'd been beating on me for 10 rounds." But, in the same breath, he began defining his own exacting concept of sporting behavior. "A man ought to do everything he possibly can to win—anything else is cheating. I don't understand this stuff about being a good loser. I don't believe it. Of course, somebody has to lose. And I think this—if you *make* the other fellow beat you—if you force him to prove he's better than you, you have to give him credit for it. I'll admit he was better today. I don't say he'll be better tomorrow. I don't like alibis. I don't like this business of losing your temper, throwing hats, that sort of stuff. You ought to be a big leaguer. Take Stan—nobody will beat you worse, but I've never seen him do one thing any man would be ashamed of anywhere."

Musial, indeed, is a rare human. Great talent can dis-

MOTHER MARY [illegible] built for her on a grass-bright slope above smog-laden Donora.

THE MUSIALS gather in their new, brick ranch home's coziest corner, an ingenious combination kitchen and hearth warmed by television. They are Dick, a St. Louis prep football star, Janet, Mrs. Lillian Musial, Geraldine and, at right, father Stan.

tort as well as reward a man, but Musial seems to have been born with a truly awesome sense of duty and self-control. He is a relaxed, obliging, ordinary-appearing sort of fellow—at 37, his dark hair is thinning slightly and the lines of his lean, light heavyweight's body are deprecated by easy and conservative clothes—but it is hard to consider his life and times without feeling that he must have been invented by Horatio Alger Jr. His is the story, trite but astounding, of the poor, proud boy who goes to the great city, marries a lovely girl, becomes rich and famous, raises three handsome children and earns the admiration of his fellow citizens in all walks of life. Musial is very seldom booed—one day last year after he had been booted in St. Louis 10 citizens inserted apologies in the papers. But Horatio Alger wrote of shoe clerks and industrious newsboys; when Musial stands, coiled and ready, at the plate, he is a warrior.

The smog that killed

To understand him, one should travel to the coal and iron country of western Pennsylvania and go down the turgid Monongahela River to Donora. The town (pop. 12,186) rises, drab and poor, like a backdrop for Socialist dramatics, on the slope above the dark, slow river. It has two reasons for existence, locally known as the Wire Mill and the Zinc Works; the river front is lined for miles by the vast and somber appurtenances of industrial metallurgy: blast furnaces, open hearths, blooming mills, rod mills, smelters. Smoke from the tall platoons of stacks has peeled the paint of the houses and killed the grass in Donora. In 1948, when smog settled too thickly in the valley, it killed 19 of Donora's people, too.

Musial's mother, a big, gray-haired, wonderfully animated woman, now has a bright, new ranch house in the green country beyond the town, but she—and Stanley—are products of grimmer days. Her father, a coal miner from Austria-Hungary, was one of the Central European immigrants who were Donora's first citizens. He spoke, as they say in the valley, the "Slavish" language, and worked in the Ella Mine. Daughter Mary rowed him across the Monongahela in a skiff at dawn, he walked four miles to the tipple, worked 12 hours underground, walked back and was duly rowed across the river again. He earned 90¢ a day. Mary mined coal, too—there was a pit in the backyard down which she crawled to get fuel for the kitchen stove. When she was in her teens she went to work in the wire mill; she "took the whiskers off nails" and packed them into 100-pound kegs.

In 1912 she married a wiry young Pole named Lukasz Musial (pronounced Mew-shell, rather than Mu-si-al, in Donora), who came from Warsaw to load nails, barbed wire, reinforcing steel and other heavy objects into freight cars at the wire mill. Henceforth, for more than 30 years, she walked down the hill, in heat or snow, each morning at 9:30 with hot soup and his round, galvanized lunch pail.

continued

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

continued

She also raised six children, four daughters and two sons, in the tumble-down four-room house her father had built above the mills. If it was a hard life it was also a hopeful one. Donora is a town of churches (the Roman Catholics alone have six) and good schools; the Musial children had love, "Hunky" food (dishes with names like *pierogi*, *kolatchi* and *halarki*) and old-country discipline. And even before he was old enough for school, the fifth child, Stanley, laid hands on a talisman—a 15¢ toy baseball bat.

Looking back, it is difficult not to believe that his whole future fell securely into place at that moment. Few human lives are tinged with anything that close to magic, but as he swung his shiny little piece of wood he experienced a curious bliss which was to grow into the sure knowledge of great talent and was to lead him, unerring and undistracted, to fame, to applause, to wealth.

"He used to wait for me when I came up from the zinc works," recalls Joe Barboa, a grizzled ex-semipro player who was Musial's early tutor. "I was a short-shifter in the hot mill; we drawed the metal out of the furnaces at 6 o'clock in the morning, and by 8:30 or 9 I'd be through—it was that hot that a man did his day's work in a few hours. I'd be tired, but Stan would always ask me to play baseball with him. He was just a little kid and thin—that must have been around nineteen and twenty-six—but I never saw anything like him. Everything he did was right—the way he'd throw, the way he'd bat, the way he'd run. I ain't saying this because of what he's become either. I used to play with him just to watch him."

In the 1930s that fading institution, "town baseball," was a feverish part of life in Donora; big crowds came to watch seven-inning twilight games, even though the throngs along the left-field side had to stand on a line of trolley tracks and scramble to stay intact every time a streetcar passed. Joe Barboa managed a hard-bitten team known as the Zinc Works Athletic Club, and Musial became its bat boy. One evening in 1935 Barboa sent the bat boy—then 15—in to pitch. "The game was lost," Joe remembers, "and Stan wanted to play. He wasn't more than 5 feet 4 inches tall, and those other players were grown-up men, but he wasn't nervous at all. He went out and threw his fast ball and a little old cutty-thumb curve and struck out 13 batters."

A dazzling reward

After that Stash Musial played industrial baseball, high school baseball and American Legion baseball—sometimes almost every day in the week—in the smoky mill towns: Clairton, Monessen, Monongahela, Charleroi, California. When he was 17 the prodigy had his dazzling reward: the Cardinals gave him a contract and sent him to pitch for their Class D farm club at Williamson in the West Virginia coal fields. His father was angrily opposed. Stan was a cat-like basketball player; the University of Pittsburgh had offered him an athletic scholarship, and his toil-worn parent felt that education was a precious American privilege. But Mary Musial settled the argument. "If he's an American," she said, "he's got a right not to go."

It might have seemed like a bad trade to anyone but Musial. The young pitcher got $65 a month and rattled from one mining town to the next, learning under the lights that he was not the world's greatest left-hander. He had pitched in high school because it seemed to prove he was the best player, but now he found that he was wild and that even Class D hitters were hard to fool.

In 1938 he married Lillian Labash, a blonde Donora girl of Slavic origins, whose father Sam ran a grocery store. If either of them worried about their hand-to-mouth existence they cannot remember it now. "Stan," says his old roomate, Milwaukee's Al "Red" Schoendienst, "isn't like most players. They hope they'll hit four for four. Stan is always sure he will."

Even in Daytona Beach the next year, when Lillian was pregnant and Stan fell in the outfield and suffered a shoulder "separation" which ruined him forever as a pitcher, they felt they were living in the best of all possible worlds after all, the grocery store back home was full of food. "We were having a lot of fun," says Lillian. "I sat in a car on the field with the manager's wife and watched the games—the players used to push the batting cage around us to stop foul balls. The team gave us a baby carriage and the fans gave us a playpen and baby clothes. And Stan was always sure he was going to make it."

Stan was right. He had been tagged and branded as a run-of-the-mine minor league pitcher; the injury to his left shoulder forced the Cardinals to reappraise him and remind themselves that he was, more importantly, a tremendous young hitter. He came up to St. Louis the next fall—from Class D to the majors in one year. The year was 1941, and he was just 21, but from then on he belonged to the peerage of the National League.

He was a fine outfielder—although he had to return the ball with his shoulder partially locked and could never make the flat and burning throws from far out which characterize the truly great. He was fast and a wonderful base

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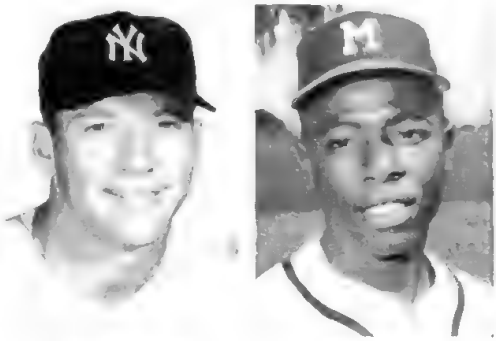


MICKEY MANTLE HENRY AARON

MICKEY MANTLE'S curse is comparison. Critics used to complain that he wasn't a good as Joe DiMaggio, his predecessor as ball cow of the New York Yankees. This year Mantle saved the Yanks with his hitting, which included a .365 average, best of his career. Yet when he was named Most Valuable Player in the American League, ahead of the remarkable Ted Williams, there was an avalanche of protest that obscured the undeniable truth that Mr. Mantle is a very great ballplayer.

Henry Aaron of the Milwaukee Braves lacks Mantle's glamour. Other players love to watch Henry hit, and they talk incessantly about his "great wrists," but for some reason baseball fans are not so appreciative of his rare skill. The Baseball Writers Association overlooked Stan Musial, as well as the indispensable Red Schoendienst and Warren Spahn of Aaron's own team, to give their Most Valuable Player award to "Mr. Wrists."

runner. But he was an awesome figure at the plate; his crouching stance—knees slightly bent, torso twisted away from the pitcher, bat cocked up and severely motionless, eyes staring unblinkingly over his right shoulder—became one of the wonders of the baseball world.

Musial, pitchers swear, is that rarest of creatures, a batter with no weaknesses. He is not a big man, but he has beautifully sculptured and tremendously powerful arms and shoulders, amazing reflexes and amazingly "quick wrists." Most batters can be inhibited if not baffled by pitches thrown tight and right—if the hitter swings he tends to take the ball on the handle of the bat near his hands) or low and away—as far as possible from his range of vision. Musial wallops them both indiscriminately, his 34-ounce bats fascinate other players, for the marks made by his hits are invariably grouped within a narrow zone nine inches from the barrel end. He can "pull" to hit the long ball to right field, punch it over the infielders' heads to left, almost at will. He can bunt. His judgment of pitches is uncanny.

Fifty per cent of present-day baseball players are known to the trade as "guess hitters"—that is, they attempt, by judging the situation and the pitcher, to anticipate the sort of throw which will be made to the plate. Applied with shrewdness this system can pay off, but the man who guesses wrong is usually off balance and completely out of luck. Musial never tries to outguess a pitcher. He can watch the ball until it is halfway to the plate, decide in the split second remaining to him whether he is getting a curve, a slider, fast ball, knuckler or changeup, whether the ball will be in the strike zone or out, and still find time to swing if he wishes.

"You get to know pitchers," he says, "and they have different sets of speeds. I can just about tell what's coming after it's thrown. I can have trouble with a pitcher who really has a change of pace. But most of them don't, so the odds are with me. A fast ball seems to jump up a little after it leaves the pitcher's hand. A curve doesn't. I never commit myself until I'm sure. I have to concentrate at the plate; I figure that if I misjudge 20 pitches a year I can ruin my batting average. But you can't think, you just react." Cardinal Manager Fred Hutchinson, a former pitcher, believes that Musial and also Ted Williams have something extra—a sixth sense, compounded of guile and experience, which is close to mind-reading. "They *know*—Musial seems to anyhow—what the pitcher is throwing. They couldn't tell you how; it's probably just some little thing about how the pitcher moves, but they know."

A printer's nightmare of records

In his years with the Cardinals, Musial has filled baseball's statistical histories with a printer's nightmare of batting records. In the late '40s, when the Cardinals played a tight, defensive, low-scoring sort of game, his marvelous consistency at the plate made him a tremendous asset; when the Cardinals began playing for the big inning, he became, almost without effort, one of the great home run hitters of the game. No. 21 of his innumerable league records reads: "Most home runs, double-header. Five. May 2, 1954." Musial is proud of that but for an odd reason—he hit the fourth one off a knuckle ball, a rare feat of timing.

He has earned fame, wealth and good will with his bat but also with his innate good sense, restraint and balance. Despite his enormous individual gifts he has never ceased to be a team player and has never allowed himself the luxury of temperament. He has, in fact, never argued with an umpire—although, on those rare occasions when he turns and stares in silent accusation at the man behind the

FOR GENIUS AS USUAL

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE BATTING CHAMPION, TED WILLIAMS

SELDOM in sports history have two careers so closely paralleled and duplicated one another as those of the National League's Sportsman of the Year Musial and the American League's stormy genius Ted Williams. In 19 years with the Boston Red Sox (of which five were spent in military service) he has built the third-highest (behind Cobb and Hornsby) lifetime batting average in history—.350. This year at 39 he hit a startling .388, to win his fifth batting championship and become the oldest player ever to turn the trick. The game has produced few such controversial personalities. But Williams is also a consummate artist and, in the classic phraseology of the immitable Branch Rickey, "a man of courage—genuine courage; he is a person; he is ever the master of the situation and never its slave."

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

continued

plate, the effect is thunderous. He is not just a baseball player in St. Louis; he is also a leading citizen. And on the $80,000 a year the Cardinals pay him he has made himself independent financially.

He owns a half interest (bought for $25,000 back in 1949) in what many consider St. Louis' best restaurant; he now nets, by informed estimates, $40,000 a year from it. With his partner Julius (Biggie) Garaghani, a shrewd, gravel-voiced, tireless entrepreneur, he invests in stock, real estate and other enterprises promising capital gain; he is a principal stockholder and a director in the suburban Brentwood Bank. In none of these ventures does he pretend to be an expert, but in all he maintains the right of veto; his associates are often startled by the sound reasoning which prompts him to refuse investment proposals.

Musial drives a Cadillac, lives in a rambling $50,000 red brick home in outlying St. Louis Hills and sends his three children—Dick, 17, a promising prep school football player, Geraldine, 13, and Janet, 8—to Catholic private schools. He hunts ducks in the off season and attends innumerable civic and charitable dinners and meetings. It is the sort of existence which might well bank the competitive fires and blunt the athletic prowess of most men of 37. Not so Musial—he still burns to win.

"I'm a big leaguer," he says. "That's the big charge in my life." This year, he had to be. He suffered a ruinous muscle injury and massive internal hemorrhaging deep in the lower back, at Cincinnati on the first day of the season; when he went to the dressing room after the game the outer muscles were "in spasm"—bunched up hard as ridged wood—and he could hardly move. Cardinal brass, including General Manager Frank Lane, stood around the rubbing table looking at this hideous spectacle like brokers watching the ticker during a market crash. Musial reassured them as Trainer Robert Bauman sprayed him with a thin stream of freezing ethyl chloride to shock and relax the hardened tissues. The Cardinals were rained out the next day, but on the night following, Musial, bandaged like a mummy, was in the lineup.

In late August, at Philadelphia, however, he was so badly hurt that he had to leave the field for the first time in five years. He swung hard at a wide pitch to protect a man going to second on the hit-and-run and yanked his upper left arm out of his left shoulder, fractured the bone of the shoulder socket and tore most of the heavy muscles over both collarbone and shoulder blade. He was out for 20 days—although he went in three times during that period as a pinch hitter. He could not throw the ball—but, after noting that his replacement at first base did not have to throw once in seven days, he argued his way back to active duty. "I just punched the ball," he says, deprecatingly. But in 30 times at bat he got 16 hits—six of them doubles.

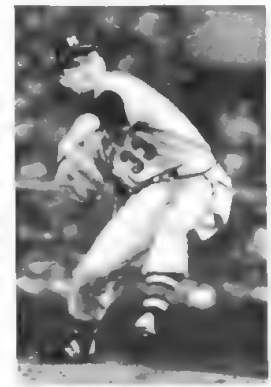
"He had muscle spasm again over the shoulder blade, too," says Trainer Bauman. "It stuck up like a hot dog under the skin. And there was a definite fracture—a crack—of the bone around the socket. I worked on him twice a day with ultrasonic treatments. But when he started playing again he kept hurting those muscles. They went into spasm four or five different times. But Stan's a tough fellow. He can stand pain—pain that would make most men fold up. I guess it's those people he comes from—they had to be tough. And he's just got to play, some days. I'd try to talk him out of it. He'd go in anyhow. He's great—the greatest I'll ever see and that's for sure."

FOR SPECIAL

baseball

ROBERT CREAMER
also nominates
LEW BURDETTE

Stan Musial and Ted Williams are baseball's heroes of the year, in the epic-saga sense. Roy Sievers' is the rags-to-riches story. Mickey Mantle and Henry Aaron are the prodigies of promise. But with them, and fully entitled to his share of [illegible] this season's heroes of the single moment is Lew Burdette, pitcher for the Milwaukee Braves.



Lew Burdette's "moment" consisted of three games, distributed over eight days. His setting was the World Series, the greatest of all American sporting events. His achievement was the best World Series pitching performance in 52 years. With the nation watching, Burdette threw three times to defeat the mighty New York Yankees, twice shutting them out. His final victory, the ultimate moment, gave the Milwaukee Braves baseball's championship of the world.

football

TEX MAULE
nominates
TERRY BRENNAN

Notre Dame's young coach, in two years, has passed the twin tests of sportsmanship extraordinarily well. He bore unreasonable adversity in 1956 with grace but not with resignation; he bore unreasonable success in 1957 with modesty and a strong pride in his accomplishment. He engineered football's major upset when he ended Oklahoma's streak of victories and he did it by courage and intelligent coaching and a quality of quiet inspiration which, all [illegible] but the Notre Dame football players [illegible] had other heroes, certainly: Jimmy Brown, Cleveland's great rookie fullback; John Crow, Texas A&M's multi-purpose fullback; Ned Oldham of Navy, Lou Michaels of Kentucky, Jim Phillips of Auburn. But Terry Brennan of Notre Dame was football's sportsman of the year.

MERIT IN THEIR CHOSEN FIELDS

basketball

JEREMIAH TAX
nominates
BOB COUSY

This shy, soft-spoken wizard of the court is simply the most basketball talent the world has ever seen. Sportsmanship, however, is the prime reason for this nomination. For five years Cousy has led the pro league in assists. This means that he has contributed more than anyone else to the excellent records of his Celtic teammates by setting them up for scores. In a game which places a high premium on individual brilliance, as measured by points scored, he has been and remains the perfect team player. Other names deserve a vote: Bob Pettit, Bill Sharman, Bill Russell, Neil Johnston. But it is not too much to say that in his person Cousy has epitomized the skill, the sportsmanship, the cooperative effort which all together make basketball an exciting spectacle for growing millions every winter season.

horse racing

WHITNEY TOWER
nominates
WILLIE HARTACK

In a sport where examples of genuine sportsmanship pop up about as often as the emergence of a great Thoroughbred, the 1957 season was unique. How admirable it was, for example, to see Ralph Lowe and Johnny Nerud, Gallant Man's owner and trainer, withhold their wrath when Willie Shoemaker misjudged the Kentucky Derby finish on their brave colt. Just as praiseworthy were the consent of this trio and the willingness of Mrs. H. C. Phipps, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Travis Kerr and Willie Molter to engage in the crucial race of the year. However, for sheer performance, the year's palm is awarded to Willie Hartack. Riding every race as though it were the Derby, the young champ brought in a record 44 stakes winners and became the first jockey in history to ride winners of over $3 million.

boxing

MARTIN KANE
nominates
CARMEN BASILIO

No better fight was seen all year than the desperate bout in which Carmen Basilio happily abandoned his welterweight championship to take the middleweight title from Sugar Ray Robinson, a bigger, taller, cleverer, harder-punching man. And no gamer fighter than Basilio ever has held a title. He took Robinson's best bombs, the kind that knocked out rugged Gene Fullmer with one punch, dominated the infighting and forced the issue throughout. He fought a full three minutes of all 15 rounds. It was typical Basilio. His fans have never seen him when he was not trying, have never known him to shirk training or quit under fire. Twice a champion, he bears himself with a champion's dignity, for he is a sportsman all the way—in the ring, behind his hunting dogs or with a rod on lake or stream.

track and field

ROY TERRELL
nominates
BOB GUTOWSKI

One fine spring day early this year a slender young man with a look of vast determination fled down a runway at Austin, Texas, swung into the air and all but disappeared from sight. When he came down, Robert Allen Gutowski, toward whom all eyes were clutching a new world pole vault record of 15 feet 9¼ inches. Slight in build (6 feet, 150 pounds), this 22-year-old Occidental College chemistry student made up for his lack of sheer power with the speed of a sprinter, remarkable leg spring, wiry toughness and an icy dedication to his task. Twice he bettered Cornelius Warmerdam's fabled 15-year-old record. To me, Bob Gutowski is track's No. 1 man of 1957, the winner over Russia's mighty distance runner, Vladimir Kuts, and Derek Ibbotson, the happy Yorkshireman who broke John Landy's record for the mile.

CONTINUED

golf

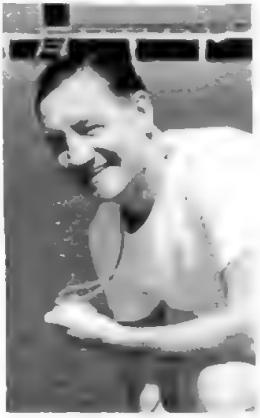
HERB WIND
nominates
DICK MAYER

Far and away the outstanding golfer of 1957 was Dick Mayer. In June, after a playoff with Cary Middlecoff, Mayer won the U.S. Open, the world's most important tournament, and two months later he overhauled Sam Snead and carried off the Yam O'Shanter, the world's richest tournament. Mayer's sudden surge to the top after a decade in the comparative doldrums was extremely heart-warming, for Dick is a hopelessly well-mannered and charming fellow, gifted with a first-class intelligence. Other extremely fine performances were turned in by Doug Ford (a giant on the green), Billy Joe Patton (who ignited the American drive to victory in the Walker Cup match), Mrs. Jackie Pung (who played such a great Women's Open), Pete Nakamura (the hero of the Canada Cup match) and Bobby Locke (who won his fourth British Open).

swimming

COLES PHINIZY
nominates
SAM HERFORD

For years it was a popular, false notion that the U.S. is a swimming nation. The fact is that our swimming supremacy was sustained by the zeal of a few dedicated coaches like Matt Mann, Bob Kiphuth and Mike Peppe. Honor for the U.S. coaches is overdue but, specifically for 1957, the honor should go to a cheerfully blunt Australian coach, Sam Herford. Herford long ago insisted that if his country of real swimmers ever buckled down to serious training they would take over. At the Olympics, Herford's pupils, Murray Rose and John Devitt won five medals and then, as others of the world went into a post-Olympic relapse, Herford's protégés kept on breaking records. For years Coach Herford followed the training techniques of Japan and the U.S. Now the best of the U.S. and the Japanese are chasing Herford's men.



tennis

WILLIAM F. TALBERT
nominates
ALTHEA GIBSON

Let the men take a back seat this year when it comes to picking the outstanding tennis player. Any other year it could have been Pancho Gonzales, who still lacks a worthy contender for his professional crown. Or Dick Savitt, had he stayed in tournament play. But 1957 belongs to Althea, the girl who made it in six years from a tennis outcast to the tennis queen. Her victories at Wimbledon and Forest Hills following her worldwide string of successes were monuments to a courageous fighting heart, which overcame racial barriers and innumerable other obstacles and frustrations. This year Althea is dominant, virtually unchallenged by Louise Brough, Shirley Bloomer and Christine Truman. It is a long road from Harlem's streets to a curtsey before Queen Elizabeth, but this year Althea Gibson made it graciously, impressively and undeniably.

horse shows

ALICE HIGGINS
nominates
HUGH WILEY

Many candidates come to mind as I survey the past equestrian year, for the horse show world covers literally the whole world. But to me, the most exciting time has been the recent series of international jumping in Harrisburg, New York and Toronto, and in that series one man has stood out above the many fine performers. Hugh Wiley of the United States Equestrian Team. As an amateur, Hugh rode against the country's top pros throughout the season in the open jumping classes and usually had either Nautical or Master William, and sometimes both, in the championship brackets. There were some fine amateurs in the other divisions too. Mrs. Frances Dodge Van Lennep, for example, a first-rate whip and rider, and Mrs. Louise Hart, who always gets her gaited mare, Something Wonderful, right at the top. But Hugh Wiley was the best.

motor sports

KENNETH RUDEEN

nominates

JUAN MANUEL FANGIO

Juan Manuel Fangio is my choice—the inevitable one—because he is the finest racing driver in the world and beyond that a man of courage, modesty and dignity. The quiet Argentine's public reveres him, his colleagues call him The Master. He has now won his fifth world driver championship, won it at the age of 46 with even more technical brilliance than he had displayed before. None other, then, could fairly be called motor sports' man of the year. Those of us who have followed racing closely have admired Jim Bryan's drive to another national title, Masten Gregory's fine Grand Prix season, Phil Hill's victory in Venezuela, Walt Hansgen's thrilling SCCA year, Sam Hanks' Indianapolis "500," Carrol Shelby's heroics at Riverside and Stirling Moss's dean gamed pursuit of The Master. But give me Fangio against them all.

boating

EZRA BOWEN

nominates

HENRY SEARS

My nominee, Henry Sears, past Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, qualifies because he was responsible for the revival of the America's Cup competition, the most distinguished of all international sporting events. Sears's achievement puts him ahead of such worthy candidates as Richard Nye, winner of the trans-Atlantic race and England's Fastnet race, Lowell North, World Star Class champion, and Willard Rhodes, owner of *Miss Thriftcraft*, two-time winner of the speedboat Gold Cup. At his own expense, Sears traveled to England to encourage a British challenge. Then he got the deed of gift for the cup changed to make the race financially possible by permitting the smaller 12-meter class to compete. Sears laid cash on the line to start construction of a suitable defender and assure that the series will be a success.

FOR MEMORABLE ACHIEVEMENTS AND MEMORABLE MOMENTS

From the unusual to the sublime, the sporting achievements of 1957 covered fields of endeavor and a roster of names which will live long in memory. In an extraordinary sporting venture that grew out of a casual bet, William Negley won brief headlines but a lasting place in the record books of the outdoors when he stalked and shot a wild elephant in Africa with a bow and arrow. Bonnie Prudden, the indomitable little fighter for a physically fit America, earned a nation's gratitude by her tireless advancement of this vital cause, she also won a nationwide following with her fitness exercises in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. In a different field but in much the same way Charles Goren breathed new life and zest into a beloved old game—bridge. In the razzle-dazzle game of ice hockey, Maurice Richard accomplished the seemingly impossible—he dominated, for yet another year a game in which he has been predominant for a decade and a half. Almost casually, The Rocket set one of the year's most extraordinary records—he took his 500th goal. For the Marquis de Portago, 1957's ultimate moment was the moment of his death; in a truly tragic accident that took the lives of eight other people besides his own, this colorful adventurer crashed in his Ferrari in what proved to be the last Mille Miglia to be run under the old, free-wheeling rules that governed only-to-be-only racing for so long. At the other extreme of life, Harold Connolly, the Olympics' topflight hammer thrower, dramatized one of the year's most heart-warming love stories when he overcame all the obstacles that Iron Curtain bureaucracy could raise and married his Czech sweetheart, the discus thrower Olga Fikotova. But the greatest headlines of all concerned a dog—and a mongrel at that. For Laika and her involuntary flight to death in space the world reserved a special admiration that transcended politics: in the great tradition of man's most loyal friend, she died that others might live—out yonder.

MAURICE RICHARD

BONNIE PRUDDEN

CHARLES GOREN

WILLIAM NEGLEY

LAIKA

HAPPY CONNOLLYS HURDLED IRON CURTAIN BUREAUCRACY

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

GREETINGS

BOBBY MORROW, the Texas speed demon who won three Olympic gold medals and became the third SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sportsman of the Year, heads our list for the season's greetings because his appearance in these pages spans the year. His picture appeared on the cover of our first issue for 1957, and his name turns up in this, the last one. He is still involved in exceptional and happy events: a few days before Christmas, Bobby Morrow became the father of twins, a boy and a girl (*see "Mileposts," page 4*).

To Bobby and his pretty wife Jo Ann; to all the readers who have been with us through the year; to those who have joined us along the way; and to Ron Floyd and Viki Jo Morrow (5 pounds 11 ounces and 5 pounds 4 ounces, respectively), who, we hope, will join us in due time, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SPORTSMEN OF THE WEEK

No true sportsman makes a distinction between vocation and avocation. The spirit that once prompted the late John (Bet-a-Million) Gates to wager fortunes on such impromptu athletic events as the progress of a housefly across a windowpane lives on in all those who find the complexities of everyday life as stimulating as any challenge in the arenas of organized competition. For the millions who earn their daily bread in the heart of Manhattan Island, the most challenging, frustrating, uplifting and invigorating game in all the world is encompassed by the simple necessity of getting to and from their jobs.

This never-ending diurnal race against time is run according to a multitude of rules, supervised by an army of heartless and incorruptible referees and beset by hazards that would do credit to the imagination of the world's most diabolically ingenious steeplechase planner. Yet on each working day of the year, the sportsmen of New York City and its metropolitan environs thrill to the challenge, rejoicing as giants (the Biblical, not the ballplaying, variety, that is) to run their course. Their rewards, like those of all sportsmen, lie in the deep satisfaction of accomplishment under adversity, a goal sustained, a second sheared from the time between coffee in the breakfast nook at Westchester and the coffee break in Rockefeller Center or Madison Avenue.

Anyone who can claim more than a block or two between home and work is qualified for the race, but the real pros are those from the far horizons of Westchester, New Jersey, Long Island or Connecticut who each day must pit their native skills against an elaborate complex of railroads, highways, subways, ferries, bus lines and crowded sidewalks. Like racing sailors, they must plot their own courses through the maze as the hazards dictate. They must not only choose a bridge but the right bridge out of some eight, the right tunnel out of four, the right combination of subway, bus and railroad out of an infinite variety of combinations.

Storm, sleet, snow, rain, dark of night, labor troubles, highway construction and plain human cussedness —all these bid fair each day to halt the doughty commuter in the completion of his appointed rounds, but somehow each day the commuter gets there —and gets back again—reveling anew in the heady knowledge of his superior skill.

Last week, perhaps as a providential year-end reward for his months of sportsmanship, the New York commuter was given a special treat. To provide one really worthwhile run, the heavenly Race Committee tossed everything in the book at him including 1) a threatened bus strike, 2) a flooding rain, 3) a realized subway strike, 4) the worst snowfall of the winter, and 5) a surprise 15° freeze. Despite it all, sporting Manhattanites took just a touch over three days to learn the new course and cover it in a jog trot. And only one of them—as far as could be determined—transgressed the rules. He was Commuter Stephen P. Kennedy, who, stuck fast on the Triborough Bridge approach, took unfair advantage of his position as Commissioner of New York's Police Force by

THEY SAID IT . . .

- **DUFFY DAUGHERTY**, *Michigan State football coach:* "*In our first three games this season we didn't have a single fumble. In our fourth, the Purdue game, we fumbled 10 times. That shows you what an extra week of coaching will do.*"
- **WILLIAM T. PIPER**, *76-year-old president of Piper Aircraft, commending an old-fashioned approach to physical fitness:* "*Walking is still the best means of transportation in the world.*"
- **WILT CHAMBERLAIN**, *Kansas' 7-foot basketball center, reflecting on his possible chances in the Olympic decathlon in 1960:* "*I haven't tried pole vaulting yet. I'm afraid I would get way up in the air and then find myself with a lot of leg and nothing to do with it.*"
- **THOMAS L. GIRAULT**, *Mississippi-born and -educated president of Colorado State College's Board of Trustees, after his school canceled basketball games with three Louisiana colleges because a Negro guard would not be permitted to play:* "*Any money we may be out is simply peanuts when compared to the principle.*"

hailing a passing police launch on the river at nearby College Point and ordering it to take him to work.

THE SUCKER WAKES UP

ON the evening of November 19 at Madison Square Garden two professional wrestlers, Antonino Rocca and "Dr." Jerry Graham, incited a riot (SI, Dec. 2). They were participants in a tag, or team, match at the end of which Rocca, a Hero, discovered that he was bleeding. He hastened to Dr. Graham, a Villain, and banged the doctor's head against a ring post. The doctor also bled handsomely. The approximately 13,000 spectators were so moved by this display that they showered the ring with bottles and chairs. The police went into furious action, and three days later Chairman Julius Helfand of the New York State Athletic Commission fined the inciters $1,000 each.

It is now our painful duty to report that all this sacrifice of blood and treasure was in vain. On Monday night, December 9, when Dr. Graham and Mr. Rocca *once again opposed each other* in the not-unexpected rematch, only 9,000 people were present. Confronted with this dismal rejection of their earlier efforts, Rocca and Graham simply gave up. They went through their standard, but not riot-provoking, histrionics and left quietly, along with the spectators.

However, the two actors could take some comfort, at least, in the fact that their November riot had been a *succès d'estime*. A number of journalists, conditioned to the belief that a wrestler *never* is prepared to bleed for "the good of the game," had declared not only the blood but the feud authentic. The subsequent commercial failure of the skit, which has been tried and proved on the road from Portland to Amarillo to Columbus, *could* be attributed to the cold or the subway strike. Nobody—neither the wrestlers nor Promoter Walter Johnston—was prepared to face the bleak possibility that their patrons, who have made New York wrestling's No. 1 sucker town in the last year, were beginning to wake up.

FOR SERVICES RENDERED

THIS magazine regularly offers its readers advice on bridge by Charles Goren, a world expert on the game; it also has a department called the 19TH HOLE which does a careful job of answering questions concerning sport—at no cost to the questioner except the price of a stamp. We offer these bits of information in friendly spirit to the members of a women's bridge club in Dallas, who recently found themselves snowballed into the following situation:

An argument arose one day over how long a bridge player should shuffle the cards. Unable to settle it themselves, the club members wrote to a bridge expert. He replied that a player should continue to shuffle one deck as long as his partner is dealing from the other—and he enclosed a bill for $10.

Feeling outrageously overcharged the ladies decided to balk. One of them went to a young lawyer of her acquaintance and asked his advice: Did they have to pay the $10?

"Unfortunately," said the lawyer, "I'm afraid you must. It's a legitimate charge for professional services."

So the ladies paid. A few days later they got a bill from the lawyer for $25.

NATURE AND MAN

SOME wise and gentle words on conservation were spoken last week from an unexpected quarter. In addressing members of the International Council on Hunting, which was holding a three-day meeting in Rome, Pope Pius XII had this to say:

"Your council aims at the protection and judicious multiplication of game throughout the entire world. It is necessary to have an international association for this purpose to coordinate scientific data and practices, which vary from country to country. Your aim might seem of secondary importance to ignorant persons, but in effect you are preserving and increasing one of the bases of human prosperity.

continued

'AUSSIES EXPECT TO RETAIN DAVIS CUP EASILY'
—News Item

"Game not only provides food; science and study have shown that various species—even some that at one time have erroneously been considered harmful—have their uses. It has unfortunately happened in the past that . . . a merciless chase has exterminated certain types of animal whose disappearance one must bewail because it has unbalanced the natural equilibrium willed by God's divine wisdom.

"In your work of protection and preservation of species threatened with extinction, you are definitely working according to God's will and preserving nature's balance as He created it."

INSIDE UCLA

THE MOST INGENIOUS, and rakishly successful, undergraduate trick of the year occurred late in the football season, at the game between the University of Southern California and UCLA (UCLA won, 20-9). At half time, as the UCLA card-stunt section flashed its elaborate pictures to the spectators across the field, one clear-cut rectangle in the huge composition remained consistently out of step with the rest. It was an area nine seats wide and seven seats high in the upper left-hand corner. When, for example, the over-all pattern showed the letters UCLA in blue on a gold background, the rebel area flashed a gold SC on a field of red—the enemy colors of Southern California. This sort of thing went on through every one of UCLA's 26 stunts, though sometimes, for variety, the SC changed to a cheery HI or a mocking HA.

Many people assumed that a group of Southern California students had smuggled themselves into the UCLA cheering section, to flash their saucy signal from enemy territory. Actually, the plot was far darker than that—Southern Cal operatives had infiltrated the supreme headquarters of the UCLA card-stunt organization and tampered with the master plans so that UCLA, in happy ignorance, was pulling the awful stunt on itself. The hoax was brought off by an undergraduate group known as the Trojan Squires, and all it required was a month's planning, plus modest amounts of petty theft, espionage, impersonation and forgery.

The 3,000 or so students who make up the card-stunt sections in a football stadium can't see the picture they are making and don't know whether they have it right or not. All they can do is follow directions. When a student takes a seat he finds stapled to it the colored cards he will use and a printed direction sheet which tells him that on Stunt No. 1 he is to hold up the blue card, Stunt No. 2 the red one, and so on. All this has been worked out and prepared far in advance, of course, with enthusiastic drudgery.

As a first step in their plot, the Trojan Squires picked up a few UCLA instruction sheets abandoned after an early-season game, and had forged copies printed. Then they dispatched one of their group to the enemy campus where, filled with utterly phony UCLA spirit, he joined rally committees and helped fill out the 3,000 instruction sheets for the SC game. In this way the Trojans learned the number, order and color schemes of the Bruin card stunts, and were able to plot contrasting colors for their own pocket of resistance.

Early on the day of the game eight Squires, disguised with UCLA rooters' caps and megaphones, made their way to the UCLA card section and to the rectangle of 63 seats for which they had special plans. Working stealthily, they removed the Bruin equipment and stapled their forged instruction sheets and new color cards in its place. Then they retired to their own side of the field, like an artist backing away from his work to admire the effect.

Presently the UCLA stands filled up with students, and at half time they followed obediently the directions they had been given. On every Bruin picture appeared the unmistakable SC stamp of approval. It was somewhat as if the Russians had announced with modest pride that they had got the second sputnik into its orbit, and then we had revealed that we had Lassie riding around inside it.

WINTER

The dwindling bear within the earth's skin
fishes the liberal river of his dream
and knows no season.
The fish in the high interiors of the sea
glides tranquil miles below the storm;
the wreck comes down, absurd.
That roaring metropolitan dark
where a prizefighter falls
is a private season
ruled by the timekeeper's reckoning,
the soft machinery of the heart.
Elsewhere and outside
snow burns slowly its white fire.
A skier in his splendid freedom
regards the deep way of his descent.
A skater, hands folded behind,
bends through circles
as through sleep.

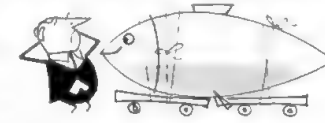
—GILBERT ROGIN

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

ZINN ARTHUR, a photographer and fisherman from Marblehead, Mass., has been sowing bewilderment, dismay and, when the light dawns, amusement about the country lately, all for the price of a 3¢ stamp. On the handsome letterhead of an imaginary outfit called Gordon Mahar, Limited, maritime specialists of Squid Point, Nova Scotia, he sends the following letter:

Dear Sir:

During his recent visit here, your friend Mr. Zinn Arthur caught a certain number of large fish and asked



that these be sent to various friends. The one assigned to you was a giant Tuna or Horse Mackerel weighing 1,100 pounds. This fish dresses to approximately 859 pounds, to fill 3,400 standard four-ounce cans (approximately 284 cases). If you will send us your check in the amount of $600, we will forward your fish by express collect—neatly tinned and labeled for your personal use.

Unfortunately, your fish was not landed as promptly as might be considered desirable, and the flavor has become somewhat strong for anyone except a real lover of Horse Mackerel. It is quite possible that you might prefer to have your fish mounted in a lifelike fighting attitude suitable for gameroom or den decoration. This fish, of course, is too large to go on the wall, but we can stuff him with sawdust and fit him with realistic glass eyes and hand-colored lips to provide a fierce expression—mounting the whole on a concrete block carved and painted to simulate waves. There will be no charge for this service. Merely send us your check in the amount of $700 to cover crating costs, preliminary handling and transportation to the nearest F.O.B. point. It is a fairly simple matter to convert this handsomely mounted game fish into a striking and unusual lamp base. In

this case, we would suggest that you use it only in an extremely large room.

Please let us have your instructions at the earliest possible moment as we need the warehouse space to make room for other fish that Mr. Arthur has caught that are still arriving hourly.

Very truly yours,
Gordon Mahar

Nova Scotia

Mr. Arthur reports that while reaction to his low-keyed spoofing is not always favorable, it *is* always strong.

NUDE WITHOUT VIOLIN

IT WAS THE DAY after the season's first big snowstorm and in the lobby of the historic Nassau Tavern in Princeton, N.J. a great fire roared in the old stone fireplace. A little away from the blaze, and appearing to be not uncomfortably warm, sat a stocky, balding man about 50. He was fully clothed, a fact worth noting because not long ago this same man, Per F. Scholander, a sort of roving professor of zoophysiology attached to Norway's University of Oslo, was engaged in learning how to sleep "proper bush" (nude, that is) on the cold, bare ground during the Central Australian winter.

Professor Scholander's models in this experiment (and those of his colleagues in an expedition sponsored by, among others, the U.S. Navy and Air Force) were the aborigines of Central Australia who have been sleeping outdoors in the altogether for centuries. The study as a whole was stimulated by a growing interest in polar regions. The arctic races, the Eskimos and the Lapps, were not of much scientific help since they dress so warmly that there is no problem of acclimation.

The Scholander group decided that the so-called "naked races" were the best subjects and this brought them to the Australian interior.

In sleeping "proper bush," the aborigine sets up a windbreak and builds small fires on either side of him. With that, he is able to sleep raw without a trace of shivering or thrashing about. When the fires begin to die down, the aborigine may get up and stoke them or he may not.

Professor Scholander described how the white men got into the act:

"We would lie down stark naked on the ground. We tested two men every night; sometimes it would be two natives and other times it would be one native and one of us. The first night I tried it, I dreamed I was sitting on an iceberg one minute and in a burning house the next." Later on, many of the scientists were able to sleep comfortably most of the night in freezing temperatures.

Tests showed that the natives' foot temperatures dropped more sharply than those of the scientists. "This," said Professor Scholander, "is known as insulative cooling. The principle is the same as a duck standing on ice. The feet are ice cold, preventing heat loss from the body."

Further experiments are planned, but one thing has already been determined: the white man can acclimate himself despite the fact that his adaptability has grown sluggish because it is so rarely called upon.

From the present findings, outdoor sportsmen may conclude that a fall in the lake in wintertime may not be a complete catastrophe if the victim can struggle ashore, set up a windbreak, build two small fires and stretch out between them "proper bush" while his clothing dries out.

Professor Scholander was asked if he found that he himself had retained the degree of adaptability he achieved in Australia. In other words, on this chill, snowy day in Princeton, would he be comfortable outdoors in his shirtsleeves? Or would he shake and shiver like the rest of us?

The professor looked out the window at the snow, then at the roaring fire. "Now I would shake and shiver like the rest of you," he said, "and probably worse."

"I haven't made up my mind yet. DuPont wants me in their laboratory and the Detroit Lions want me in the backfield."

A FINAL

by HERMAN HICKMAN

NEVER BEFORE in the history of intercollegiate football has form taken such a beating as it did during the 1957 season. With this in mind I contacted 25 leading coaches around the country for their explanation of *why so many upsets*. The succinct answer of UCLA's "Red" Sanders really made me laugh. "I'll be damned if I know," he wired.

To a man the coaches agreed that the principal reason for this topsy-turvy season was a better balance of material among the major colleges. Other factors were the now almost universal practice of studying motion pictures of opponents' games, better coaching everywhere, the Asiatic flu epidemic which crippled many teams from one to three weeks and, of course, the ever-present psychological angle.

Terry Brennan, whose Notre Dame pulled the upset of many seasons by ending Oklahoma's fantastic winning streak, said: "A possible explanation is that a particular team decides they are going out to do the job on a given day and just will not be denied."

Duffy Daugherty came close to going all the way with his great Michigan State squad, losing only to Purdue. He explains the loss this way: "With our desire to do well we were over-anxious and made too many mistakes." Incidentally, Eddie Erdelatz at Navy feels that he had his team much too "tight" in their game with North Carolina and blames himself for this upset.

Jim Tatum of North Carolina figured in the form reversals almost more than anyone, particularly on the day his boys upset their arch-rival, Duke. Then he proceeded to lose the following week to a so-so Virginia team. Tatum had this to say: "Only 20 days of spring practice is beginning to show in the fall performance. More mistakes are being made. We won five games when we were the underdogs, won one game when we were favored, lost three when we were favored and one when we were underdogs. Sophomores made outstanding plays one Saturday and outstanding mistakes the next."

ACCOUNTING

The old football soothsayer reviews a season in which the unexpected was the rule and brings on some coaching friends to help figure out what happened

Many interesting trends showed up this year. More emphasis was placed on defense than ever before. Tight defenses with eight- and nine-man fronts were the order of the day emerging from 5-4 or 4-4 alignments immediately before the ball was snapped. Stunting and "jitterbugging" (backers-up moving in and out of the line while the starting signals were being called) made it tougher than ever for the offense to play "possession" football.

Most of the successful teams varied their offense slightly from week to week. Most repertoires included balanced line, unbalanced line to either side, split ends, men-in-motion, plus a combination of the tight T and split-T to keep the defense guessing. Mass defenses forced the split-T adherents to forsake much of their inside attack and attempt the halfback run or pass option to either side. Because of the defensive stress, greater value was placed on position on the field; the kicking game in all its phases, particularly the quick-kick, became an important adjunct to the offensive scheme and not just a fourth-down last resort.

Few teams ran true to preseason predictions in this hectic season. Among those that finished at or near the top —as originally predicted —were Navy, Michigan State, Iowa, Oklahoma, Oregon State, Utah, Princeton and Arizona State (Tempe). Little-known Arizona State, along with Auburn, was the only undefeated, untied major team in the country. Incidentally, Coach Dan Devine has a three-year record in this tough Border Conference of 27 wins, 3 losses and one tie.

I can't remember a year when there were more outstanding linemen, but possibly the accent on defense was responsible. Tackle Lou Michaels, on Kentucky's singularly unsuccessful team, was the most spectacular. He wrecked Tennessee completely for the Wildcats' only conference win. In this one game here were some of his deeds. Michaels recovered one Vol fumble for a touchdown, stole another which led to a second score, did the punting, kicked two extra points and made tackles all over the field. Others in the same class, if not as spectacular, were End Pete Jokanovich and Tackle Bob Reifsnyder of Navy, End Jimmy Phillips of Auburn, Center Dan Currie of Michigan State, Tackle Alex Karras of Iowa, End Dick Wallen of UCLA and Guard Bill Krisher of Oklahoma.

In the backfield Dick Christy of North Carolina State was the most sensational. Outstanding T quarterbacks were Dick Winterbauer of Yale, Lee Grosscup of Utah, King Hill of Rice and Tom Forrestal of Navy. Great runners, excellent blockers and stern defensively were Walt Kowalczyk of Michigan State, John Crow of Texas A&M and Don Clark of Ohio State.

So ends a most exciting season. It will be a short winter for the winning coaches, but what about the losers? The smart ones will get ahead of the mob as they are being run out of town and act like they're leading a parade.

For Orange Bowl beauty, turn the page
For the bowl previews see pages 43-53

ELEVEN BEST ELEVENS OF 1957

ARIZONA STATE	NAVY
AUBURN	NOTRE DAME
IOWA	OHIO STATE
MICHIGAN STATE	OKLAHOMA
MISSISSIPPI	RICE
TEXAS	

INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES

TOTAL OFFENSE LEADER: Bob Newman, Washington St., 1,444 yds.

LEADING GROUND-GAINER: Leon Burton, Arizona St., 1,126 yds.

LEADING PASSER: Ken Ford, Hardin-Simmons, 1,254 yds.

LEADING PASS RECEIVER: Stuart Vaughan, Utah, 756 yds.

LEADING PUNTER: Ken Hall, Idaho, 44.7 yds. per kick

TEAM PERFORMANCES

TOTAL OFFENSE LEADER: Arizona State, 444.9 yds. per game

RUSHING LEADER: Colorado, 322 yds. per game

PASSING LEADER: Utah, 195 yds. per game

TOTAL DEFENSE LEADER: Auburn, 133 yds. per game

PASS-DEFENSE LEADER: Georgia Tech, 33.4 yds. per game

GROUND-DEFENSE LEADER: Auburn, 67 yds. per game

SPECTACLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

BEAUTY AND THE BOWL

Miami sparkles and swells and toots like a calliope at this time of year with its annual Orange Bowl extravaganza—a fine and final tribute to King Football

AS TIME RUNS OUT on the old year, Miami spins through its annual Orange Bowl Festival, a lavish nine-day party where tennis matches, snarling motor boat races and pretty queens such as those pictured on the following four pages are served almost around the clock. This year the main course will be the barbecue put on by the Oklahoma and Duke teams on New Year's Day.

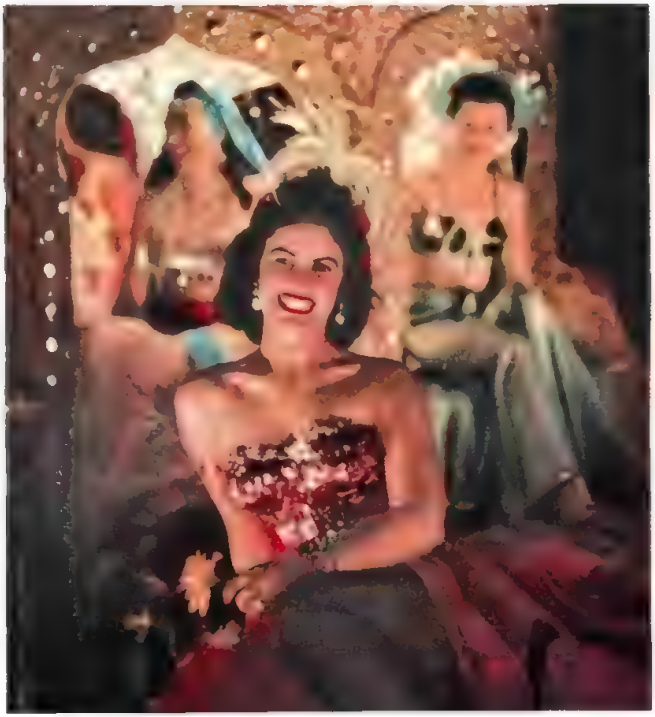
ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, under a bright splash of floodlights, a two-hour parade winds through Biscayne Boulevard and Flagler Street, its 30 bands blaring among the palm trees, 10 of its 50 floats carrying the festival queen and the nine beauties who make up her court.

THE SPECTACULAR FLOATS, whose skeletons are sheltered through the other 50-odd weeks in two enormous warehouses, have their own power plants, and cost, with all their sticks and canvas and papier-mâché, some $4,000 or more.

ADDED FILLIP TO THE LONG PARTY is the annual North-South football game played on Christmas night, as well as an international junior tennis tournament and a Grand Prix for inboards and outboards.

THE PAGEANTRY that brings the celebration to a climax comes during Orange Bowl half time when the queen is presented to the 76,000 football fans. Last year Queen Adelaide Gonzales fairly bloomed from the top of her spangled and towering float.

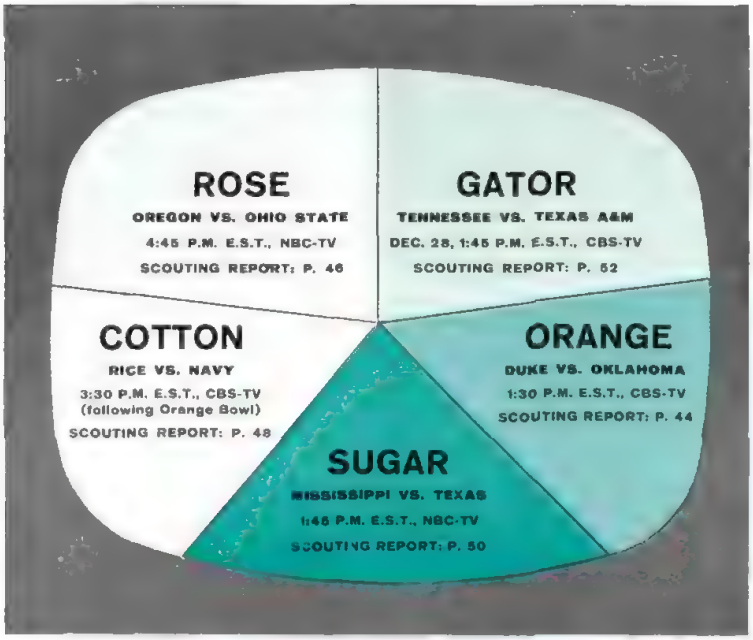
Queen Adelaide (*right*), who attends the University of Florida, rides high atop the main float at last year's Festival



Float of Florida beauties (above) glamorizes golf, tennis, boating and swimming, while Betty Gaul (left) rides a magic carpet in keeping with the parade's theme, "Magic Over Miami." Judy Snyder (foreground, opposite page), Nancy Thompson wave from a luminous marine float, one of 50 sponsored by business and civic organizations at costs ranging between $3,000 and $6,000. Half a million spectators will witness these glittering spectacles on December 31

Orange Bowl Queen Adelaide Gonzales reigns at half time from atop a shimmering 30-foot tower

INSIDE THE BOWLS



Here is your TV screen for the bowl games. Save this chart and the scouting reports following for use during the games

BOWL HUNCHES BY HICKMAN

TENNESSEE VS. TEXAS A&M (Dec. 28). Both accent rugged defenses and power running. Vols have no one to match Aggie Back John Crow and will be outweighed some 15 pounds to the man up front. A&M's only weakness is lack of depth. Vols definitely have better kicking. Psychologically, Tennessee may have the edge. Aggies' morale could be shaken by Bryant's departure. Swayed by sentiment, an upset. TENNESSEE.

OREGON VS. OHIO STATE. Ohio State plowed under all Big Ten competition with an irresistible ground game. Few teams can boast of a better starting backfield unit than Oregon, and variations of formations and strategy have brought them a long way. Still it's hard to conceive how their defense can stand up under the battering Buckeyes. Closer than expected but . . . OHIO STATE.

MISSISSIPPI VS. TEXAS. From the remnants of a 1956 squad which went winless in the Southwest Conference, Darrell Royal lifted the Longhorns to second place in his first season. But Ole Miss is a team with a mission: to wipe out the stigma of the Sugar Bowl humiliation by Navy three years ago. Vaught's Rebels have the speed, size and equipment to do just that. MISSISSIPPI.

RICE VS. NAVY. Excellent quarterbacking, good passing and running, complemented by a steadily improving defense that gave up only 13 points in the final four games won Rice the SWC title. Hit-and-flit defenses, a pro-type offense with basic power and a strong bench combine to make this the best squad in the Middies' history. So my pick is the "laughing boys" of NAVY.

DUKE VS. OKLAHOMA. After blazing through their first five games, the Blue Devils hit a mid-season slump and finished with a single win and two ties. Sooners, of course, were the biggest story of the season when they lost a single game. Biggest weakness of each team is lackluster passing to integrate with powerful running game. Sooners have greater squad speed and make the most of an "alternate team." I lean toward Sooners' speed. OKLAHOMA.

HICKMAN'S SEASON RECORD:
173 RIGHT, 82 WRONG, 13 TIES, .645 PCT.

ORANGE

OKLAHOMA

Coach Bud Wilkinson was plagued this season by two things: he lacked quarterbacks of the quality he has had in recent years, and Oklahoma had no real breakaway threat in the backfield. Clendon Thomas, the Sooners' tremendous halfback, lacked enough straightaway speed for the long gainer, and none of the other backs could provide it. Consequently, this Oklahoma team, unlike last year's, had to grind out touchdowns in short bursts off the split-T. Except against Notre Dame, it always got them when needed. The defense and Wilkinson picks players first for defensive ability was sound, strong and alert. Led by All America choices Bill Krisher at guard and Bob Harrison at center, the Sooners contain their opponents admirably, especially on the ground.

MEN TO WATCH

Clendon Thomas

35 RIGHT HALFBACK
6 ft. 2 in., 188 lbs.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

A slashing, hard-to-tackle runner, he has just enough speed to turn the end but plenty of power to drive up the middle. He is the best of the Oklahoma running backs, but he is not a good passer on the halfback option and throws only when he has to. Sound on defense.

Bill Krisher

65 RIGHT GUARD
6 ft. 1 in., 213 lbs.
Midwest City, Okla.

A heavily muscled, tough lineman, Krisher is a thumping, rough blocker who spearheads the Oklahoma running game. He is agile and strong on defense and only Notre Dame moved him. His best performances were early in the season, but he still rates as one of the best.

Carl Dodd

22 QUARTERBACK
6 ft., 187 lbs.
Norman, Okla.

A strong runner and an intelligent play selector, his principal difficulty lies in his inadequate passing. That is the reason behind Oklahoma's rather pedestrian offense this year. Dodd is an alert defender, good against passes, and he is quick to come up on tackles.

Bob Harrison

54 CENTER
6 ft. 2 in., 205 lbs.
Stamford, Texas

Possibly the best blocking center in collegiate football, Harrison makes the Oklahoma up-the-middle attack go. He is a very strong linebacker, reacting quickly and well, and a leader on the field. Harrison is fast enough for pass defense, hard to move out against a running game.

DUKE

Coach Bill Murray says of his team: "We telegraph our plays and dare you to stop us." This year the Blue Devils have the big, tough players who can make this type of offense work. Using a split-T, they play for the short yardage, aiming for ball control and eventually wearing down the opposition. Although the Duke line is one of the largest in the South with good speed, it has given far more ground on defense than you would expect. Those who have watched the team often this year feel that it lacks fire and plays only as hard as it needs to. This could be fatal against a team with the zip of Oklahoma, whose first and second units never let up the pressure. Varying its power, Duke has three-way passing by the quarterback and both halfbacks.

MEN TO WATCH

Wray Carlton

27 LEFT HALFBACK
6 ft. 2 in., 196 lbs.
Wallace, N.C.

The team's leading running threat, he is one of the great breakaway backs in the country. With plenty of finesse on the quick hand-off, he is also a threat on the run-pass play, and the back who is called on in the critical situation. Also a good pass receiver but only an average tackler.

Bob Brodhead

17 QUARTERBACK
6 ft. 1 in., 189 lbs.
Kittanning, Pa.

A fine, versatile athlete who likes to run with the ball and often does on the option. When he keeps on this play he has the speed to turn the corner. Also, watch for him to fake a pitchout, then "hip" the ball and either run or throw. Good passer but throws no more than the halfbacks.

Tom Topping

76 LEFT TACKLE
6 ft. 2 in., 204 lbs.
Roanoke Rapids, N.C.

One of the real standouts in the Duke line, he is often overlooked because he plays next to an All-America candidate. An alternate team captain, he plays at top speed throughout a game. Moves quickly and tracks a play all the way but can be double-teamed by offensive blockers.

Roy Hord

60 LEFT GUARD
6 ft. 3 in., 220 lbs.
Charlotte, N.C.

Was highly touted before the season as an All-America prospect and, though he played very well, he never quite lived up to notices. Very agile for such a big man, is rated as a top pro prospect. Charges with real verve and certainly qualifies as Duke's best lineman. No particular weakness.

BOWL

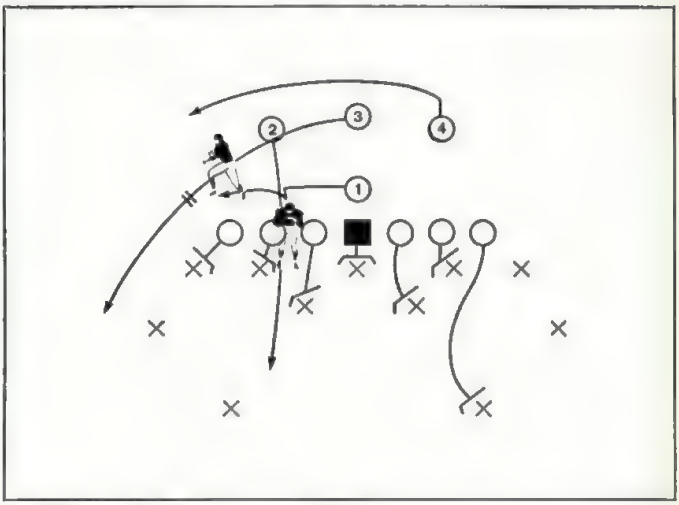
RECORD

26	PITTSBURGH	0
40	IOWA STATE	14
21	TEXAS	7
47	KANSAS	0
14	COLORADO	13
13	KANSAS ST.	0
39	MISSOURI	14
0	NOTRE DAME	7
32	NEBRASKA	7
53	OKLA. STATE	6

ROSTER

FIRST UNIT	SECOND UNIT
22 Dodd, QB	25 Boyd, LH
27 Sandefer, LH	31 Baker, QB
35 Thomas, RH	33 Carpenter, RH
51 Morris, FB	41 Rolle, FB
54 Harrison, C	53 Davis, C
61 D. Jennings, RT	66 Thompson, LT
62 Northcutt, LG	68 Oujesky, LG
65 Krisher, RG	74 Corbitt, RG
76 Searcy, LT	75 Ladd, RT
80 Rector, RE	84 Coyle, LE
89 Stiller, LE	90 S. Jennings, RE

PLAY TO WATCH



OKLAHOMA DIVE is the bread-and-butter play for the Sooners; when short yardage is necessary, this is the most likely call. It sends Clendon Thomas (2), OU's excellent right halfback, plunging straight ahead behind the flashing charge of the Sooner line. He takes hand-off from Quarterback Carl Dodd (1), who then fakes to fullback (3) wide, while left half (4) runs a wide sweep to right to help fake.

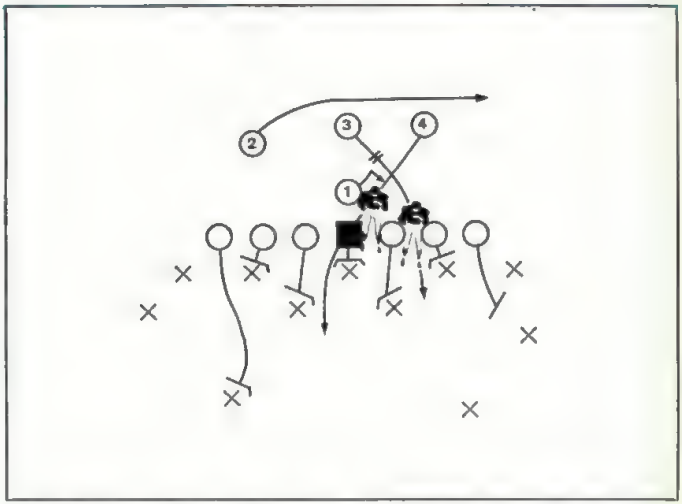
RECORD

26	SOUTH CAROLINA	14
40	VIRGINIA	0
14	MARYLAND	0
7	RICE	6
34	WAKE FOREST	7
14	NORTH CAROLINA ST.	14
0	GEORGIA TECH	13
6	NAVY	6
7	CLEMSON	6
13	NORTH CAROLINA	21

ROSTER

FIRST UNIT	SECOND UNIT
17 Brodhead, QB	16 Millner, QB
27 Carlton, LH	23 Rushton, LH
35 McElhaney, FB	36 Dupler, FB
47 Dutrow, RH	48 Lee, RH
56 Byrd, C	51 Hoch, C
60 Hord, LG	61 Keyser, LG
63 Guy, RG	68 McGee, RG
74 Recinella, RT	71 Denne, LT
76 Topping, LT	78 Kersey, RT
81 Thompson, RE	86 Lattimore, LE
82 Hurm, LE	89 Padgett, RE

PLAY TO WATCH



THE HALFBACK COUNTER shows the big Duke power with all its cylinders pumping. In this play Quarterback Brodhead (1) starts to the rear, faking a hand-off to the fullback (3), who charges through left side of line. In a rapid bit of ball-handling, Brodhead then hands to the left halfback (4), who strikes to his right just behind center. The right half (2) fakes around end decoying a pitchout.

CONTINUED

ROSE

OHIO STATE

Coach Woody Hayes' Buckeyes don't have many tricks up their sleeves, but they don't need them. This is a forthright team, grinding and conservative, one that retains maddening ball control. Its powerful running game is its offense: of 3,126 total yards amassed in nine games, 2,681 of them were on the ground. Only two major teams in the nation (Oklahoma and Colorado) rushed more frequently. State has only an average passing game, but due to its lopsided rushing offense, its infrequent passing has been effective and must be marked down as a strong surprise weapon when used; only one OSU pass was intercepted during the season. Defensively, the Buckeyes are rock-hard and sure of themselves. This all justifies the team's 1-2 ranking in the UP and AP postseason polls.

MEN TO WATCH

Aurelius Thomas

64 RIGHT GUARD
6 ft. 1 in., 204 lbs.
Columbus, Ohio

Real All-America on offense. Charges exceedingly well, pulls well to lead ball carrier, traps smartly. Plays a soft middle guard on defense, *i.e.*, he will shift with the play to avoid being bottled up. One weakness: he can be caught off balance on plays that involve faking motions.

Don Clark

18 LEFT HALFBACK
5 ft. 11 in., 191 lbs.
Akron, Ohio

He may be used sparingly, due to a recurrent groin injury. When right, he is the team's only truly fast back, the only climax runner. A work horse, he is the leading rusher, scorer. Very accurate throwing a pass after taking a quarterback pitchout. On defense, a notch above average.

Bob White

33 FULLBACK
6 ft. 2 in., 212 lbs.
Covington, Ky.

Fine straight-ahead runner, hits very hard but in open field is a step slow. Second stringer until eighth game when he replaced the injured Galen Cisco, has done surprisingly well for a sophomore. On occasion will shift to offensive center. Excellent center linebacker on defense.

Frank Kremblas

22 QUARTERBACK
6 ft. 1 in., 193 lbs.
Akron, Ohio

Unknown quantity in September, he has developed into a sound, if not spectacular, player. Strong runner on an option keep. Decent on short and medium length passes, although he won't throw often. Can be disturbed by a hard rush. Good punter. Good on defense, especially tackling.

OREGON

Coach Len Casanova has a better football team than lots of people think. It tied Oregon State for the PCC title and soundly drubbed an excellent UCLA team. Casanova has a history of stout defenses; this year's club allowed the fewest points in the PCC. The first backfield could stack up pretty well against any in the country. It is well drilled and, relying equally on running and passing, moved the ball against everyone it played. Jim Shanley and Jack Morris bring wonderful speed to it, and Jack Crabtree, while not the top Coast passer by a long shot, can hurt you on the short toss to Ends Ron Stover and J. C. Wheeler. The Webfoot problem is the second team which is not as good as the average college second team. So the Oregon hopes rest on the first unit's durability.

MEN TO WATCH

Jim Shanley

30 RIGHT HALFBACK
5 ft. 8 in., 170 lbs.
North Bend, Ore.

Casanova says: "He is the best back I've ever coached." Great runner from scrimmage or on punt or kickoff returns. Team's top scorer, rusher. Fast and extremely dangerous as pass receiver or deep down-and-out patterns. Does not pass himself. A superior defensive player.

Jack Morris

40 FULLBACK
6 ft., 188 lbs.
Medford, Ore.

Very fast but not a hard runner. He will seek to go around a defender rather than over him. Does not like rough going. He should be gang tackled as he is a threat when he sees light. First rate all-purpose kicker. Poor linebacker (right corner) and not at all a good tackler.

Jack Crabtree

17 QUARTERBACK
6 ft., 191 lbs.
Lakewood, Calif.

An able passer, he is especially effective on the quick look-in pass, thrown to the left end. In 10 games this fall he hit 55 of 99 pass attempts. Gets the ball away fast. Not a good runner but can move around and evade tacklers when he is back to pass. Plays safety position.

Harry Mondale

65 LEFT GUARD
5 ft. 6 in., 198 lbs.
Eugene, Ore.

All-PCC selection for two years. At 26 years, he is oldest, most experienced lineman on team and a great offensive player. Blocks low and really keeps after his man. He is very quick in reacting, despite his chunky size. His slight weakness is in moving well straight ahead.

BOWL

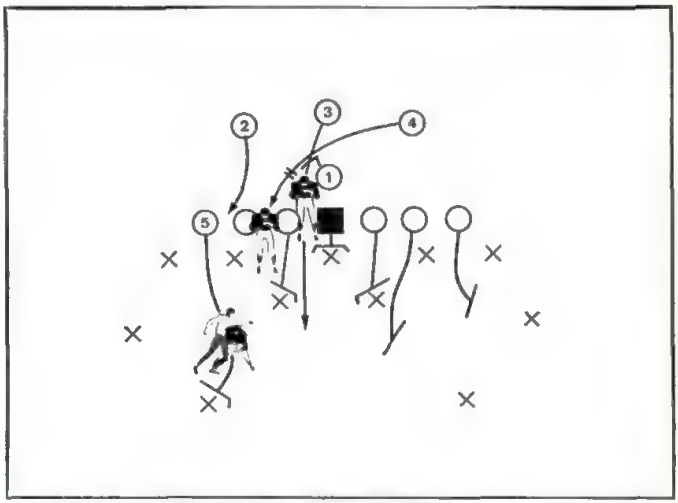
RECORD

14	TEXAS CHRISTIAN	18
35	WASHINGTON	7
21	ILLINOIS	7
56	INDIANA	0
16	WISCONSIN	13
47	NORTHWESTERN	6
20	PURDUE	7
17	IOWA	13
31	MICHIGAN	14

ROSTER

FIRST UNIT	SECOND UNIT
18 Clark, LH	16 Cannavino, RH
22 Kremblas, QB	25 Okulovich, QB
33 White, FB	36 Cisco, FB
35 Trivisonno, RH	44 LeBeau, LH
58 Frank, C	53 James, C
64 Thomas, RG	60 Spychalski, RG
65 Jobko, LG	67 Baldacci, LG
71 Schafrath, LT	72 Martin, LT
76 Marshall, RT	78 A. Crawford, RT
84 Houston, LE	87 Bowermaster, LE
85 Brown, RE	88 Morgan, RE

PLAY TO WATCH



BUCKEYE BELLY SERIES most often sees Fullback White (3) taking the ball from Quarterback Kremblas (1) and driving through the center of the line. Quarterback moves a few steps with fullback, holding the ball against fullback's belly. The ball is either given or taken away and handed to the left half (4), who has driven across toward a right-side hole. Right end (5) and right half (2) block.

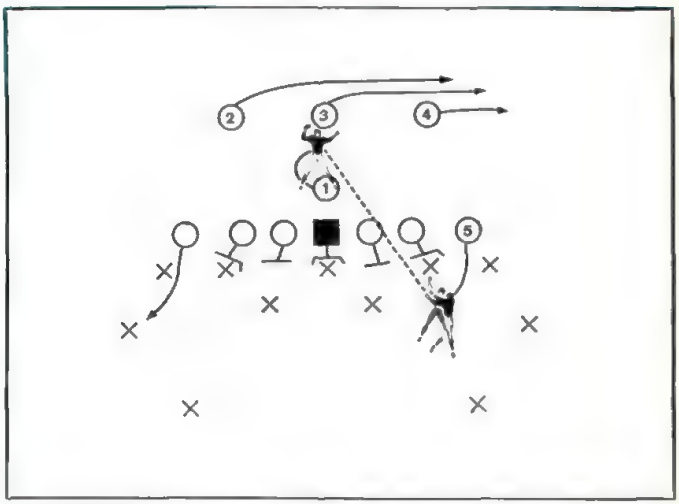
RECORD

9	IDAHO	6
3	PITTSBURGH	6
21	UCLA	0
26	SAN JOSE ST.	0
14	WASH. STATE	13
24	CALIFORNIA	6
27	STANFORD	26
6	WASHINGTON	13
16	SO. CALIFORNIA	7
7	OREGON STATE	10

ROSTER

FIRST UNIT	SECOND UNIT
17 Crabtree, QB	12 Fraser, QB
25 Tourville, LH	20 West, LH
30 Shanley, RH	24 Read, RH
40 Morris, FB	42 Osborne, FB
52 Peterson, C	60 Reeve, RG
62 Grottkau, RG	64 Schaffeld, LG
65 Mendale, LG	67 Fish, C
71 Linden, RT	74 Aschbacher, LT
72 Kershner, LT	77 Keele, RT
80 Wheeler, LE	81 Welch, RE
83 Stover, RE	85 Kimbrough, LE

PLAY TO WATCH



LOOK-IN PASS at the outset appears to be a power sweep to the left, with Quarterback Crabtree keeping or pitching out. Crabtree, however, whirls, straightens up and drills a quick pass to the left end (5), who has come five to seven yards off the line and turned right. On taking the pass, he will slant toward the right sideline, the defense having been pulled left by the halfbacks (2 and 4) and fullback (3).

CONTINUED

COTTON

NAVY

Coach Eddie Erdelatz, with a solid 14-0 victory over Army, brought Crabtown a Lambert Trophy and its best won-lost record since the great team of 1945. The line is smart and deep, superb in ranging loose to keep a play turned inside. It also is not easily trapped. Its general quickness and predilection to stunt shifting may be geared in the Cotton Bowl to shoot the gaps and threaten Rice's passing offense, but in doing so it could suffer on screen and draw plays. The backfield, with Ned Oldham the healthiest he has been all season, makes up one of the most diverse attacks in the nation. It admittedly is small, but with Oldham and Harry Hurst swinging wide for pitchouts and Forrestal's really topnotch passing, it can blow open a game in a second.

MEN TO WATCH

Tom Forrestal

18 QUARTERBACK
5 ft. 11 in., 178 lbs.
Cleveland, Ohio

He is an alert signal caller who will repeatedly use a play if he sees a defensive flaw. He is a great passer (completed 80 of 159 passes for 1,117 yards) but only a fair runner. Due to his lack of speed, he is deep-conscious on defense but, with his alertness, he can get the jump and move up well.

Bob Reifsnyder

58 RIGHT TACKLE
6 ft. 2 in., 235 lbs.
Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Made major All-America teams, either at center or tackle. Excellent on penetration or, faking this, plays heady control game on line. Roams occasionally. Tackles hard and, when he can't do that, he clears the interference. Although he can be trapped, he usually is well covered by fellow linemen.

Pete Jokanovich

86 LEFT END
5 ft. 11 in., 207 lbs.
Los Angeles

A brilliant diagnostician, quick reactor and hard tackler. He is tough to sweep out of a play. Wonderful on a loose defensive game, he is extremely hard to circle. As a blocker, he is strong straight ahead, bowling you over. Navy's favorite pass target, notably good on the short and medium length pass.

Ned Oldham

27 LEFT HALFBACK
5 ft. 10 in., 182 lbs.
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Apparently fully recovered from knee trouble that hampered him during the season, he is the best all-round back on team. Quick starter, fast turning a corner, and hits hard for his size. On defense, he may rush in from secondary too quickly, leaving his zone open for a long pass.

RICE

Coach Jess Neely parlayed two fine quarterbacks, a great receiver and a defense strengthened by the return of an injured center into the Southwest Conference championship. Rice has good speed, implemented with great deception because of the faking of Quarterbacks King Hill and Frank Ryan. Big and powerful, the Owls can be artful or overpowering. Offensively, the team favors the belly series with the quarterbacks carrying the ball. Buddy Dial, a brilliant offensive end, broke up several games with key pass catches. The team let down at mid-season following an injury to Center Don Gillis; upon his return, the Owl defense allowed its last four opponents only two touchdowns and his down-the-middle blocking revived the strong Rice running attack.

MEN TO WATCH

King Hill

26 QUARTERBACK
6 ft. 3 in., 205 lbs.
Freeport, Texas

The pros' first draft choice is a superb faker and ball handler and a fine runner and passer. He is not an aggressive defensive player, but he is smart and intercepted four passes during the season. He is an excellent play selector, and when he carries the ball he moves with a long, strong stride.

Buddy Dial

84 LEFT END
6 ft. 1 in., 178 lbs.
Magnolia, Texas

One of the most accomplished pass receivers in college football, he has great maneuverability, fine hands and a meticulous sense of timing combined with deceptive speed. He is only a fair blocker and average defensively, although his agility makes him hard to block.

Frank Ryan

24 QUARTERBACK
6 ft. 3 in., 190 lbs.
Fort Worth, Texas

Ryan alternates with Hill and is his equal in every phase of quarterbacking except play selection. He is a dangerous, tough runner if he sees daylight; on defense he enjoys contact so much that he sometimes commits himself too early. He is a pinpoint passer, connected on 60%.

Larry Whitmire

73 LEFT TACKLE
6 ft. 3 in., 216 lbs.
Corpus Christi, Texas

While Whitmire is neither quick nor fast, he has, superbly, the faculty for being in the right place at the right time. He is a fine blocker and is difficult to double team on defense. Plays pressure block very well and is a very fiery competitor, especially in the clutch.

BOWL

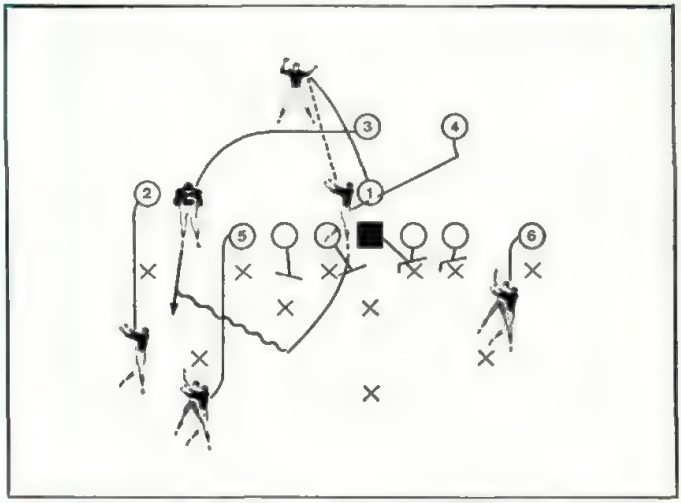
RECORD

46	BOSTON COLLEGE	6
33	WM. & MARY	6
7	NORTH CAROLINA	13
21	CALIFORNIA	6
27	GEORGIA	14
35	PENNSYLVANIA	7
20	NOTRE DAME	6
6	DUKE	6
14	ARMY	0

ROSTER

FIRST UNIT	SECOND UNIT
18 Forrestal, QB	15 Flood, QB
27 Oldham, LH	21 Swanson, FB
33 Wellborn, FB	48 Brence, LH
34 Hurst, RH	49 Brandquist, RH
51 Moncilovich, C	56 Witzmann, C
58 Reifsnyder, RT	60 Chomicz, RG
61 Stremic, LG	69 Caldwell, LG
63 Fritzinger, RG	71 Boyer, RT
76 Anthony, LT	72 Meisel, LT
86 Jokanovich, LE	84 Kanuch, LE
87 McKee, RE	89 Ruth, RE

PLAY TO WATCH



SHORT PASS with lateral option starts from the wing T. Quarterback Forrestal (1) slants back, fakes a hand-off to fullback (3) swinging right. Meanwhile, left half (4) moves as if to block, then cuts toward a right-guard hole on a fake trap. Forrestal tosses quickly to him. Right end (5), right half (2) and left end (6) pull defensive halfbacks out of position, and receiver may lateral to fullback.

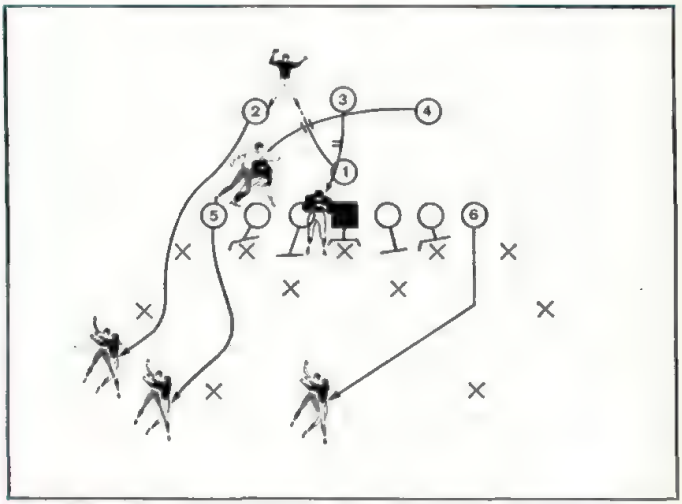
RECORD

20	LSU	14
34	STANFORD	7
6	DUKE	7
27	SMU	21
14	TEXAS	19
7	CLEMSON	20
13	ARKANSAS	7
7	TEXAS A&M	6
[illegible]	TCU	[illegible]
20	BAYLOR	0

ROSTER

FIRST UNIT	SECOND UNIT
11 Williams, RH	10 Searcy, RH
22 Duckett, LH	24 Ryan, QB
26 Hill, QB	39 Hoelscher, FB
31 Chilton, FB	45 Speer, LH
51 Gillis, C	50 Graves, C
60 Gorges, LG	59 Knight, RG
64 McGraw, RG	68 Gusler, LG
73 Whitmire, LT	77 Smith, RT
74 White, RT	79 Cauley, LT
84 Dial, LE	80 Miller, RE
88 Jones, RE	87 Pollard, LE

PLAY TO WATCH



RICE PASS makes full use of the accurate arm of Quarterback King Hill (1) and the great receiving of End Buddy Dial (6). Hill fakes to the fullback (3) and the left halfback (4), as he drops quickly back. These fakes pull in the defending linebackers; the Rice right end (5) and right half (2) decoy deep defenders away, and Dial goes straight downfield, then cuts sharply to right for pass over middle.

CONTINUED

SUGAR

MISSISSIPPI

Coach Johnny Vaught arrived at Mississippi in 1947 and forthwith converted the Rebels into a perennial Southeastern Conference contender. This year Ole Miss wound up second in the tough SEC behind bowl-ineligible Auburn and thus earned its fourth major bowl bid in six years. The Rebs are a fast, relatively light split-T team, using flankers liberally. Their running average of 305 yards per game was one of the best in the country this year. Yet the offense tends to bog down close to the goal line when the going is tough. Defensively, Ole Miss with its 5-4 basic alignment is superb, having yielded only eight TDs all year, but is vulnerable to the long pass. The first two units are about the same offensively, but the second is weaker on defense.

MEN TO WATCH

Ray Brown

15 QUARTERBACK
6 ft. 1 in., 190 lbs.
Greenville, Miss.

As the SEC leader in total offense, he must be watched both as a passer and runner. He is a truly adept ball handler and will frequently fool both the spectator and TV camera. Does team punting. Tackles hard on defense but can be outrun and fooled with good pass patterns.

Jim Woodruff

32 RIGHT HALF
5 ft. 10½ in., 177 lbs.
Batesville, Miss.

This 19-year-old sophomore has inherited the starting assignment of the Rebs' great Billy Lott, who broke his collarbone against Tennessee. He is very fast and an elusive hip-swinger who is hard to get a solid crack at. He may hurt the team a bit on pass defense through lack of experience.

Jackie Simpson

68 LEFT GUARD
6 ft., 202 lbs.
Memphis, Tenn.

This All-America is just about the ideal college guard—too big to be overpowered yet small enough to move quickly. As defensive linebacker he has been in on nearly half his team's tackles this year. He starts plenty of fumbles with his arm tackles and recovers a lot with his alert reactions.

Gene Hickerson

79 RIGHT TACKLE
6 ft. 2 in., 225 lbs.
Memphis, Tenn.

One of the best SEC tackles, he is quicker and faster than many backs. His hair-trigger charge from scrimmage gives him a huge advantage on offense. His blocking can be heard in the stands, but also watch him occasionally trap a defensive guard or tackle. Slides expertly with the play on defense.

TEXAS

Coach Darrell Royal's amazing success can be traced to the development of two nearly equal units. The second unit may be superior on offense to the first, but the starters have an edge in experience and defense. The Longhorns are a grind-it-out team, seldom scoring on long gainers. The running game is sound, the passing is well above average and the punting is good enough so that the quick-kick is an effective weapon in the Texas arsenal. An aggressive defense, which plays what Royal calls "jaw-to-jaw" style, is agile and tough and accounted in large measure for the 641 yards in penalties Texas had during the season, more than any team in the Southwest Conference. Although 12 members of the first two units are sophs, by now they play like seniors.

MEN TO WATCH

Walter Fondren

24 QUARTERBACK
5 ft. 11 in., 170 lbs.
Houston, Texas

Good runner, likes to fake inside belly hand-off, then roll back and pass to ends crossing. He is weak against passes on defense. As team punter, if not rushed, he likes to wait on punts to allow coverers to get downfield. He likes to quick-kick. Must be tackled high to stop.

Bobby Lackey

22 QUARTERBACK
6 ft. 3 in., 200 lbs.
Weslaco, Texas

A big, strong sophomore who spells Fondren, Lackey likes to run with the ball and does so very well. Has a very strong arm, throws long passes well and is a fine kicker. He is dangerous on fakes to one side and a bootleg in opposite direction. He is also strong pass defender.

Rene Ramirez

46 HALFBACK
6 ft. 2 in., 180 lbs.
Hebbronville, Texas

A sophomore, Ramirez did not figure very heavily in the Longhorn picture early in the season. Now he is the team's best running back and its best passer, particularly dangerous on a run to his left with the option of a pass (he is left-handed) or a run. Good on defense.

Garland Kennon

76 TACKLE
6 ft. 2 in., 230 lbs.
Center, Texas

Texas' best tackle, Kennon is big, aggressive and quick. He often stunts with Don Wilson, the linebacker on his side and will shoot through any gap offered by the offense. He is especially strong on defense against plays going to the opposite side. A dependable blocker in Texas' split-T.

BOWL

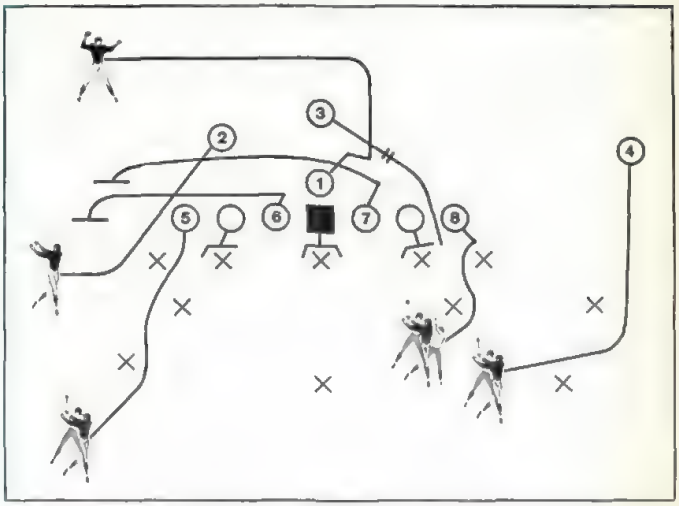
RECORD

44	TRINITY (Texas)	[illegible]
15	KENTUCKY	0
34	HARDIN-SIMMONS	[illegible]
28	VANDERBILT	0
50	TULANE	0
6	ARKANSAS	12
[illegible]	HOUSTON	7
14	LSU	12
14	TENNESSEE	7
7	MISSISSIPPI ST.	7

ROSTER

FIRST UNIT	SECOND UNIT
15 Brown, LH	10 Franklin, QB
23 Reed, HB	30 Lovelace, RH
32 Woodruff, LH	33 Taylor, RH
42 Hurst, FB	41 Flowers, FB
51 Crain, [illegible]	53 Pruett, C
61 W. Hickerson, RG	64 Churchwell, RG
58 Simpson, LG	67 Cooper, LG
75 West, LT	71 Smith, LT
79 G. Hickerson, RT	74 Sanders, RT
80 Williams, RE	85 Jenkins, RE
82 Templeton, LE	88 Grantham, LE

PLAY TO WATCH



ROLLOUT PASS is an Ole Miss weapon, used to loosen defenses for running attack. Quarterback (1) fakes handoff to fullback (3), then rolls to his right. Both guards (6 & 7) pull out as if to lead run but stop to give pass protection. Left half (4), who is flanked wide, is deep receiver on his side with left end (8) available in close. Right half (2) is short receiver on his side with right end (5) going deep.

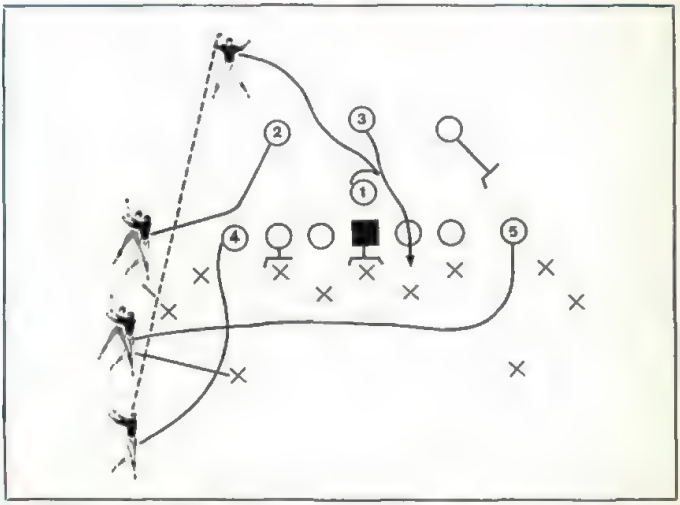
RECORD

26	GEORGIA	7
20	TULANE	6
21	S. CAROLINA	27
7	OKLAHOMA	21
17	ARKANSAS	0
19	RICE	14
12	SMU	19
7	BAYLOR	7
14	TCU	2
9	TEXAS A&M	7

ROSTER

FIRST UNIT	SECOND UNIT
24 Fondren, QB	22 Lackey, QB
25 Alvis, RH	30 Smith, LH
31 Allen, FB	33 Dowdle, FB
41 Blanch, LH	46 Ramirez, RH
50 Del Homme, C	55 Parkhurst, C
53 R. E. Lee, RG	66 Shillingburg, RG
62 Wilson, LG	68 Anderson, LG
76 Kennon, RT	70 Wes Wyman, LT
79 Seaholm, LT	75 Will Wyman, RT
81 Doke, LE	84 Stephens, LE
86 M. Lee, RE	85 Bryant, RE

PLAY TO WATCH



THE VERSATILITY and quickness of Texas Quarterback Walt Fondren are used to full advantage in this play. Here Fondren (1) fakes to Allen (3), the fullback, to pin defensive linebacker, then drops back quickly for the pass. His first receiver is offensive right end (4), who has been freed by left end (5) who is crossing over to lure safety and right half (2), who pulls wing back with him on fake.

CONTINUED

GATOR

TEXAS A&M

Coach Bear Bryant has built a tough, tenacious defense. The Aggies dropped off at the tail end of the season because 15 players had to carry the load and the lack of reserves finally told on A&M. The Cadets gang tackle, pursue well and hit hard. They walloped only 14 points all season. The offense, based early in the season on Majestic Joe Heap and Heisman Award Winner John Crow and Lord Taylor, another fine halfback, relied last on the passing game [illegible] expected to open [illegible] up points scored and caught at one man but was to halter the Aggie running. The combination [illegible] passing, ball control running and [illegible] drives [illegible] the Aggies three and four yards at a time. The offense, with cripples back, should click now, and the defense was always good.

MEN TO WATCH

John Crow

44 LEFT HALFBACK
6 ft. 2 in., 210 lbs.
Springhill, La.

The Heisman Award winner is big and strong and possessed of better than average speed, with powerful leg drive. He likes to run the inside belly series to the right. He spots running plays at the line of scrimmage well on defense and is also strong on pass defense. He is a good blocker.

Charley Krueger

78 LEFT TACKLE
6 ft. 4 in., 220 lbs.
Caldwell, Texas

Krueger is a quick, agile, hard-to-block lineman. He has great lateral movement. His very powerful arms make him extraordinarily hard to block since the blocker cannot get to his body. He plays left end on goal line defenses and has the faculty of making the clutch play.

Roddy Osborne

12 QUARTERBACK
5 ft. 11 in., 175 lbs.
Gainesville, Texas

Osborne has the most valuable asset [illegible] ing a bad play into a good one by quick reaction. He is tricky enough to run an option and will run through any hole. He [illegible] ing. Good [illegible] ing the ball [illegible] on [illegible] other [illegible] passer.

John Tracey

80 RIGHT END
6 ft. 3 in., 210 lbs.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Tracey, at 24, is the most [illegible] ing his basketball playing days [illegible] more promise. He is fast, tough and a [illegible] pass receiver that [illegible] defense. On defense he [illegible] offensive left tackle [illegible] pass [illegible] pass.

TENNESSEE

Coach Bowden Wyatt has produced a typical Tennessee team, characterized by power, [illegible] and precision blocking. The [illegible] drive with Tackle Bob [illegible] weighing 260 to weed up [illegible] and Guard [illegible] are the best plays of this offense, with a fullback trap up the middle lending a modicum of variety. Gordon is a [illegible] pass, and [illegible] A. passing weapon is Tom [illegible] defense [illegible] Bob [illegible] Vol operate from a 6-2-2-1 pattern, made elastic by stunting [illegible] Wyatt switches off guards and tackles to [illegible] to add bite to the middle of his line.

MEN TO WATCH

Bobby Gordon

47 TAILBACK
6 feet, 189 lbs.
Pulaski, Tenn.

Matures and [illegible] Gordon is a punishing runner who follows his interference well, [illegible] and [illegible] blocker. He is [illegible] passer, but [illegible] in Southeast Conference. When he passes, he prefers throwing up middle or [illegible].

Tommy Bronson

31 FULLBACK
6 feet, 195 lbs.
Gainesville, Fla.

Bronson has been Tennessee's regular fullback for three years. He is a sure blocker and a powerful runner with good speed. He is used often in short yardage situations and spot [illegible] cutting inside or outside tackle. Quick, hard tackler.

Bill Anderson

15 WINGBACK
6 ft. 2 in., 190 lbs.
Bradenton, Fla.

Anderson is a tremendous runner of the Tennessee deep [illegible] carries the ball infrequently. He is a fine pass receiver, both long and short, using a deceptive, flowing, long stride to [illegible] advantage. Anderson has savvy, and is a [illegible] defensive halfback.

Bill Johnson

66 RIGHT GUARD
5 ft. 11 in., 190 lbs.
Sparta, Tenn.

Johnson has a quick, powerful charge which [illegible] and hard to handle on defense. He [illegible] from guard to [illegible] to [illegible] to take advantage of [illegible] and good [illegible] range. He pulls very well in lead Vol power plays, and is one of the fastest men on the team.

BOWL

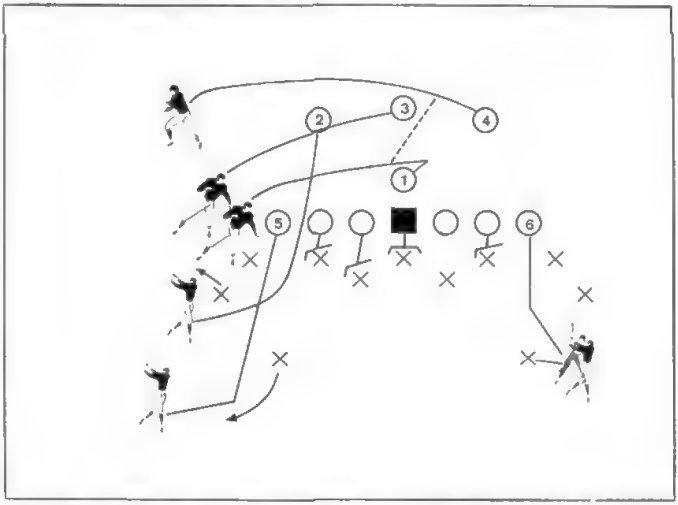
RECORD

21	MARYLAND	13
21	TEXAS TECH	0
28	MISSOURI	0
28	HOUSTON	6
7	TCU	0
14	BAYLOR	0
7	ARKANSAS	6
19	SMU	6
6	RICE	7
7	TEXAS	9

ROSTER

FIRST UNIT	SECOND UNIT
12 Osborne, Q	11 Milstead, Q
30 Gay, FB	28 Esquivel, LH
40 Conrad, RH	37 LeBoeuf, FB
44 Crow, LH	45 Taylor, RH
54 Gilbert, C	55 Oliver, C
60 Stanley, LG	63 Goehring, RG
66 Howard, RG	74 Luna, LG
72 Beck, RT	75 Simmons, RT
78 Krueger, LT	76 Garner, LT
80 Tracey, RE	81 Smith, RE
88 Marks, LE	84 McClelland, LE

PLAY TO WATCH



JOHN CROW (4), A&M's Heisman Award back, uses this play to pick up yards with adequate passing, slashing running. He takes a quick pitchout from Osborne (1), the quarterback, swings wide to his right behind blocks from Osborne and Gay (3), the fullback. Now he can run, if defensive backs fade with Tracey (5), right end, and Conrad (2), right half, or pass. Left end (6) decoys the defense.

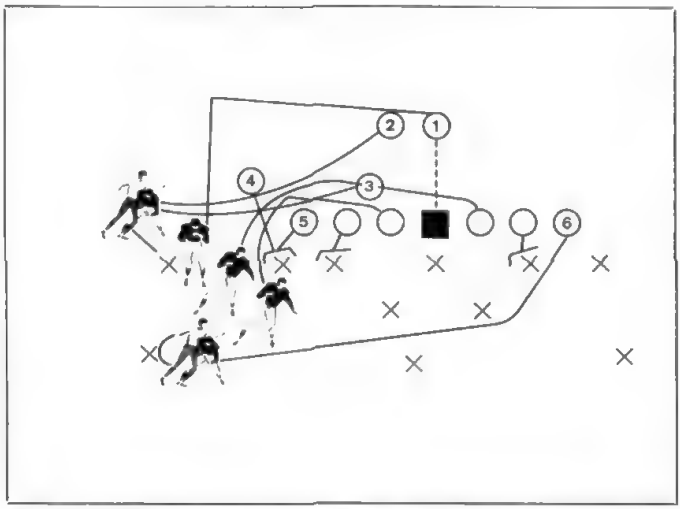
RECORD

0	AUBURN	7
14	MISS. ST.	9
28	CHATTANOOGA	13
14	ALABAMA	0
16	MARYLAND	0
35	N. CAROLINA	0
21	GEORGIA TECH	6
7	MISSISSIPPI	14
6	KENTUCKY	20
20	VANDERBILT	6

ROSTER

FIRST UNIT	SECOND UNIT
15 Anderson, WB	12 Grubb, WB
20 Adkins, BB	27 Emory, BB
31 Bronson, FB	32 Smith, FB
47 Gordon, TB	40 Carter, TB
53 Stottlemyer, C	55 Moss, C
64 Herzbrun, LG	65 Urbano, LG
66 Johnson, RG	67 Lukowski, RG
72 Kolinsky, RT	75 Shafer, LT
74 Smelcher, LT	79 Schaffer, RT
85 Darty, LE	82 Overholt, LE
88 Potts, RE	86 Armstrong, RE

PLAY TO WATCH



THE BACKBONE of the single wing is power, and here is where it comes from. Gordon (1), the tailback, takes snap from center, goes outside tackle behind double-team block by end (5) and wingback (4), who open hole. The blocking back (3) and fullback (2) two-time the defensive end, while the offensive guards lead Gordon through the hole, applying more power for play, as left end (6) blocks downfield.

GOREN'S

Charles Goren offers 14 new problems—

THE ancient quarrel over which came first, the chicken or the egg, has been no more hotly debated than the relative importance of the bidding and the play in contract bridge. But bidding must be more important, if only for the reason that it comes first.

It is far from my intention to belittle skillful play. My first quiz (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Oct. 14) concerned only bidding. This week, you get a chance to test yourself as a player, as well.

Don't be discouraged if you have some wrong answers. None of the questions is so simple that any beginner would know the answer.

1 AS SOUTH YOU HOLD:

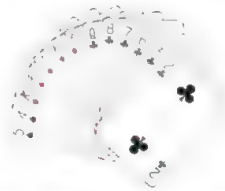
WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♥	Pass	Pass	Double
Pass	2 ♠	Pass	?

What do you bid now?

2 AS DEALER YOU HOLD:

What is your opening bid?

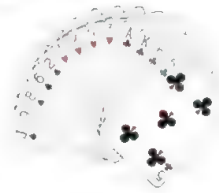
3 AS SOUTH YOU HOLD:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♠	2 ♦	2 ♥	?

With East-West vulnerable, what do you bid?

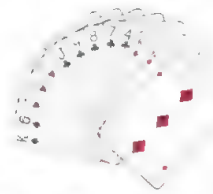
4 AS SOUTH YOU HOLD:



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♦	Pass	1 ♥	?

You are vulnerable. What do you bid?

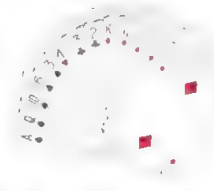
5 AS SOUTH YOU HOLD:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
Pass	Pass	1♠	Pass

What do you bid now?

6 AS SOUTH YOU HOLD:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♥	Pass	1 ♠	Pass
2 ♣	Pass	2 ♦	Pass
2 ♥	Pass	?	

What do you bid now?

7 AS SOUTH YOU HOLD:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
3 no trump	Pass	?	

What do you bid?

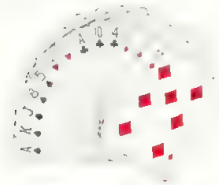
8 AS DEALER YOU HOLD:

What is your opening bid?

NEW BRIDGE QUIZ

which should brighten your Christmas holiday and help you to be a better player in 1958

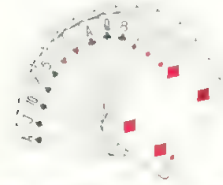
9 AS SOUTH YOU HOLD:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	Pass	Pass	2 ♣

Both sides are vulnerable. What do you bid now?

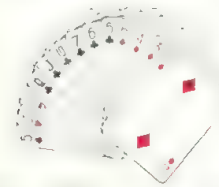
10 AS SOUTH YOU HOLD:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	Pass	2 ♦	Pass
2 no trump	Pass	4 no trump	Pass
?			

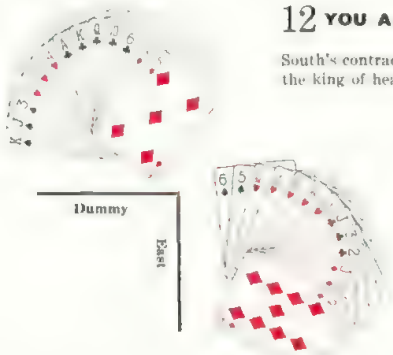
What do you bid now?

11 AS WEST YOU HOLD:



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	Pass	3 ♦	3 ♥
3 ♠	Pass	4 ♠	Pass
6 ♠	Pass	Pass	Double
Pass	Pass	Pass	

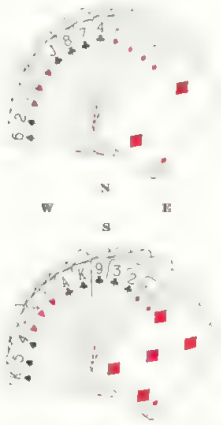
What is your opening lead?



12 YOU ARE EAST:

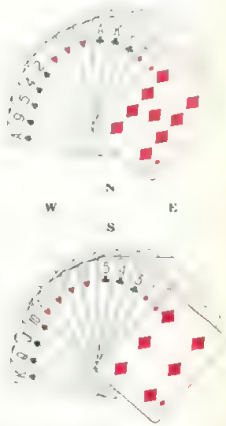
South's contract is four spades. West leads the king of hearts. What do you play?

13 YOU ARE SOUTH:



The contract is three no trump. West leads the 5 of hearts. As South, declarer, plan the safest play to assure contract.

14 YOU ARE SOUTH:



You are South (vulnerable), declarer at a contract of six spades, with no adverse bidding. West leads the 9 of clubs. What is the best way to play the hand?

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 123

BEST IN SHOW

This fable in words and drawings by the talented TV actor FRED GWYNNE is dedicated to all dogs who feel they have been misjudged in the show ring. But humans can learn a lesson from it, too

1

Once upon a time, a little girl went to a dog show. And on her way she met a man

2

"My dog is going to win Best-in-Show," the man said,

"AND IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY!"

3

Then the little girl met another man

4

"My dog is going to win Best-in-Show," he said,

"AND IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY!"

5

Farther along the way the little girl met a woman

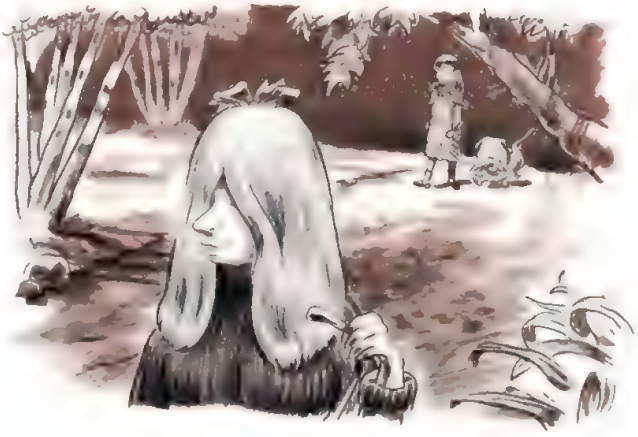
6

"My dog is going to win Best-in-Show," the woman said,

"AND IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY!"

7

Then the little girl met another woman



8

"My dog is going to win Best-in-Show," the woman said,

"AND IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY!"

9

When they finally all arrived at the show . . .

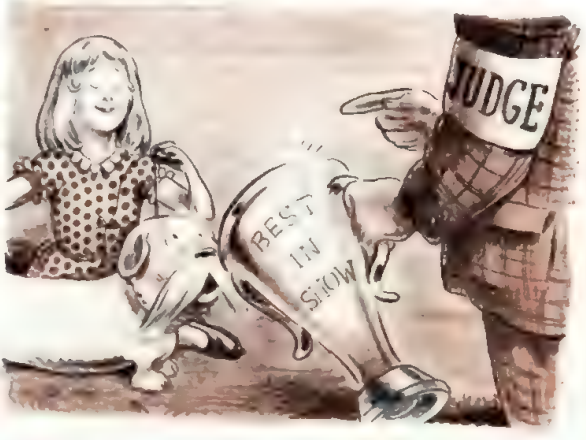
10

and were standing in the judge's ring, the little girl said quietly:

"MY DOG IS GOING TO WIN BEST-IN-SHOW"

11

And it did. . . .



AND, of course (turn the page) . . .

. . . IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY!

THE END

FLIP-TOP ZOO

Here's a brand new idea in home fun: cutting out and pasting up bears, lions, tigers, moose and what have you on flip-top cigaret boxes. It's easy to do, it's lots of fun, and it's a wonderful way to keep young and old entertained

DESIGNED BY JEROME KÜHL

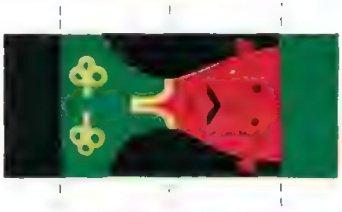
CHILDREN ARE FUN, especially at Christmas. But even the most patient and loving parent will admit that at times the unflagging energy of children, or even the sheer weight of their numbers, can become almost overwhelming. Here, on this and the following pages, is an intriguing new pastime that not only gives the kids a quiet, sit-on-the-floor outlet for all that energy but gives parents a chance to sit with them and share the fun. All you need are several

empty flip-top cigaret boxes, a bottle of rubber cement and a good pair of scissors. Cut out the designs printed here. Note that they are printed on back-to-back pages in such a way that they don't overlap, but be careful lest you accidentally snip a design on the reverse side. After you've cut out the designs, fold them precisely as indicated. Then apply cement to the lower part of the box and apply the larger piece, making sure you have it right side up. Then do the top piece. Let the whole thing dry for a few minutes, and there you are — with a new toy, a colorful decoration or an impromptu ventriloquist's dummy. Manipulate the flip top to make the mouth open and shut. See following pages for more ideas. And Merry Christmas!

THE BEAR

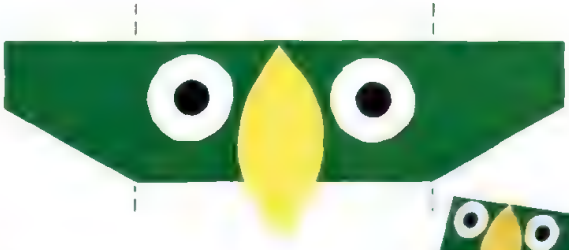
This bear is a little on the square side, all feet, ears and mouth, but he's a good animal to start with, since only the ears present a problem. Cut them out carefully so they stand up, as illustrated above

continued



IN THE LION'S MOUTH

This is tricky. First cut out man's head (small rectangle at top), fold, then cement picture side of bottom fold against inside front of box, picture side of top fold against inside front of flip top. Then paste the lion's head and feet on the front of the box, and his tail on the back.



WISE OLD OWL

This might be another good one to start on, since it's fairly simple in design, with no added fillips to arouse young tempers. Be careful not to lop off owl's beak.

cont'd

"Puerto Rico is surprising —so are its rums!"

says Livingston Fairbank
of Lake Forest, Illinois

"I was totally unprepared for what I found in Puerto Rico," says Mr. Fairbank.

"The sunshine. The beaches. The *rum*. I was fascinated with rum in daiquiris and punch, of course. But in Puerto Rico it's a new kind of rum. Dry and light.

"They often serve it *on the rocks*. Or with tonic. Sometimes in highballs, tall and cool. It's sensational!

"What about Puerto Rico? I fell for it—hard. Where else in the Caribbean do you find old Spanish gardens like this? Or perpetual Canada all year round?

Mr. Fairbank ... ▶

Commissioned by Puerto Rico Rum Promotion Bureau, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

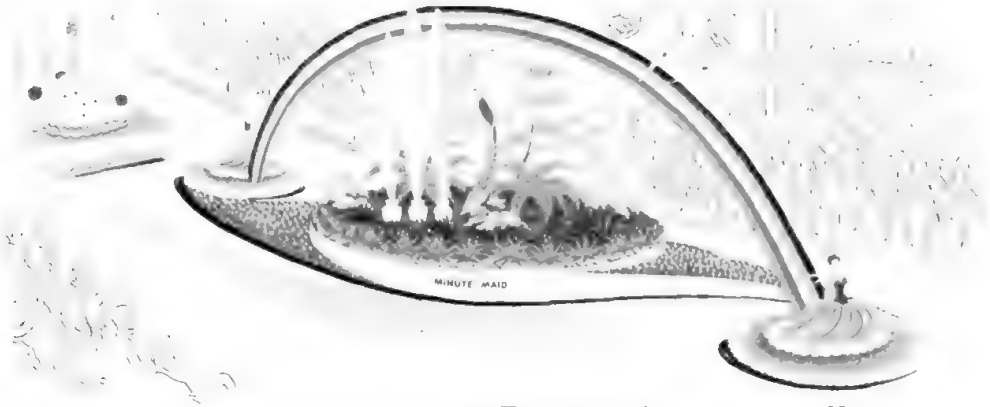
Minute Maid *fresh-frozen* Orange Juice

Brings You America's Most Magnificent
New Year's Day Spectacle

THE 69TH ANNUAL

TOURNAMENT OF ROSES PARADE

From Pasadena, California–January 1ST, 1958



1958 THEME: *"Daydreams"*

IN LIVING COLOR
AND BLACK AND WHITE

NBC-TV

11:45 A.M. E.S.T. **9:45 A.M. M.S.T.**
10:45 A.M. C.S.T. **8:45 A.M. P.S.T.**
SEE LOCAL TV CHANNEL LISTING

63 SPECTACULAR FLOATS!
TWO DAZZLING HOURS OF SHEER BEAUTY!

Never in all history has there been a pageant to match the 1958 Tournament of Roses for exciting beauty and splendor! Two full hours of breath-taking floats . . . colorful bands . . . spirited horses . . . enchanting floral effects. It's the most glorious spectacle of the New Year! Minute Maid urges you not to miss this magnificent Color TV spectacular on New Year's Day!

Watch for **"Fame and Fortune,"** *the fabulous Minute Maid float!*

when they want more... there's more health to pour –

that's why

Minute Maid *fresh-frozen* Orange Juice is better for your health

Healthy, happy young bodies need the nutrition in delicious Minute Maid Orange Juice . . . the fresh-frozen juice that's filled with fresh-squeezed flavor and just *bubbling with good health!*

- ¼ More Delicious Juice!
- ¼ More Healthful Vitamin C!
- ¼ More Body-Building Minerals!

Minute Maid gives you ¼ more juice, ¼ more nutrition for the same money than oranges squeezed at home.

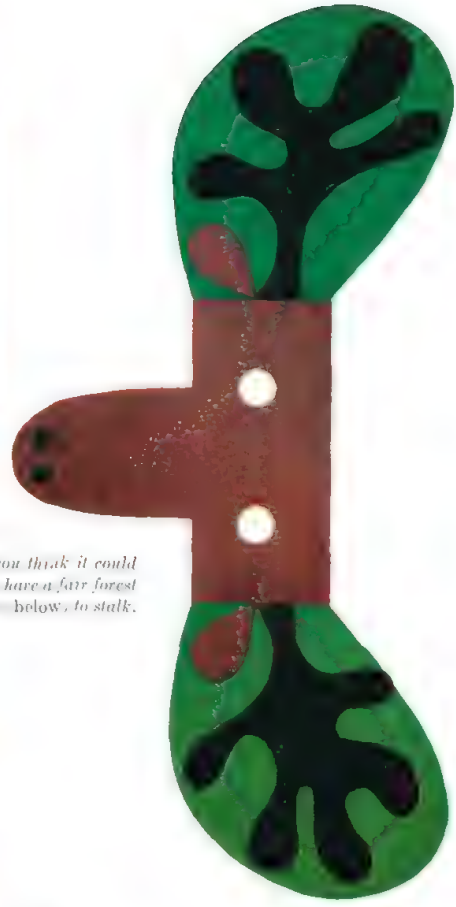
Available in Canada

You get ¼ More for your money!

Based on orange price averages reported to the United States Department of Agriculture.

Have a Pepsi, merry people!

The Light refreshment



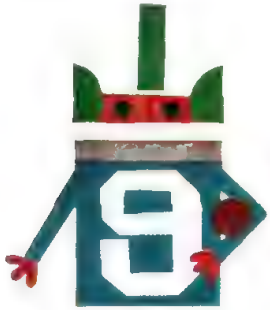
MOOSE AND MEN

Now, with bear, lion, owl (you think it could be an eagle?) and moose, you have a fair forest of ferocious game for hunter (below) to stalk.

COMPLEAT HUNTSMAN

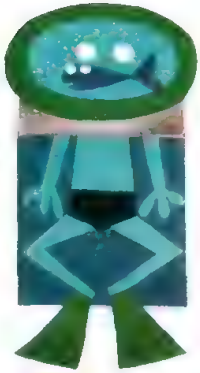
Some precise scissoring is needed here for John Hunter's accessories: his hat, gun, camera, binoculars. Cement them in place as indicated in the finished illustration.

continued



DO IT YOURSELF

On these pages are several do-it-yourself ideas, like this skin-diver. Sketch your own designs on colored paper, cut and paste.



FOOTBALL HERO

In this do-it-yourself design the straight arm and the arm with ball are separate units. You could construct an entire team of 11 players.

TIGER, TIGER

Another ready-to-paste animal for the forest. How about some lame animals? You or the kids might do a whole barnyard.

SANTA CLAUS

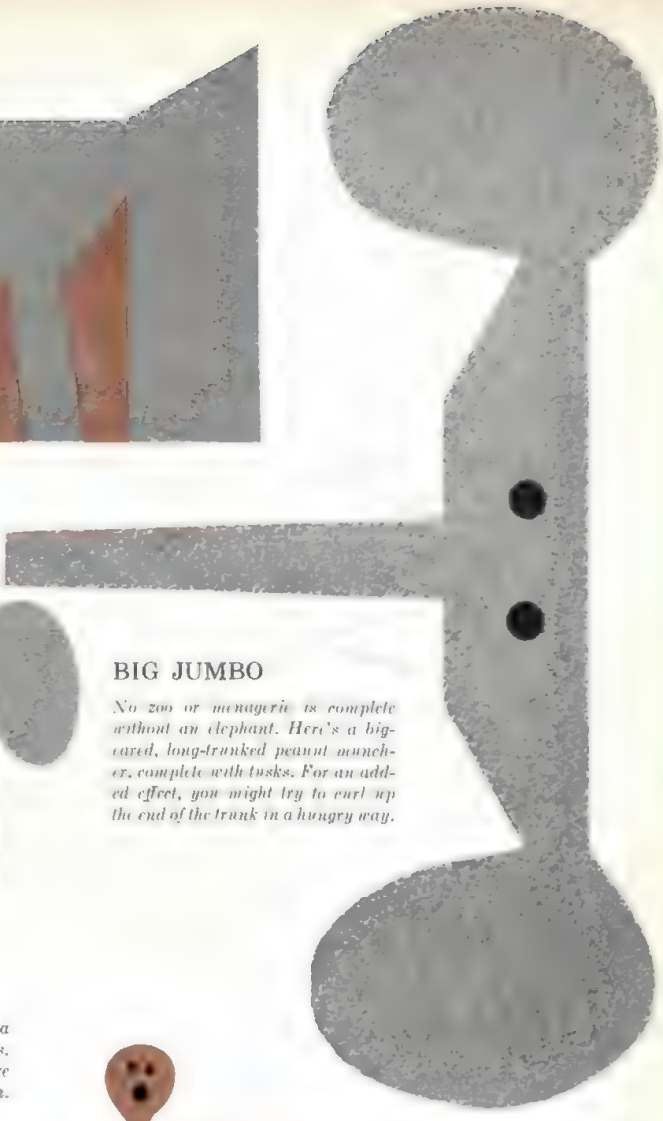
As you can see, Santa is pretty easy to do. Try some reindeer (including Rudolph), using design for the moose as rough guide.

SPACE MAN

Here the kids can really let their imaginations go—with matches for ears and a paper clip antenna. Or make matchstick legs.

BIG JUMBO

No zoo or menagerie is complete without an elephant. Here's a big-eared, long-trunked peanut muncher, complete with tusks. For an added effect, you might try to curl up the end of the trunk in a hungry way.



CASEY ON THE BOX

Conversational Casey demonstrates a good game to play with photographs. Turn box upside down and fit picture so flip top opens and closes the mouth.

NEW DEPARTURE

By now you're an expert, so try this. Turn box upside down and glue torso and head of clown to reverse side. Use small brass paper fasteners (see insert) to attach movable arms and legs. Open box and, behold, clown sits.

BRUISE DAMAGE often leads to blowout when you most expect it. Nylon's shock-absorbing [illegible] strength.

BLOWOUT PROTECTION

Nylon cord protects best against weakening by bumps, flex strain, moisture, heat—runs cooler on the road. That's why safety-conscious people everywhere are switching to nylon cord tires.

In just one year, sales of nylon cord tires have increased 65%. You may be surprised how little the extra protection of nylon cord tires will cost you. Nylon is your best protection against the four major causes of unseen tire damage that can lead to blowouts. Bumps that occur in everyday driving. flex strain that takes place every time a tire turns. moisture that seeps in through cuts in the rubber. What's more, nylon not only withstands heat best, but actually runs up to 30°F cooler.

Nylon's superiority has been proved in billions of miles use by safety-conscious truckers. Nylon cord tires are in everyday use by highway police, commercial fleet operators and taxis. All major airlines and military aircraft depend on nylon cord tires. For greater safety, insist on nylon when buying new tires or a new car. Look for the identification on the sidewall.

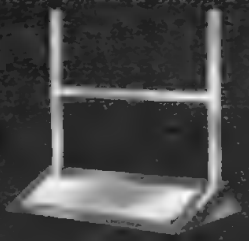
DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
.. THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Watch the DU PONT "SHOW OF THE MONTH" on CBS-TV

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON

1957 SILVER ANNIVERSARY ALL-AMERICA



Twenty-five years ago this month a college football season had just come to an end and the seniors who had won football letters were getting ready, come their graduation, to launch out on lifetime careers. In the pages that follow, with the cooperation of American colleges and universities and the aid of a national board of judges, Sports Illustrated proudly confers on 25 of these men its annual Silver Anniversary All-America award, symbolized by silver goal posts, for outstanding career achievement since '32

WILLIAM M. ALLEN
President, Boeing Airplane Co.

S. C. ALLYN
Chairman, National Cash Register Co.

LEE H. BRISTOL
President, Bristol-Myers Co.

DAVID R. CALHOUN
President, St. Louis Trust Co.

NORMAN CHANDLER
Publisher, Los Angeles Times

LESTER T. COLBERT
President, Chrysler Corp.

RAYMOND C. FIRESTONE
Pres., Firestone Tire & Rubber

ARTEMUS L. GATES
Corporation director

HERMAN HICKMAN
Sports broadcaster

ROBERT L. INGALLS JR.
Chairman, Ingalls Shipbuilding

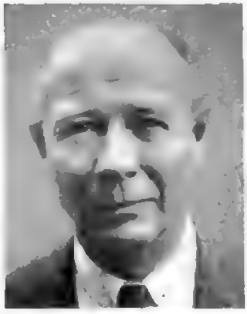
JOHN F. KENNEDY
Senator from Massachusetts

CHESTER J. LaROCHE
Chairman, Nat'l Patent Development Corporation

GWILYM PRICE
Pres., Westinghouse Electric

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON
President, The Coca-Cola Co.

LEWIS S. ROSENSTIEL
Chairman, Schenley Industries



LOUIS B. SELTZER
Editor, The Cleveland Press

SILVER ALL-AMERICA

THE JUDGES

Twenty-five men of achievement surveyed the career achievements of football seniors of 25 years ago

THOMAS J. WATSON
Chairman, International Business Machines Corp.

For choosing a conventional All-America football team from the headline performers of a dozen fall Saturdays, football coaches and sportswriters are the authorities hallowed by custom and good sense. In SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S Silver Anniversary All-America the criterion is achievement in career and citizenship stretching over a generation. The judging involves values as broad as American life itself and calls for a different kind of expert. This year's judges (*see pictures*) are sound authorities on achievement, representing in their own persons a cross section of distinguished American accomplishment.

The task of the judges was to study the citations advanced by 75 American colleges and universities in behalf of 75 senior football lettermen of 25 seasons ago, and to select the most outstanding 25. It was a taxing assignment. "If I had unlimited choices," wrote one judge, expressing the reaction of most, "I would vote for all 75, for all of them have made something real of their lives."

For the men the judges picked—the Silver Anniversary award winners of 1957—turn the page.

O. [illegible] McCOMAS
[illegible]

CHARLES G. MORTIMER
[illegible]

FRANK [illegible] JR.
Pres., General Dynamics Corp.

CHARLES H. PERCY
President, [illegible] & Haskell

JUAN T. TRIPPE
Pres., Pan American Airways

HAROLD S. VANDERBILT
Capitalist and sportsman

WILLIAM K. WHITFORD
President, Gulf Oil Corp.

ANGUS WYNNE JR.
Texas oilman and cattleman

FROM THEN TO NOW

THE 25 AWARD MEN

WILLIAM J. GILBANE — **Brown**
Construction company executive, Providence

THOMAS H. COULTER — **Carnegie Tech**
Chief executive, Chicago Association of Commerce

KEITH I. PARSONS — **Univ. of Chicago**
Attorney and corporations director, Chicago

GEORGE A. NEWTON — **Univ. of Colorado**
Investment banking, St. Louis

BARTHOLOMEW J. VIVIANO — **Cornell**
Vice-president and general counsel, Lehigh Valley RR

JOHN M. GABRIEL — **Drexel Institute**
Civil engineer and company president, Paramus, N.J.

ALBERT SYDNEY WILLIAMS — **Georgia Tech**
Manager, Coca-Cola Export Corp., London

CARL H. HAGEMAN JR. — **Harvard**
Vice-president, Union Carbide and Carbon, New York

HARRY L. HANSEN — **Haverford**
Professor, Harvard Business School

GILBERT I. BERRY — **Univ. of Illinois**
General manager of WIBC, Indianapolis

IVAN B. WILLIAMSON — **Univ. of Michigan**
Athletic director, University of Wisconsin

GEN. KENNETH E. FIELDS — **Army**
General manager, U.S. Atomic Energy Commission

CAPT. WILLIAM R. KANE — **Navy**
World War II flier, late commander "U.S.S. Saipan"

RICHARD J. FENCL — **Northwestern**
Auto rental company president, Chicago

H. HOWARD COLEHOWER — **Pennsylvania**
Textiles manufacturer, Philadelphia

DR. FREDERIC T. BILLINGS — **Princeton**
Specialist in internal medicine, Nashville

JOHN W. OEHLER — **Purdue**
Vice-president, barge line company, Joliet, Ill.

ROBERT McCOOLE — **Saint Louis Univ.**
Personnel officer, Monsanto Chemical Co., St. Louis

RAY SPARLING — **Southern California**
Metering devices manufacturer, Los Angeles

JAMES W. ASTON — **Texas A&M**
President, Republic National Bank, Dallas

ROBERT EMSLIE MURRAY — **Union**
Superintendent of schools, Schenectady, N.Y.

FRANK CHRISTENSEN — **Univ. of Utah**
Diamond drills manufacturer, Salt Lake City

TOM P. HENDERSON JR. — **Vanderbilt**
Insurance executive, Nashville

FLOYD SCHWARTZWALDER — **West Virginia**
Head football coach, Syracuse University

JOHN S. WILBUR — **Yale**
Metals manufacturer, Cleveland

It was a time of change at home and abroad, of diplomas in hand and work ahead, just 9,000 days and nights ago

by JOHN TIBBY

A DEDICATED little group of visionaries calling themselves the American Interplanetary Society announced plans to launch a seven-foot skyrocket. "We don't expect a great deal from this first experiment," said one of them. "If it climbs a mile we shall be very satisfied." . . . The eminent Dr. Karl Compton of MIT looked into the future and crisply prophesied: "The field of atomic science is so little explored that we should not be surprised if the next generation should uncover the most exciting and far-reaching developments in the whole of history." . . . The American people went to the polls and chose Franklin D. Roosevelt to succeed Herbert Hoover. . . . Despite the Depression the Rockefellers poured their money into the building of Rockefeller Center, largest and most imaginative act of urban restoration since the San Francisco fire. . . . The Russians were building, too—one big preoccupation was the glittering Moscow subway. An obscure tough guy named Nikita Khrushchev, aged 38, got a new job watch-dogging the construction engineers. . . .

That was the year of our Lord 1932 and of the American republic the 156th. It was the start of a rousing chapter of modern times, the end of college and the beginning of careers for men named this week to the Silver Anniversary All-America. The 25 men honored here "see box" as outstanding representatives of their generation have two experiences in common: achievement as football players and achievement since football days. Beyond that, their careers have been as various as the men themselves. When MIT's Professor Compton gazed into the atomic future a halfback named Ken Fields was playing for West Point; today Brigadier General Kenneth Fields is general manager of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. Back in the days when Khrushchev was working on his subway, Brown University had a back named Bill Gilbane. Last week Bill Gilbane, executive vice-president of a Providence construction firm, was working on $85 million worth of industrial expansion business. Princeton's football captain, Josh Billings, settled in Nashville after a Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford and became a doctor. Utah's Frank Christensen has a world-wide business in diamond drills. Georgia Tech's Albert Syd Williams is Coca-Cola's boss distributor in Britain. Quarterback Jim Aston of Texas A&M is president of the biggest bank in the Southwest. Haverford's Harry Hansen is a professor at the Harvard Business School—and so it goes.

But that is to get ahead of the story by some 9,000 days and nights.

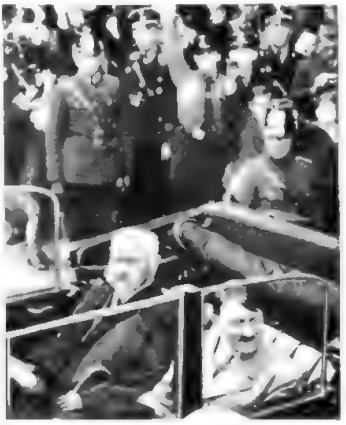
The Depression cut college enrollments in the fall of 1932—about one student in every 15 dropped out for money reasons or was unable to matriculate—and the

AS THE QUARTER CENTURY BEGAN

CAPPING the [illegible] construction [illegible] final stone on the American flag is placed atop the 70-story RCA building in Rockefeller Center.

CHANGING the guard, incoming President Franklin D. Roosevelt exchanges handclasp with Herbert Hoover before Capitol inauguration at which Roosevelt said, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

EXPLORING [illegible] Belgian Auguste Piccard [illegible] soars from spunk-shaped gondola before [illegible] mile, record breaking ascension. His report on the stratosphere upon his return: "Delightful beyond description."



CHANGING another guard, Germany's new Führer, Adolf Hitler, rides to birthday rally with old President Paul von Hindenburg.

survivors began to think of themselves as a rather more "serious" generation than their predecessors. "Hot" majors scratched, tea rooms, and bull sessions became centers with national as well as campus politics. It was a time of "versing your way," and all but five of the 25 Silver Anniversary award men worked either at part-time jobs or summer jobs, or both, to help pay their way. For the award men as a group, tuition, board and room that year averaged $700 over all. Nine of the men pieced this out with athletic scholarship help, seven with academic scholarships. Three were good enough to wind up Phi Beta Kappa. Eleven graduated with honors.

But if it was a serious year on campus it was not a somber one. Collegians read *The Cautious Conservative* and *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back* as well as *A Guide Through World Chaos*, and they took their dates to see Garbo in *Grand Hotel* and Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in *Red Dust*. The surefire songs were *Night and Day* and *I've Told Every Little Star*. In dormitories and fraternity houses they rehashed the summer's performances in the world of sport. Gene Sarazen won both the American and the British Open championships, bombing his way ahead of men like Bobby Cruickshank and Walter Hagen to win the U.S. title at Fresh Meadow and whipping Mac Smith to win the British title at Sandwich; he was by all odds golfer of the year. In the Games of the Xth Olympiad, held at Los Angeles, the U.S. ran away with 39 gold medals to nine for the nearest rival—Italy; it would be 20 years more before the Russians would send a team to the Olympics. The New

continued

GLORY DAY for Babe Ruth, [illegible] third game of 1932 World Series, after the Babe, [illegible] to Cub Pitcher Charlie Root, waggled a magisterial finger to demand one more pitch [illegible] and lashed it over the center field barrier. Here Ruth gets a happy handclasp from [illegible] Lou Gehrig, after crossing the plate.

EXPLOSIVE KICK, [illegible] for 6[illegible] yards [illegible] launched by Army Halfback Ken Fields in 1932 Army-Navy game, which Army won 21-0. Opposing Halfback is Fields' [illegible]

GOLD-MEDAL DAY [illegible] for Babe Didrikson [illegible] Los Angeles Olympic Games as she outdistanced all competitors in the field in the 80-meter hurdles. The Babe also won a gold medal in the javelin throw in the Games that year. Thereupon she gave notice: "My mind is set now on winning a national golf championship."

EXPLOSIVE SHOT from a trap, which landed his ball inches from pin, [illegible] Gene Sarazen [illegible] prize to survive challenge in the Nationals Open, held at Fresh Meadow Country Club, Long Island. Sarazen, aged 40, won both the U.S. and British Open tournaments that year, was manifestly the golfer of the year.

FROM THEN TO NOW

continued

York Yankees crushed the Chicago Cubs in four straight games to win the World Series, and Babe Ruth hit perhaps the most famous home run of his life—on a two-strike pitch, after waggling a finger at the heckling Chicago bench in a gesture widely interpreted as meaning "next one goes out of the park." Which it did, of course.

The football season opened particularly auspiciously for three of the Silver Anniversary men. Cornell Fullback Bart Viviano personally scored three touchdowns as his team beat Buffalo 72-0. Gilbane scored two of Brown's three against Rhode Island and Fields both of Army's against Furman. As the season progressed, the University of Michigan, led by Harry Newman and with Ivy Williamson starring at right end, proved itself clearly the best of the Big Ten; when the season ended the Wolverines were named National Champions by the Associated Press. Yale won the game it wanted most; it beat Harvard 19-0 in the mud and rain while 50,000 people dressed in slickers, rubber boots and sheepskin coats cheered and moaned, according to their colors, in the Yale Bowl. When it was over, Captain Carl Hageman of beaten Harvard generously praised the Yale captain across the line from him: "John Wilbur played a great game and showed himself to be an outstanding tackle." Neither was aware that 25 years later both would be named to the same squad. Carl Hageman of Harvard, now a vice-president of Union Carbide and Carbon Corp., and John Wilbur of Yale, vice-president of the

general manager of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, was elected to this year's Silver All-America, as was Navy's tackle Bill Kane.

ROSE BOWL DAY 1933 brings triumph and added national stature to Southern California Trojans, as they crush the highly regarded Pitt Panthers 35 0 at Pasadena. Here Trojan Quarterback Homer Griffith, one of the game's heroes, plunges off-tackle for more Southern California yardage. In the regular season 10 opponents had managed to score only 25 points against Pitt's Sutherland-coached team.

DAVIS CUP UPSET [illegible] France's Jean Borotra and America's Ellsworth Vines march off Roland Garros courts in Paris after the Frenchman's unexpected victory. France won the Davis Cup for the sixth straight year.

BRIDGE TRIUMPH comes for four-man team of Willard Karn, Hal Sims, Harold S. Vanderbilt and Baron Waldemar von Zedtwitz who outscored the runners-up for the Vanderbilt Cup, a trophy put up by Bridge Master Vanderbilt himself. Pretournament favorites had been Ely Culbertson's team. The tournament referee was Army Lieutenant Alfred M. Gruenther, later to become a four-star general.

Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co., were elected to this year's Silver All-America.

The Army-Navy game jammed 79,000 into Philadelphia's Franklin Field. Army won 20-0, and one of the strong men for Army that day was Halfback Fields. At right tackle for Navy was Bill Kane, a mild-mannered young giant of 6 foot 3, one of Navy's best all-round athletes (football, baseball, track and wrestling), who was to suffer embarrassment all his life from the nickname "Killer." Ahead for Midshipman Kane lay a distinguished career of duty well done—as fighter pilot, fighter group leader and Pacific war ace, as postwar skipper of the carrier *Saipan*—until the day, last February, when the electrical system of his TV-2 jet failed and he crashed to his death. By the nomination of the U.S. Naval Academy and the votes of the judges, the late Captain William R. Kane, USN, is honored in this year's Silver All-America.

Fourteen of the award men wore their country's uniform in World War II and most of the others found themselves occupied in war-directed civilian work. Nowadays they are sending their own children through college. Admission is more difficult, tuition has trebled, academic demands are almost universally stiffer. Even so, the award men would enroll for football again if they were entering college today. No matter what their careers, they are inclined to agree with the words lettered on the gymnasium at West Point; words of Douglas MacArthur a generation ago: UPON THE FIELDS OF FRIENDLY STRIFE ARE SOWN THE SEEDS THAT, UPON OTHER FIELDS, ON OTHER DAYS, WILL BEAR THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.

TURN PAGE FOR INDIVIDUAL STORIES

1932-57 MEN OF ACHIEVEMENT

Meet them here in vignette, with then-and-now pictures: 25 football players of 25 years ago who have earned election to the Silver All-America and whose careers help answer the question, "Whatever happens to old football players?"

Brown

WILLIAM J. GILBANE
Construction company executive, Providence

As fullback and captain of Brown's strong team (7 won, 1 lost), Bill Gilbane was a campus hero; as a Depression graduate he was glad enough to get a job pouring cement. As the U.S. got on its feet, construction spurted and so did Bill Gilbane and the family Gilbane Building Co. "In my business I have to meet hundreds of people and meet them confidently," he says. "I think I got some of this from football." The other week he traveled 4,000 miles overseeing some $85 million worth of company construction business and soliciting more—but managed to get home by Saturday to referee a neighborhood football game ("My kid's team won 50-34"). Gilbane finds time to lead the United Fund Drive in Providence, take an active part in sessions of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, serve as a trustee of the Brown University Fund, raise six children.

Carnegie Tech

THOMAS H. COULTER
Chief executive, Chicago Association of Commerce

Until his senior year, strapping Tom Coulter had never played college football—track was his sport. He set a new record for the 400-meter hurdles at the Penn Relays, represented his native Canada in the 1932 Olympics. Then Carnegie Tech put him in a football suit, and Coulter became an offensive star in the Tech backfield. After commencement, versatile Coulter headed for the University of Chicago and graduate business studies, earned his way by playing hockey along with his famous brother Tex) for the Chicago Black Hawks. An enthusiastic adopted Chicagoan, Coulter now serves as executive officer of the Chicago Association of Commerce, largest chamber of commerce in the U.S. Last week, 25 years after football days, he was coordinating the work of 40 committees, laying plans for "seaport Chicago" with the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

IF THERE IS a distinctive pattern to the lives of the Silver Anniversary All-Americas, the pattern is one of vital activity both as undergraduates and 25 years later. Besides winning their letters in football, 80% took part in other college sports, 72% found time for nonathletic campus activities—student government, debating, journalism, honor societies, and 80% worked at remunerative part-time jobs to meet board bills or fasten on spending money.

Today virtually all of them find a way to keep physically active, from games to gardening. Golf is the No. 1 game with 60% of them; a quarter of them still work out at the strenuous game of handball; fishing, swimming, tennis and bowling, in that order, are some of their other favorites.

They tended to marry late—half of them took professional or other postgraduate courses—and their median age at marriage was 25. They are the fathers of 36 sons, 37 daughters. Most of those who play golf have golfing wives; ditto with the tennis players, swimmers and bowlers. One or two fishermen, devotees of the classic sport of silence, even take their wives along.

They appear to be in good trim. Their average playing weight as seniors was 182 pounds, their average weight today 194. Though nearly all were married and the fathers of children by World War II, a dozen of them went into military service—not including West Point's Ken Fields and Annapolis' Bill Kane, who were in service already.

Linemen vs. backs? Fourteen of this year's Silver All-Americas were linemen, 11 were backs—just about right, with the backfield's usual mild advantage.

University of Chicago

KEITH PARSONS

Attorney and corporation director, Chicago

KEITH PARSONS made Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Chicago, but no teacher taught him more than Amos Alonzo Stagg, who was ending 41 years of coaching at Chicago. "Before one of our last big games, Stagg didn't talk football at all. He told us, 'Now you boys are in fine shape, and you have a long life ahead of you. Set your goals and be steadfast to them.' " Keith Parsons' goals were the law, a family and community service. Today, a partner in the firm of Milliken, Vollers & Parsons, a director of corporations and father of three children, Parsons has served as a World War II ordnance officer, community chest chairman, board of education member, church deacon. Though he deplored the decision to drop intercollegiate football at the University of Chicago, he loyally raises funds for his old school, is a past president of the alumni association.

University of Colorado

GEORGE NEWTON

Investment banking, St. Louis

WHEN George Newton was 3 years old his father died; at 4 he was burned so seriously on the back and legs that he barely lived, was bedfast for two years, was told he'd never walk again. George and his mother had other ideas: she taught him to walk again, to ice skate, to play basketball, finally to ski. At the University of Colorado, George Newton, onetime "hopeless" child cripple, won three letters in basketball, three in football, was twice named All Conference halfback, made Phi Beta Kappa. After Harvard Law School and service with the Air Force in World War II (major) he is now a partner in the investment firm of G. H. Walker & Co. (whose founder donated the Walker Cup), vice chairman of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, past governor of the St. Louis Community Chest, vestryman of his church, father of a son playing prep school football.

continued

Cornell

BARTHOLOMEW VIVIANO

Vice-president and general counsel, Lehigh Valley RR

IN THE 67-year annals of Cornell football, Bart Viviano stands out as an authentic star. He was All-East fullback in 1931 and 1932, was widely named for the All-America in his last year when he captained the Cornell team. Law was his aim and law his business after graduation from the Cornell Law School in 1936—until World War II. Bart Viviano went on active duty nine months before Pearl Harbor, spent five years as an ordnance officer (major) before he got back to law again. As vice-president and general counsel of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, Cornell's fullback of 25 years ago now carries the ball for his railroad on such things as Interstate Commerce Commission rates and regulations, negligence suits, tax litigations. One matter of honest pride: he weighs today just what he weighed as a fullback (195 pounds). One reason: golf.

Drexel Institute

JOHN M. GABRIEL

Civil engineer and computing president, Paramus, N.J.

WHEN John Mack Gabriel got out of Drexel with his civil engineering degree he found it a tough time for young engineers. So he taught school in his home town of Garfield, N.J. and, just to keep thoroughly occupied, ran for local office. For six years he was simultaneously schoolteacher and mayor of Garfield. Then the war came along, and John Gabriel put in five years in the Army, including service in the Philippines and Japan, was discharged a major. Schoolteaching and politics are for others now; Civil Engineer Gabriel is deep in the construction business with sidelines in real estate and insurance, president of three companies bearing his name. "I might not play college football again," says Gabriel, whose playing weight of 165 pounds would make him on the light side nowadays. "But I wouldn't trade the experience. Football taught me to work under pressure."

Georgia Tech

ALBERT SYDNEY WILLIAMS

Manager, Coca-Cola Export Corp., London

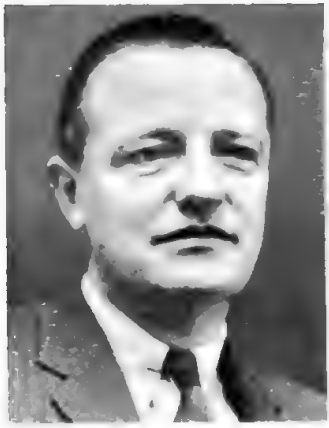
ALBERT SYD WILLIAMS, bearer of a fine old Confederate name, owes his college education to football. Orphaned in childhood, he won an athletic scholarship to Georgia Tech, and honors multiplied: class officer for four years, membership in local and national honoraries, co-captain of the football team. His career job began when he signed on as a trainee with the export division of the Coca-Cola Co., with whom he has had increasingly responsible assignments: in Canada, Belgium, Scandinavia, the Caribbean and, since 1954, Great Britain, where he is manager of the Coca-Cola Export Corp.'s regional operations. He follows cricket and Rugby now, but in accents still honestly Georgian gives credit to two football lessons that work in business too: "Have confidence in yourself" and "The least important word in the English language is 'I.'"

Harvard

CARL H. HAGEMAN JR.

Vice-president, Union Carbide and Carbon, New York

AN ACADEMIC scholarship took Carl Hageman from Lorain, Ohio to Harvard. He was good enough to graduate *cum laude* and be a marshal of his class; also good enough to play varsity end for three years on teams that included All-America Ben Tincknor (1930) and All-America Barry Wood (1931). In his senior year Carl Hageman was Harvard's captain. On graduation he went to work as a production foreman for Union Carbide and Carbon, has been with them ever since. Today he is vice-president for industrial relations, responsible for business agreements with 28 national and international unions, deeply involved in the personnel policies of a company with many defense contracts. Says Hageman: "The increasing importance of science in our educational system is obvious, but I'd hate to see athletics curtailed on that account."



Haverford

HARRY L. HANSEN

Professor, Harvard Business School

HARRY HANSEN learned competition as captain and guard at Haverford, then switched to Harvard to teach it. It took him 15 years, a fairly short time as such things go, to rise from research assistant to full professor at the Harvard Business School. Since 1950, Hansen has been in charge of the market development and sales policy courses in the school's Advanced Management Training Program, for the past two summers has headed task forces offering U.S.-style courses in administration to business and government leaders in the Philippines, Formosa and Japan. Hansen's basic method: assigning his students to eight-man teams and putting the teams to work on hypothetical marketing projects on a competitive basis. "The thing we hope to get across is that the individual can get the most for himself by getting the most for the team."

University of Illinois

GILBERT I. BERRY

General manager of WIBC, Indianapolis

WHEN Gil Berry's high school football coach took him to meet Bob Zuppke, the coach of the Illini cut the buildup short with a terse homily on performance that Gil Berry never forgot. "Wait until he gains his first yard for Illinois." Captain Berry earned more than his share of yards for Illinois in 1932 alone, including an 87-yard runback of a kickoff against Wisconsin, a 75-yard touchdown run against Chicago, a 56-yard runback of a punt against Ohio State, made himself an All-America in many a book. Berry's career has led him in and out of pro football, Chicago Cardinals, into the newspaper advertising business, finally into radio-TV. His full-time responsibility now is station WIBC, Indianapolis, of which he is vice-president and general manager. To new salesmen, Berry uses Zuppke's line: "Wait until you gain that first yard."

continued

University of Michigan

IVAN B. WILLIAMSON
Athletic director, University of Wisconsin

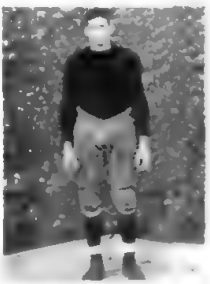
IVY WILLIAMSON was captain and right end of one of the finest teams in Michigan history—unbeaten champions of the Big Ten and national champions in the verdict of the press. Except for three years in the Navy in World War II, Williamson, who graduated *magna cum laude*, has devoted himself to college athletics ever since. After seven years as head coach at Wisconsin, where his teams won 41 games, lost 19 for one of the best records in the Big Ten, he has given up the headlines of the coach's job for the quieter, more responsible one of athletic director at the University of Wisconsin, has switched from cigarets to a meerschaum pipe. His concern now is the entire athletic program at Wisconsin, and as a practical realist Ivy knows how this must be paid for: last week he was busy building a 10,000-seat addition to Wisconsin's football stadium.

U.S. Military Academy

GENERAL KENNETH E. FIELDS
General manager, U.S. Atomic Energy Commission

THE TWO top honor men at West Point are the all-round cadet known as First Captain and the scholarly cadet graduating No. 1 in his class. Douglas MacArthur combined the two honors in 1903. Cadet Ken Fields combined them in 1933, in addition was a triple-threat halfback. After West Point he was assigned to advanced studies in science and engineering at Harvard and MIT. Ken Fields' education was paid for by the U.S. taxpayer, and the taxpayer is now getting his money back. In 1951, instead of taking a top job in U.S. industry, Brigadier General Fields accepted the unsung, underpaid but fearfully responsible job of general manager of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. As administrative executive of the nation's atomic efforts in national defense, he could say little for publication last week. "I am a Washington Senator fan," he said.

U.S. Naval Academy



CAPTAIN WILLIAM R. KANE
World War II flyer, late commander U.S.S. Saipan

THE NAVY CROSS, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and a gold star in lieu of a second DFC lay 11 years ahead for Bill Kane on the graduation day he tossed his white-covered cap in the air at Annapolis. Kane won the traditional emblem of the all-round Navy athlete, the Thompson Trophy sword, for his enterprise in football, baseball, wrestling and track. When war came, he proved himself one of the Navy's heroes in the Pacific air, led the famed Grim Reaper squadron from the decks of the carrier *Enterprise*. Death came too soon, in the crash of his jet plane last February. His Silver All-America trophy will be accepted by his son, Bill Kane Jr., aged 21, an electronics student at the University of North Carolina. Toward the end of the war Bill Kane expressed himself about athletics: he recommended competitive sport for every boy, from grade school on.

Northwestern

RICHARD J. FENCL

Auto rental company president, Chicago

BASEBALL was Dick Fencl's sport as a teen-ager, and he first made the headlines when he stowed away on the train carrying the Chicago Cubs to California for spring tune-ups. His mother had him hauled off at Joliet. That ended Fencl's baseball career, but he took up football with a vengeance. Knute Rockne turned him down at 150 pounds; he was too light, so he set sights on football at Northwestern. He made the varsity by his sophomore year, got a chance to make a bone-jarring tackle against Notre Dame immediately in front of the Notre Dame bench. "Rockne came over, put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Dick, I guess you were not too light, after all.'" Today, at 215 pounds, Dick Fencl is president of Greyhound Rent-A-Car, Inc., a $30 million subsidiary of Greyhound Corp. Rightly, he feels that the Chicago Cubs are not what they were when they had Hack Wilson.

Pennsylvania

H. HOWARD COLEHOWER

Textiles manufacturer, Philadelphia

PENN had a fine year in 1932 and Tackle Howard Colehower drew All-America mentions. Then came graduation from Penn's Wharton School and a job at 20 bucks a week in a printing equipment company. Colehower applied himself to business with the same energy he had applied to tackle. Last week he was directing the affairs of four textile companies of which he is president, serving as director of two or three more, and not ignoring his duties as vice-president of the printing equipment company with which he started at $20 a week. "My belief is that a well-rounded man is worth a great deal more to this country than one who over-specializes," he says. He faithfully attends most Penn games, although this year he also saw some at Hanover, N.H. Colehower's only possible frustration: his eldest son played center for Dartmouth instead of Penn.

Princeton

DR. FREDERIC T. BILLINGS

Specialist in internal medicine, Nashville

PRINCETON was on the upgrade in the season of 1932, in its first year under Coach Fritz Crisler, and at guard the Tigers had a fellow who made a name for himself even as an undergraduate. Frederic Tremaine "Josh" Billings Jr., chairman of the Undergraduate Council, varsity wrestler, football captain, biology major, Phi Beta Kappa, Rhodes Scholar. Josh Billings continued his pre-medical studies at Oxford, returned to the U.S. to take his medical degree at Johns Hopkins (where he did side-by-side medical research with another football player, Barry Wood) before setting up his own practice in Nashville. There, after a World War II interlude of medical service in the Pacific, he has established himself as one of the finest doctors in his state: specialist in internal medicine, professor on the medical faculties of Vanderbilt University and Menarry Medical College.

(Continued)

Purdue

JOHN W. OEHLER
Vice-president, barge line company, Joliet, Ill.

IT WAS an athletic scholarship that took rugged John Oehler to Purdue. "If it weren't for football, I'd be digging coal today," says Oehler, who was born in a southern Illinois mining town, youngest of nine children. By his senior year he was captain and center of Purdue's unbeaten football team and his grades were good enough to win him an academic scholarship. The game "taught you to take the bumps, and there were plenty of bumps in those days," he says. "It taught you that there were people in the world as good or better than you." Oehler played pro football for four years before turning sales engineer with emphasis on machinery and ships. Today he is vice-president of Mechling Barge Lines in Joliet, Ill. and a pioneer in the establishment of through-barge service between the Midwest and Florida. Hauled on Oehler's barges, coal that other fellows dig.

Saint Louis University

ROBERT McCOOLE
Personnel officer, Monsanto Chemical Co., St. Louis

BOB MCCOOLE weighed only 145 pounds when he talked the football coach at Saint Louis University into giving him an athletic scholarship. Persuasive McCoole proved a sturdy left halfback for the Billikens, excelled at tumbling the big men even though he never heefed his college weight above 165 pounds. Law was his occupation until tuberculosis flattened him at 30; McCoole licked TB in less than two years, took a job with Monsanto Chemical with the notion that industry might be more relaxing than the law. Today, healthier and wiser, he is one of the busiest men Monsanto has: director of technical recruiting (*i.e.*, unending search for young scientists and engineers) with a scouting system that reaches into 130 colleges. It doesn't hurt an applicant to be a football player. Says McCoole: "No better way to learn this wonderful thing called sportsmanship."

Southern California

RAY SPARLING
Metering devices manufacturer, Los Angeles

THERE WERE 19 high school football captains trying out for the Southern California squad when Ray Sparling reported—and Sparling was primarily a track man. Sparling made the team, played first-string end for three years. The famous Trojans of his senior year were unbeaten and untied, whipped Pitt 35 0 in the Rose Bowl. Looking back, Sparling says, "It gives a certain amount of self-confidence for life to hold your own in competition like that." He is president of Sparling Meter, a family business which Ray has expanded for the production of metering devices for industry and irrigation projects; he directs the activities of 10 offices in the U.S. and Canada, and of a British subsidiary. Trim and fit from golf, handball and sailing, Sparling has recently allowed himself an indulgence: a nonsmoker for 30 years, then a pipe smoker, he has switched to cigarets.

Texas A&M

JAMES W. ASTON

Vice chmn., Republic National Bank, Dallas

JIMMIE ASTON has been making a habit of success ever since undergraduate days at Texas A&M, where he was fullback and captain of the football team, cadet colonel of the corps at a school that prides itself on being the West Point of Texas. A *cum laude* civil engineer, Aston became an apprentice in city government, within six years of graduation was city manager of booming Dallas. In 1941 he quit to direct organizational planning for the Army Air Forces, wound up chief of staff of the globe-girdling Air Transport Command with the rank of colonel and the DSM. What next? Aston turned to banking, was named president, early this year, of the Republic National Bank of Dallas, largest in the Southwest. This month Jimmie Aston drove toward his latest goal: boosting the capital structure of Republic National from $89 million to $102 million.

Union

ROBERT EMSLIE MURRAY

Superintendent of schools, Schenectady, N.Y.

THANKS to the Depression, Bob Murray took a high school teaching job instead of following his pre-med course at Union College with three or four years of medical school and internship. His home town of Schenectady, N.Y. has reason for satisfaction: Murray has made education his career, and now, as superintendent of Schenectady schools, directs one of the most highly rated systems in the state. Handsome Bob Murray earned eight varsity letters in college, three in football, three in basketball, two in lacrosse, was president of his senior class, graduated with honors. His enthusiasm for football includes this proviso. "Those who have the ability to compete and still do well in their studies benefit greatly." With academically exacting Union in mind he adds: "If a college places education first, you won't find athletes who aren't capable of doing both."

University of Utah

FRANK CHRISTENSEN

Diamond drills manufacturer, Salt Lake City

IN THE extracurricular life of the University of Utah Frank Christensen concentrated on football. This was in keeping with his notion: "If you want to do something particularly well, give it everything you've got, leave everything else alone." Single-minded Frank Christensen captained his team two years in a row, made United Press All-America fullback, is still referred to in Utah as the university's "player of the century." After a swing at pro football with the Detroit Lions, he and fellow Lion George Christensen (formerly University of Oregon, no kin) started a business of their own with Frank as president: manufacture of diamond-drill cutting tools. Concentrating as he once did on football, Christensen directs the most active company of its kind in the world, with branches in four states and affiliated companies in Canada, France, West Germany and Japan.

continued

Vanderbilt

TOM P. HENDERSON JR.
Insurance executive, Nashville

VERSATILITY and variety were characteristics of Tom Henderson at Vanderbilt. He won nine varsity letters in football, baseball and basketball and—a matter of pride to this day—was voted Bachelor of Ugliness, highest mark of regard within the power of Vanderbilt men to confer. Versatile still, Henderson is Southwest territorial manager for the National Life and Accident Insurance Company, a job which involves direction of 24 district offices in Texas and calls for heavy travel. A dedicated handball player (he and his Nashville doubles partner, the local manager for Metropolitan Life, are city champions), Henderson travels with handball clothes stowed in his luggage. A 70s golfer and onetime city champion, he also fishes, swims, plays badminton and squash, on Saturday mornings coaches 15 or 16 youngsters, depending on the season, in football, basketball and baseball.

West Virginia

FLOYD SCHWARTZWALDER
Head football coach, Syracuse University

FLOYD SCHWARTZWALDER learned his football playing center, a commonly unsung position, in the University of West Virginia line. As a football coach since then his won-and-lost record: 61-33. Schwartzwalder has taught the lineman's virtue of being a "hard-nosed" team player. Coach Schwartzwalder has taken only one recess from football since college days; that was in World War II, when he signed up with the Army paratroopers, jumped into Normandy at the head of his company on D-day, ignored a flak wound in the arm, reached his objective. Later he fought in the Battle of the Bulge, parachuted across the Rhine, received the Silver Star from the hand of General Matt Ridgway; also the Bronze Star, Purple Heart, a unit citation and four battle stars. Says Old Lineman Schwartzwalder: "I was just one of the boys, and lucky that nothing big hit me."

Yale

JOHN S. WILBUR
Metals manufacturer, Cleveland

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN and Skull & Bones, John Wilbur headed for industry after graduation, got his first job, like Harvard Captain Carl Hageman (*see page 81*), with a division of Union Carbide, eventually transferred to the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co. where, after wartime service with the 42nd Division Artillery (Bronze Star), he became vice-president in charge of sales. Nowadays his job involves not only sales but long-range estimates of sales on which production decisions, including the opening of new ore reserves, must be made. Civic-minded, he is a trustee of the Cleveland Museum of Art and of the Cleveland Clinic. His hobby: raising hundreds of seedling evergreens on his 15-acre farm. He is also Cleveland representative on Yale's Alumni Board; if ex-Captain Wilbur runs across a first-class Ohio football seedling, he feels entitled to recommend New Haven.

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tomorrow's heirloom

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Anniversary

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NO EXTRA COST

TURKEY IN THE WILD

A determined biologist mastered the art of wildlife photography to capture the color of America's first holiday bird

photographed by
HERMAN L. HOLBROOK

THE WILD GOBBLER shown at the right, haughty in prime plumage, is a creature of rare beauty, a symbol of holiday feasting from colonial times to the present. But he is also a most wary bird. To photograph him in his natural environment, as 34-year-old Wildlife Biologist Herman Lindsay Holbrook did here, requires skill and patience beyond even that of a hunter, who counts it a lucky day indeed when he can bag a bird. In 1950, when Holbrook took charge of the 17,000-acre Francis Marion Wild Turkey Project near McClellanville, South Carolina, he had never taken a picture with so much as a Brownie camera. Convinced, however, that naturalists needed more photographs of turkeys in the wild, he borrowed the money to buy a 35mm Exakta with a telephoto lens and set about recording the life and loves of the birds. It was a trying job. Holbrook had to spend as much as 10 hours a day with his 6-foot, 190-pound frame cramped in a tiny blind. The first time he attempted a picture the click of the shutter sent the turkeys booming away. To deaden shutter noise he then designed a special felt-lined camera box. Then he squeezed into the blind once more and spent more hours waiting for the turkeys to move within camera range. The result of Holbrook's patience and ingenuity is on these pages, some remarkable pictures of the most elusive and perhaps the handsomest of American game birds.

TURN PAGE FOR MORE PICTURES

FEEDING AND FIGHTING are two extremes of turkey life caught by Photographer Holbrook. Feeding quietly (*above*), three turkeys and a crow share a food patch. Below, the feeding ground becomes a battleground as two pairs of gobblers fight to see which will control the field during spring breeding.

FOR HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING

A WILD TURKEY DINNER

The most elusive game bird, photographed on the preceding pages, makes one of the most festive of holiday meals. Here's how to do him justice

by CHARLOTTE ADAMS

THE LUCKY COOK who is privileged to prepare a wild turkey should offer that bird the respect due a gustatory treat so hard to come by. Such a prize should be the focal point of the whole meal in which it appears. Other foods should complement the bird, not battle with it for supremacy. If you haven't a hunter in the family fortunate enough to have bagged this elusive fowl, the firm of E. Joseph, 177 Franklin St., New York City, will ship one anywhere in the country—in feather or oven-ready, packed in dry ice. Their birds weigh eight to 13 pounds, and although the price varies, it will be about $2.25 per pound. Wild turkey is not gamy in flavor, though it is quite different from the domestic bird. Use a simple dressing of dry bread crumbs, finely chopped celery and onions sautéed in butter, and a dash of poultry seasoning (not much). Spoon this lightly into the bird and sew up or skewer the openings. Salt and pepper the skin. Crush juniper berries in a mortar with a pestle and rub this all over the bird. Truss as follows: Pull legs upward and tie them together with string (*see drawing*). Turn wings under back and pass a string across the breast. Turn turkey on breast and pass each string end forward over the front and tip of one of the wings and across the back of the other wing. Tie securely in the middle of the back. Place the trussed bird, breast up, on a rack in a roasting pan. Roast in preheated 350° oven about 20 minutes to the pound. Baste every 15 minutes with a dry white wine.

THE MENU

GREEN TURTLE SOUP WITH SHERRY

TOASTED CRACKERS

ROAST WILD TURKEY

BREAD SAUCE CURRANT JELLY

CHESTNUT PUREE BRAISED LEEKS

APPLE CITRON PIE

BREAD SAUCE

Put into top of double boiler, over hot water, two cups of milk, a peeled onion stuck with cloves, and ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs. Cook half an hour. Remove onion. Add salt to taste and a few grains cayenne pepper. Sauté a cup of coarse dry bread crumbs in butter until golden brown, stirring constantly. Stir into first mixture.

CHESTNUT PUREE

Shell and peel fresh chestnuts. Boil until soft, drain, mash and combine with butter and cream. Season to taste. Or buy the canned, unsweetened variety to save trouble, although the end product will not be as good.

BRAISED LEEKS

Cut off green tops of leeks to within an inch and a half of the white part and remove the "beards" at the bottom. Sauté in butter until lightly browned, turning frequently. Add a small amount of chicken stock, which you can make from a cube or powder if you haven't any of the homemade variety and simmer, covered, until leeks are tender (about 30 minutes).

APPLE CITRON PIE

Line a deep pie plate with rich pastry. Fill it with thinly sliced tart apples, putting bits of butter here and there between layers. Sprinkle with ½ cup sugar and ½ cup citron, cut fine. Spread two tablespoons of apple jelly over all. Top with crust and bake 45 minutes in 350° oven.

Serve a fine sherry along with the soup. I would suggest that a dry white wine accompany the rest of the meal because you have basted the turkey with it. I know, though, that there are those to whom it is inconceivable that one would serve anything but red wine (dry, of course) with such a feast. If you are of that school, baste your wild turkey with red wine, too. It will be good, but I think the white does less to mask the subtle and distinctive flavor of this bird. This meal is such stuff as dreams are made on, and rare enough to merit the attention and relish of those who will enjoy it to the full—two of whom, naturally, will be the hunter and the cook!

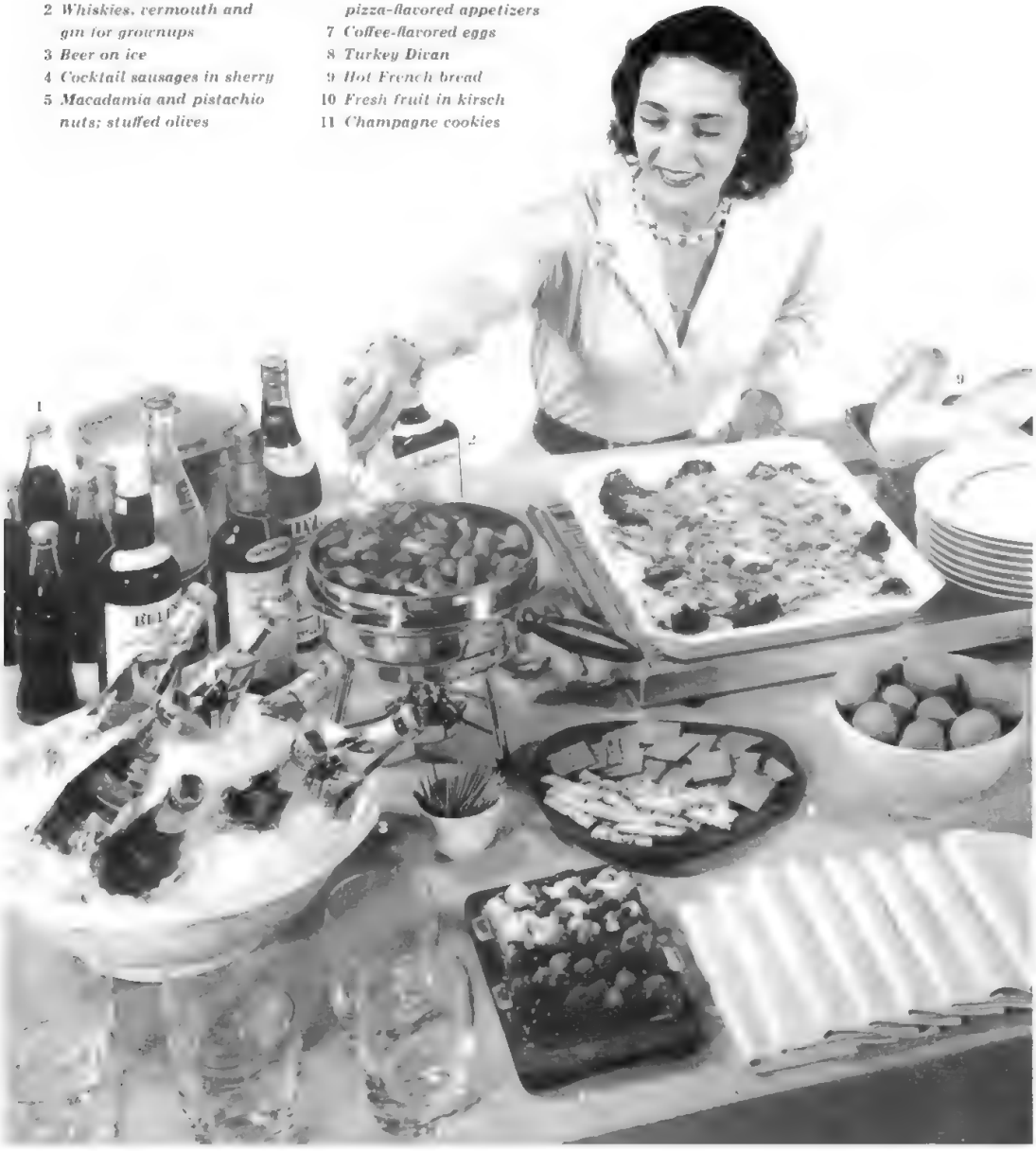
TURN THE PAGE FOR SOME TIPS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY TV ENTERTAINING

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY

A TV BOWL GAME PARTY

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE LAZARNICK

1 *Coke for young viewers*
2 *Whiskies, vermouth and gin for grownups*
3 *Beer on ice*
4 *Cocktail sausages in sherry*
5 *Macadamia and pistachio nuts; stuffed olives*
6 *Cheese sticks with caraway; pizza-flavored appetizers*
7 *Coffee-flavored eggs*
8 *Turkey Divan*
9 *Hot French bread*
10 *Fresh fruit in kirsch*
11 *Champagne cookies*



IF YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS want to relax and watch the bowl games on New Year's Day, make it easy and comfortable for them—and for you. Mrs. William F. Talbert, wife of our Davis Cup team captain, presides here at a bowl-game-watching party which takes the host and/or hostess away from the TV set as little as possible. Serve all drinks on the rocks, eliminating fuss and many types of glasses. Have a big supplementary ice-keeper under the table. With the drinks offer snacks which stay fresh and don't require much attention from you. Supper for East Coast viewers or lunch for those in the western half of the country is prepared ahead, except for last-minute warming or browning. Place your buffet table in a corner of the room where your guests can serve themselves and not obstruct anyone's view. Provide little stack-away tables so that no one has to eat from his lap or put a glass down on the rug.

SNACK FOODS

Cook cocktail sausages in 2 tablespoons of Spanish fino sherry. Place in chafing dish to keep hot. Provide unusual nuts for nibbling, like Royal Hawaiian macadamias and pistachios in the shell. Serve a large variety of olives, stuffed onions, pimientos and almonds. Cheese sticks of flaky delicacy can be ordered from a new gourmet shop, Suzanne-Crue & Co., 146 E. 58 St., New York City. Pizza-flavored appetizers by FFV have delightful flavor. So do coffee-flavored hard cooked eggs. Simmer eggs in water and coffee grounds for 4 hours and they will have a surprisingly nutty taste.

THE MEAL

Prepare Turkey Divan in the morning. Line a shallow baking dish with cooked broccoli. Lay slices of roast turkey breast on top. Cover with rich cream sauce, into which you beat a couple of egg yolks; sprinkle with freshly grated Parmesan and dot with butter. Pop into a 400° oven 20 minutes before serving time. Place on Hotray to keep warm, along with dinner plates and French bread. Prepare fruit in the morning, douse with kirsch. Chill. Cookies are Pepperidge Farm's.

ACCESSORIES

Salton Hotray, 28 by 16½ inches, with adjustable temperature control, Formica handles and aluminum frame is about $40. Silver Sculpture flatware pattern, $56.75 for six-piece place setting; Paul Revere bowl with fruit, $78.50, fluted oval bowl with holly, $70; all by Reed & Barton (silver prices include federal tax). From B. Altman & Co., New York: Rosenthal's "Topaz Band" china, $18.90 for 5-piece place setting; old-fashioned glasses, $2.75 each; cake plate on stand, $6; both by Heisey; Danish teakwood plate for crackers, about $6; Danish hors d'oeuvres tray of teak with glass dishes, about $5; copper chafing dish, about $30.

OUR HOSTESS

Nancy Talbert is wearing a beige silk pullover shirt, $10, and canvas buttermold-print floor-length skirt with wide leather belt ($20; both by Glen of Michigan. Her jewelry is by Richelieu.

THE NEW WAY TO SKI—Third Lesson:

SWING TURNS AND 'WEDELN'

with **WILLY SCHAEFFLER** and **EZRA BOWEN**
Illustrated by **ROBERT RIGER**

Holding snowplow during stem toward fall line on steep hill helps skier control speed in stem-turn-swing.

THE GRACEFUL TURNS shown in this final chapter on the Austrian shortswing as taught by Willy Schaeffler are the culmination of all the lessons learned in Parts One and Two. They are the most useful, most exciting ski maneuvers ever devised. Yet they are no harder to learn than the simple stem and snowplow shown in last week's issue. And, beginning on page 100, Willy shows how to combine a series of swing turns in a climactic presentation of the hip-waggling ski dance called *Wedeln* (pronounced *Vay*deln), which through the past few years has been the most thoroughly discussed and most thoroughly misunderstood word in skiing's colorful lexicon.

Stem-turn-swing is transition step between stem turn demonstrated last week and swing turns shown on following pages. In basic stem turn, skier starts by stemming the uphill ski until it points into the arc of the turn. He holds stem through fall line, then lets skis run back naturally into new traverse position. In swing turn, all or part of turn is carried out by parallel heel brush done with skis pressed together. Stem-turn-swing, as name implies, begins with stem, ends with swing. Basically, it is an exercise, but it is also useful way to swing past obstacles during traverse.

Willy starts off in traverse **(1)**, stems toward fall line **(2)** with uphill (in this case, the right) ski. Note, however, that he does not pull back his uphill shoulder since he does not hold stem through the fall line. Moving faster as he approaches the fall line, Willy shifts weight back to downhill ski, brings skis together **(3)**, bends into comma with strong reverse shoulder. Then he thrusts out and down with heels, exaggerating knee bend to emphasize thrust **(4)** and sends tails of skis brushing across snow in swing away from the fall line, finishes by easing comma **(5)** for new traverse.

Snow pattern shows Willy does not cross fall line. Making series of stem-turn-swings gives skier feel of the rhythmic motion of linked heel-thrust turns.

Willy shows pupil Ann Taylor, an experienced skier, how to stem into fall line, then swing back toward slope without using shoulder rotation. Moving along in slow traverse, Willy stems out lightly, then snaps skis back together and brushes with both heels.

CONTINUED

Starting stem swing (*above*), Willy traverses slope in comma position **(1)**, stems out **(2)** with uphill ski (*right ski here*) and pulls back uphill shoulder just as in stem turn. At same time he shifts weight onto uphill ski to start skis moving into arc of turn. At this point, similarity to stem turn ends. Instead of holding stem through fall line and letting skis run together slowly after turn has been completed, Willy starts bringing inside, or left, ski over to right ski even

Rotation at finish of stem swing is unnecessary, causes the skier to turn too far. If shoulder rotation persists, go back and practice the stem-turn-swing.

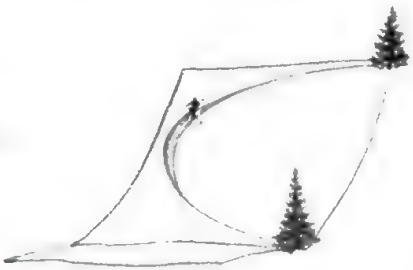
THE STEM SWING

The stem swing is the last step before the pure parallel swing; but it is far more than just a learning device. It is a stylish and functional turn, good on any slope and good enough for anyone but the real expert. If, on the other hand, you are already an expert, you may have an urge to start your whole shortswing curriculum with the stem swing. Be warned—hardly anyone who skis with the old style really believes he can get through the fall line with no rotation until he has tried it with a few slow, simple snowplow turns. And until a skier believes he can make it without rotation, he is likely to keep rotating—a great waste of time and effort. However, if you are in a hurry and feel you are good enough to skip some fundamental moves, let the stem swing be your first turn through the fall line. But don't make it without practicing the side-slip, the swing to the slope and a solid dose of the stem-turn-swing.

Antirotation exercise, with poles behind neck, trains skier to keep downhill shoulder back during swing to slope.

before he reaches fall line. By time Willy hits fall line **(3)** skis are almost parallel, weight completely on outer ski with inner ski barely brushing snow. Right side of body describes modified comma. Just over fall line, Willy brings skis completely parallel, bends ankles, knees and hips into strong comma **(4)**, finishes turn with outward and downward thrust by both heels, then eases comma bend **(5)** for new traverse or turn.

Lifting uphill ski during follow-through to stem swing through the fall line keeps skier from leaning in toward the slope, also checks rotation since shoulder swing will throw the skier off balance when uphill ski is raised.



Steep slope, *(above)* or long convex ridge is best place to practice the stem swing. Stem while moving in slow traverse, then swing into fall line. Speed from slope helps heel thrust, steep drop-off unweights tails of skis.

CONTINUED

THE PARALLEL SHORTSWING

Up till now the main force for starting every turn through the fall line has been a stemming of the uphill ski. But now the stem disappears. The entire turn is done with the skis parallel. This means two things. First, it means that a new turning impetus is needed to replace the stem. That impetus is a slight forward and upward movement made by the knees and ankles with the help of the inside pole. The pole also provides a kind of pivot for the turn and gives the skier learning the maneuver for the first time something extra to push against during his heel thrust. Below, Willy and Ann show the difference between a parallel swing and a stem turn at the key moment of a turn to the left. Willy demonstrates it with an exaggerated pole push just after he crosses the fall line, Ann with an exaggerated uphill stem just before she comes into the fall line. The disappearance of the stem has one other meaning: Willy's instruction throughout the rest of this final lesson is on the expert level, for anyone who can swing down a slope in a series of parallel shortswing turns is probably the best skier on the hill.

Parallel swing through fall line begins with Willy traversing in comma position **(1)**. To start turning action he inserts downhill pole *(right pole here)* about three feet ahead of boots with easy forward roll of right shoulder, forearm and wrist **(2)**. As right shoulder comes forward, left shoulder automatically starts to fall back into reverse position. Note that pole arm stays bent, elbow fairly close to body. Weight stays directly over skis as Willy prepares for outward push of heels that sends skis swinging into arc of turn. When pole sets firmly in snow, natural lift from hand and arm pressure on pole plus light forward and up motion with knees and ankles brings Willy almost erect

Using pole *(above left)* to replace stem *(right)* as basic turning force, Willy exaggerates comma to demonstrate swiveling action of hips, pushes on pole to aid heel brush. Skiers learning to use pole should minimize knee action, forward and upward movement of the body, keep pole use light and fluid.

Too much lean forward at end of turn weights upper ski, destroys balance.

Separating skis breaks turntable of locked ankles, makes ragged turn.

Getting into swing of parallel turn, Willy practices by making series of scalloped swings. With first swing he makes simple turn to slope, needs no help from the pole to start heel push. The next three swings come closer to fall line, require help from pole. With pole use perfected, Willy returns to top of the hill *(above right)* to make turn through *fall line over entire length of* slope. As exercise, keep making swings to slope, heading closer to fall line with each swing.

(3). This subtle upward movement of body unweights tails of skis to facilitate heel thrust. As Willy comes into fall line, left side of upper body begins to assume *comma again. Right ski, which will now be uphill ski,* starts to move ahead, but knees and ankles are still pressed together. Just over fall line **(4),** Willy shifts weight onto downhill ski *over the left ski*, bends into strong comma for heel-brushing follow-through. Hips act as swivel while downhill shoulder comes back to provide counterforce for heel push. At end of turn **(5),** Willy's downhill shoulder is still well back, tails of skis still brushing over snow. Skiing at slow speeds or in heavy snow, skier needs slightly more lift to start turn.

CONTINUED

HOP TO THE 'WEDELN'

Best route from top of hill to bottom is winding track made by series of shortswing turns. Linking turns, as shown above, skier can—by varying length of traverses and arc of turns—control speed, swing past obstacles, pick best terrain for each maneuver.

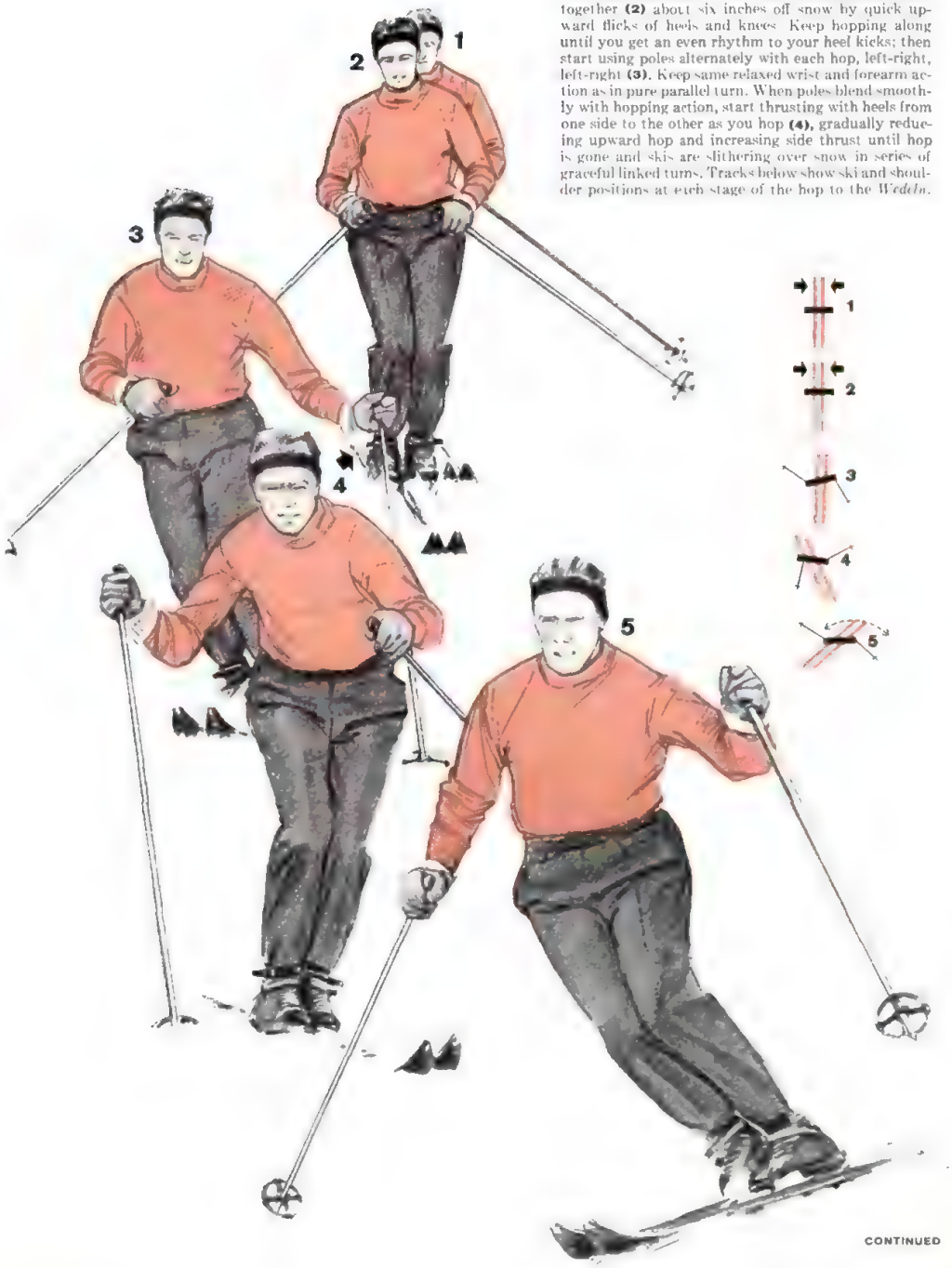
Before Willy shows how to do the *Wedeln*, some of the confusion surrounding this word should be cleared up for the benefit of the thousands of skiers who have been puzzling over it for the past couple of years. To begin with, *Wedeln* is a common German word meaning "tail-wagging." In skiing it is used to describe the hip-swinging action that takes place when a skier links a fast series of parallel shortswing turns. It is not a separate technique, but merely a term for this climactic phase of the shortswing. In any case, it should not be confused with a tricky and basically undefinable maneuver called the mambo (*see below*), a loose term that can be applied to any one of the dozens of personal interpretations of reverse-shoulder skiing.

Regardless of definition, there is no greater thrill in skiing than to dance down a fresh slope (*see pages 106-107*), carving your own track with a rhythmic series of shortswing turns. There are two ways to learn to make this kind of track—and call it *Wedeln* if you want. One way is to go from a slow schuss into a series of hopping turns, as demonstrated at right. The other is by linking a tighter and tighter sequence of stem swings (*see next page*), blending in light thrusts with alternate poles until the lift from the pole provides the starting force for the turn and the stem disappears. The hop is the more difficult of the two and requires a bit more coordination. Willy finds that high school and college-age skiers take to it most readily. However, any accomplished skier is invited to try, and if you can do it, you can learn the *Wedeln* more quickly this way.

Best exercise to prepare for hop to *Wedeln* is shortswing jump shown in November 26 issue. Note how position of Schaeffler's knees, hips and shoulders in living room exercise reflect the movements of figure 5 in shortswing sequence on the opposite page.

Mambo is any kind of individualistic variation on reverse-shoulder skiing. Execution depends on whim of performer, and since mambo lacks definite form skier can easily fall into exaggeration of reverse shoulder that leads to awkward arm position and tiring leg action shown above. Note strong forward lean in knees and ankles, sweeping arm swing that adds delayed shoulder rotation to heel thrust and reverse shoulder of the standard shortswing technique.

Quick way to learn *Wedeln* is to pick a long, even slope with about a 15° pitch. Start down fall line in slow schuss **(1)**, then begin lifting tails of skis together **(2)** about six inches off snow by quick upward flicks of heels and knees. Keep hopping along until you get an even rhythm to your heel kicks; then start using poles alternately with each hop, left-right, left-right **(3)**. Keep same relaxed wrist and forearm action as in pure parallel turn. When poles blend smoothly with hopping action, start thrusting with heels from one side to the other as you hop **(4)**, gradually reducing upward hop and increasing side thrust until hop is gone and skis are slithering over snow in series of graceful linked turns. Tracks below show ski and shoulder positions at each stage of the hop to the *Wedeln*.



CONTINUED

SWING TO THE 'WEDELN'

If you suspect that you may not be as athletic as you once were or, to be more dignified about it, if you are more interested in smooth style than in fast learning, try stem-swinging your way to the *Wedeln*. As noted on the preceding page, the hop is a fine short cut for youngsters who are in a hurry to learn the ultimate in the shortswing technique and have the coordination to do a little fancy jumping around. But the hop is definitely an athletic road to *Wedeln*. There is bound to be a slight thump as the tails of the skis drop back onto the snow, and it calls for strong muscles and perfect leg control to prevent a kind of jerkiness at the end of each turn. This may be all right in a slalom gate but is unnecessarily rough and tiring for the average recreational skier. The stem-swing method, on the other hand, starts off with no lifting action whatever, just a smooth brushing back and forth over the snow as you stem first one ski, then the other, gradually bringing the skis parallel and using only the gentlest lift from the pole as the stem disappears altogether.

Swinging pendulum is impression given by good shortswing skier linking turns on fast run. Head remains almost on the same plane, shoulders and upper body barely move. The legs, ankles and heels carry out turning action, hips act as a swivel while skis swing from side to side.

Swing without poles is simple parallel swing to slope from traverse, helps remind pupil that main turning action is entirely below the waist, is also good exercise for skiers who tend to overemphasize pole use by reaching too far, with resultant loss of balance.

Dipsy-doodle, trick maneuver popularized years ago by U S Olympian Dick Durrance, becomes valuable *Wedeln* exercise in shortswing. Start downhill in snowplow, then thrust with first one heel, then the other, with upper body loose. Hip and knee action imitates *Wedeln*.

Sure way to learn *Wedeln* is to combine series of linked stem-swing turns similar to the one taught on pages 96–97. As with the hop to the *Wedeln*, start off in a schuss —almost any reasonable slope will do, since balance is surer with the stemswing than with the hop. When you are underway in your schuss, stem out with one ski—here the right *ski* **(1)**. *Then bring other ski parallel to it, thrust gently* with both heels and immediately stem out with the opposite ski **(2)**. Keep stemming and thrusting in shorter- and shorter-radius turns until you begin to feel the rhythmic pendulum effect shown at left. When your rhythm is well established, start reducing the angle of your stem **(3)** and begin blending the poles into each turn. Then, as the poles become a natural part of the turning action, eliminate the stem altogether **(4)**, making each turn with the pole and heel-brush alone, skis parallel. This is the *Wedeln*. Now, to see Willy run through a perfect *Wedeln* from start to finish, turn the page.

CONTINUED

PERFECT 'WEDELN'

The dramatic turning sequence shown below is the climax of Willy Schaeffler's presentation of the Austrian shortswing. This is the ultimate in parallel skiing, and there is virtually no slope or type of snow for which this technique is not ideally suited. In deep powder or crust, the skis slither through the soft lower layers of snow rather than coming out and breaking through unevenly. In wet snow the lack of shoulder swing eliminates the need for a powerful follow-through. And on a packed slope with a light dusting of powder, there is nothing, absolutely nothing, to compare with the *Wedeln*.

Top view of Willy doing *Wedeln* shows that shoulders remain almost perpendicular to fall line during turn, while elbow stays bent and relaxed as Willy swings arm forward to insert pole. Weight is on downhill (*i.e.*, left) ski, with uphill ski advanced.

Continuing "Wedeln" sequence, with tails of skis still unweighted from lift by pole, Willy begins new heel thrust (**4**) as body starts to bend into comma to provide counterforce for thrust. As aid for learning *Wedeln*, give slight outward push with pole just before it pulls free of snow. Comma increases (**5**) as Willy swings farther into turn, weight on downhill ski (the right ski in this case), upper ski ahead, knees and ankles pressed together, with skis making single track. Right hand has already started forward to place pole for next maneuver. Finish of turn (**6**) comes with final thrust of heels, right pole already in snow for the next turn, eyes fixed on the terrain ahead.

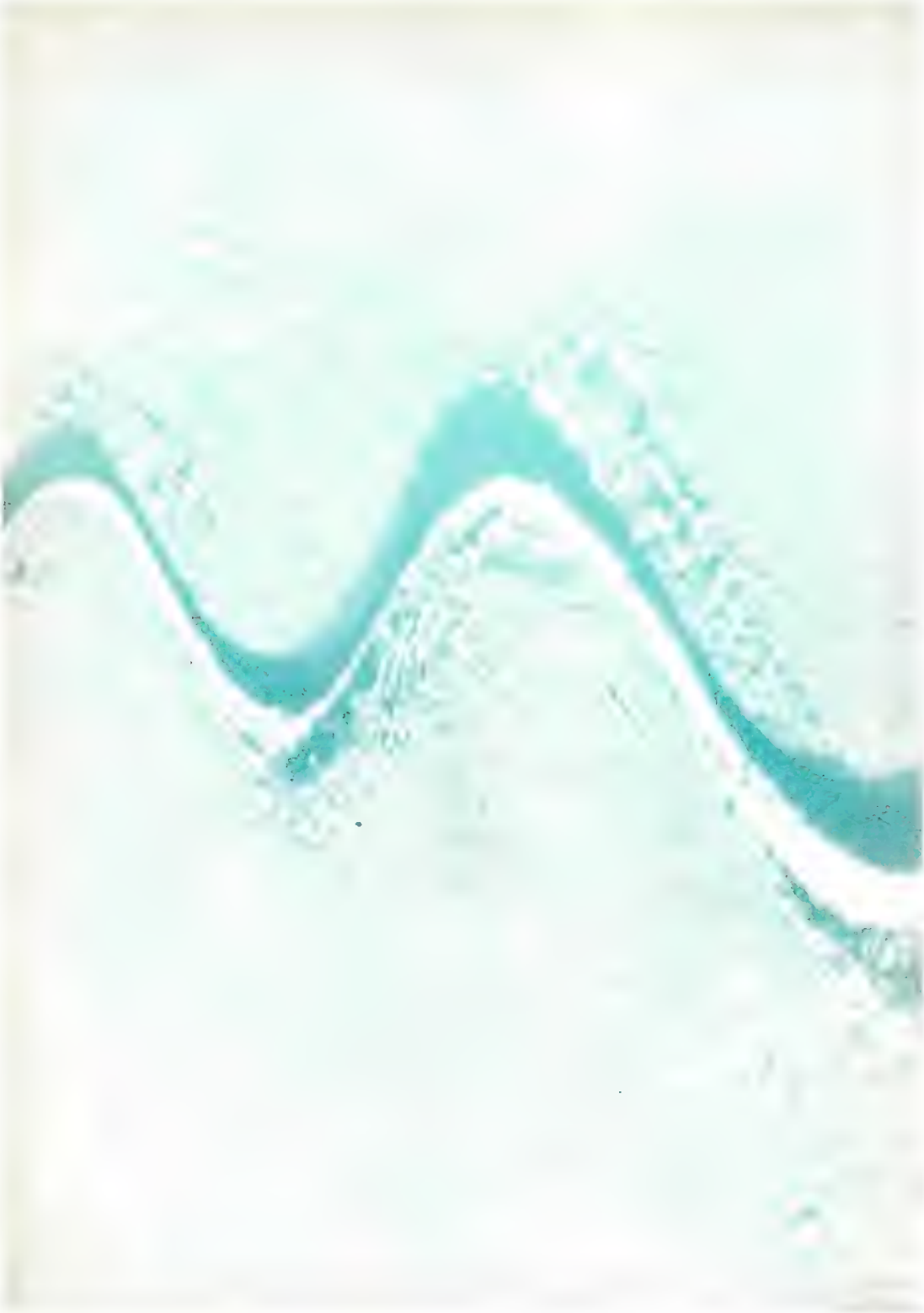
Start of "Wedeln" swing to left is actually finish of previous swing to right. Note in figure 1 how Willy's body is in comma, skis kicking up snow at finish of heel thrust from previous turn. At same instant, however, he brings left hand forward to plant pole, stops heel brush **(2)** as pole makes contact with snow to provide slight lift **(3)** that unweights tails of skis for the next thrust with heels.

REVIEW: THE COMPLETE SHORTSWING

Basic position in shortswing is comma, in which weight is on the downhill ski, knees and ankles pressed together and bent toward slope. Hips are also bent toward slope, but upper body leans out from slope to maintain balance. This is traverse position from which shortswing maneuvers start. For example, by increasing knee bend and relaxing edges, skier can side-slip. By starting in traverse, then thrusting out with heels, he can swing toward slope.

Major transition from parallel swing to slope is snowplow, used for controlling speed in fall line. Once skier masters plow in straight run, he is ready for snowplow turn, carried out by pulling back uphill shoulder, shifting weight onto uphill ski, keeping outer side of body (right side above) in comma through fall line. After he masters snowplow, skier can try stem turn, in which tail of uphill ski only is thrust out while downhill ski briefly holds original direction.

Final fruition of shortswing is parallel turn made by heel thrust alone after tails of skis have been unweighted with lift from pole. To get from stem turn to parallel swing through fall line, skier should practice stem-turn-swing *see pages 94, 95*, where he gets feel of controlled heel thrust on long swing into slope after turn toward the fall line. Next he modifies stem with heel-brushing stem swing, then eliminates stem by using pole to start parallel swing.



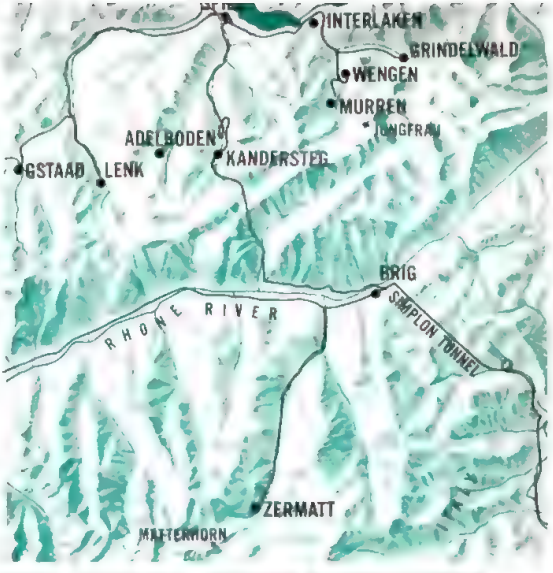
SKIER'S WALTZ

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TONI FRISSELL

Swinging down in deep powder, Ski Guide Paul Julen carves a rhythmic track through new snow at Klosters, Switzerland

HEARTLAND OF SKI

Powder snow and posh hotels beckon winter travelers to Switzerland's Bernese Oberland



SWISS RAILWAY SYSTEM IS LINK BETWEEN TOP OBERLAND RESORTS

SWITZERLAND's powder snow fields are never deeper or more sparkling than in the ranges south of Bern, where the central plateau rises into the Bernese Oberland. Here, where skiers like the two at left spend their waking hours sheering down the mountainsides, the air is crisp, the trains are loaded with skis and talk is in all languages, for pilgrims are coming from all over the world to this heartland of ski. It was in these mountains that the devoted and slightly mad pioneers of skiing, British for the most part, took over an ancient Norwegian mode of locomotion and turned it into the greatest of winter sports.

Scattered through the valleys and reached by a complex of cog railways, funiculars and buses are the Oberland's famous ski resorts. They look like Swiss villages in department store windows with their unpainted pine chalets, all with carved balconies, overhanging roofs and whisk brooms at the door. They have little stations, where the frock-coated hotel porters are lined up waiting by their sleighs for visitors' baggage. Muffled footfalls sound in the street and shouts of "*Achtung! Achtung!*" ring out as young daredevils brush your shins with their sleds.

Behind these similarities, each of these places has its own, sometimes fascinating, individuality. Take Mürren. It is like the end of the world, perched on the rim of a 2,785-foot chasm, across from the broad hump of the Jungfrau. As a resort, it is the creation of the English, who started coming at the turn of the century to build hotels high in the sun. Local geography is stamped with English names. Martha's Meadow commemorates young Viscount Knebworthy, who came hurtling out of the woods—wigged, skirted and registered under the name Martha Wainwaring—and wholly disrupted a ladies' race back in the 1920s.

That was the golden age of skiing, and you can hear about it nightly in the lounge of the Palace where Sir Arnold Lunn, the panchen lama of ski, holds court. Those were the days when the Kandahar Club was founded and laid down the laws of modern ski racing; the days before ski lifts, before high-powered international competitions, when only public school men were admitted to the Palace and could afford such jolly doings as throwing everything from bed to buttons out the window of a guest who had behaved like a bounder.

The setting at Mürren is always grandiose: on most of the runs the Jungfrau's huge and varied features are just out in front, golden-brown at noon, a cold purple in the evening, and when a high wind is blowing great puffs of snow move like upward mounting avalanches.

Across the Lauterbrunnen Valley lies Wengen, lower and larger, but barely more accessible. Scattered over a gently sloping plateau, it, too, has a predominantly English flavor. Its Down Hill Only Club is a companion piece to Mürren's Kandahar. From Wengen the cable car runs 3,000 feet up over the ridge at Männlichen, and then there are $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles of skiing down a broad expanse of snow to Grindelwald, gateway to the fine snow fields of the First and the extraordinary sky-high skiing of the Jungfrau. The train takes you from Grindelwald to Kleine Scheidegg, where the ski trail alongside the suicidal Lauberhorn race course runs back to Wengen. Toward the west of the Oberland, lie Kanderstag and, a range away, Adelboden, where you can take the chair lift up to Hahnenmoos Pass and ski down to Lenk on the other side, whose flat, smooth slopes are a favorite with children. Next after Lenk and at the limit of the Oberland, lies Gstaad, with main streets lined by Madison Avenue shops disguised as chalets, overlooked by the turrets and battlements of the Royal Winter Palace Hotel and the famous two-stage chair lift up the steep, open Wasserngrat. This is the end of the Oberland, but no one who has come this close to Zermatt will miss the chance of pushing on. It has everything an ideal resort would want. Plenty of space, plenty of snow, a lively crowd in a picturesque setting, and it is the start for the classical climax of any long ski vacation in the Alps: The Haute Route ski tour, five to eight days of magnificent high-altitude traveling from peak to glacier hut to peak and on to Mont Blanc and Chamonix.

ROBERT WERNICK

CLOUDS OF POWDER kicked up on Findeln run in Zermatt by Paul Julen and Thomas Biner are typical sight in Oberland.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAN BALET

The World of the Singing Skies

In a rarely beautiful literary testament a great Irish sportsman, playwright and poet recalls for Sports Illustrated the magic of a lost realm, visited once more in memory in the twilight of his life

by LORD DUNSANY

IT IS SNOWING NOW as I write this; all the countryside is white and cold, and I concentrate on keeping warm. But time was when the slow fall of large white flakes would have been a romantical, almost magical lure to the mystery of the dark woods where the woodcock lie, or the sere, dun fields of the golden plover, or the red bog of the snipe and goose. For sport is the key to the gates of another world. Through these gates one goes back to a world that is gone, crowded out of the way by our cities, but which may be overtaken when sport leads us down the ways of time whither that world has traveled.

In that lost world Man was a hunter, familiar with woods and hills and streams, and only as a hunter can he find them again. For as a hunter he must know something of the lives of those he hunts, whether they be birds or beasts or fishes, and his lost world is still their world. And in hunting them and learning something of their lives, as he must to compete with them, he comes to understand them, and, paradoxical indeed though it be, to sympathize with them; and it is that odd sympathy that opens to him the gates of the lost world and makes him free of its streams and hills. Calls come to him from that world even in cities—geese going over high, or even the hoot of an owl: they may be heard, or missed, in their season almost anywhere. Men in cities look at their almanacs to tell them the time of year, but Nature's time of year can vary by many weeks from the time told by the almanac, and in that ampler, freer world wild voices tell it exactly, having learned from winter itself the moment at which it moves, and telling the news of it to all who will hear. The geese will tell it high among windy clouds, and the golden plover in long wedges, flying over low hills and singing as they fly. And the voice of the woodcock tells it too; but in the lonely clamor of the late autumnal skies his little cry is all but lost and Man can only know by Nature's almanac, which is the birds' mysterious timetable, when the woodcock will have arrived. For these birds slip into the dark woods almost as silently as a ghost in an old story into a haunted tower, and they ride on a wild wind and come with the snow.

The ways of a woodcock are only to be revealed by some wise old man who, perhaps having once been taught to read but having forgotten how, has since learned all he knows from observation of the ways of Nature, so silent and undemonstrative that in the noise of our civilization they go unnoticed

LORD DUNSANY 1878-1957

Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, 18th Baron Dunsany, was a man of commanding stature, fiery temperament, and a soul as gentle as the elves and leprechauns in which he firmly believed. He saw service in three wars—Boer, World War I and World War II, the latter in his 60s, as a Home Guard officer—was a prolific playwright of genuine flesh-crawlers dealing with fairies and legends, a novelist, biographer and poet with a lasting scorn for the modern school. A true Irish sportsman, he loved cricket, fox-hunting and bird shooting. These essays, written especially for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, are among the last products of a prolific literary life, which ended at 79 last October.

by many more learned men. Such a man's talk is always interesting, for he seems closer to eternal things than men can be who walk mostly pavements; but to a boy he is like what a prophet was to the Israelites. And, indeed, old gamekeepers, whom I remember and will remember all my life, when talking to a boy spoke mostly in prophecies, foretelling how the November moon would bring the woodcock from Norway, how green plover coming early over a long line of hills foretold an early winter, and when the geese would come into the bog. All these were things of Earth, Earth in mysterious moods, but when one of them spoke of the bog he strayed a little further and was inclined to speak of things a bit beyond Earth, of leprechauns and the Little People, and even sometimes of Tir-nan-Ogue, the land that is just beyond Earth a little way to the west, where under eternal apple blossoms walked the everlasting young. Of the Little People he always spoke guardedly, so that from them it was easy to turn him back to what a boy yearned to know, which was whether the woodcock were in. And perhaps he would say, "It snowed all last night and the north wind is blowing," and no more, as though that were enough.

"Shall we go to Long Wood now?" one would blurt out eagerly.

"Better give them a day to settle in," he would say.

And all that day perhaps the sky would be enchanted with snow, and the north wind would drop that night like a tired horse, and where he dropped the snow would lie quietly smiling; and tall, bearded men would be gathered next morning and would line up in a wood and beat it with sticks, shouting "Hi, cock" as they went.

IF ONE is in line with the beaters, the woodcock will get up with an exciting whir of his wings; but, if one is far ahead and the beaters are coming toward one, he will glide past as silently as a dream. That is the best place to stand, ahead of the beaters. One may see more woodcock, walking with them; but that rapid and twisting bird is very likely soon to get on the far side of a tree, so that shooting at them inside the wood is very difficult. It is not easy at any time, and all one can do is to aim well in front, and to remember that all one's life, for it is very easily forgotten at any age. Indeed, one's first woodcock was probably brought down on the day that one decided for the first time to give a fair trial to one's elders' advice, which seemed so absurd at first, not to aim at the bird, or anywhere near him, but some yards in front.

And what a memory that is, one's first woodcock! One never forgets it. One remembers it when the treasure he carries, the two pinfeathers, are no longer of any interest to one. But at the time these were carefully collected from under the rudimentary wings, for the woodcock has two miniature extra ones, as though Nature had thought for a moment of giving him four wings, but had changed her mind and given up the idea. These two delicate little feathers are not easily perceived on a woodcock, but they may sometimes be seen in the band of a man's hat. I wonder if a knight who had killed a dragon ever wore any scale of his in his hat. I should think he did; for Man does not alter so much as we may suppose, and if a man who has shot a woodcock feels like showing that little trophy today, sportsmen probably felt much the same in that twilight of time when legend was fading away in the glare of the dawn of history.

Only once in my life have I seen a woodcock on her nest, and that I had to be shown by a gamekeeper, for I never found it by myself. This lover of solitude and silent places had chosen a strange place for her nest, but had chosen it very cleverly. She knew, or great Nature knew and told her, who her chief enemy was, and with wise strategy she concentrated on avoiding

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him, and made her leafy nest in a narrow waste space, too small for anyone to cultivate or be concerned with at all, between two roads and a railway, close to a keeper's house. There was not much traffic on those roads, and less on the railway, but enough to discourage a fox; and, if he came, the keeper's dogs would have given warning at once; and the woodcock, knowing who her chief enemy was, hatched her eggs there and was safe.

In the still of dim evenings, that almost silent bird may be seen, a black patch drifting swiftly across fading colors low in the luminous sky, leaving the woods for his marshy feeding grounds or coming into the wood. Then his small cry, which one so rarely hears, may be heard in the stillness of nightfall. In the greatest novel ever written, Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, is a description of a man waiting at evening in a wood to shoot a flighting woodcock. The English translation says that the man was waiting for snipe, but I think that this must be a mistake in an otherwise very fine translation, all the more easily made because in the French a woodcock is called *bécasse* and the snipe *bécassine*, so that the Russians may have names for those two birds as closely resembling as that, and snipe would not be likely to be coming into a wood.

Sitting for woodcock when they flight is not a sure way of getting one, for light is bad then and woods are large, and it is not easy to find the right place at which to wait. Though carrying with him the mystery of the woods, or bringing to the woods a mystery from the north wind and the storm, the woodcock may be found also in the heather of the red bogs. The time to find him there is not the time of wild weather, when the bog is frozen hard and he cannot drive his long beak into it; that weather puts him into the woods. But in the milder weather when he leaves the shelter of trees the red bog is the place in which to find him. There, if one has been shooting snipe all day, he will rise large and cumbrous, seeming an easy shot compared to the nimble snipe; but however deceptive his flight, he moves with great speed. A right and left at a pair of these large birds, when perhaps only expecting snipe, is something of a trophy, and two right and lefts in succession one remembers always.

Another place in which woodcock may be found is in the gorse along low hills, where the land is too steep to plow and Man leaves it all to Nature. There the woodcock runs comfortably among the stems of the gorse with a thorny protection overhead which prevents almost anything else from venturing there, except the fox, who also makes it his home, so that for the woodcock it is like setting up house with a tiger; but somehow he manages to look after himself. Perhaps the fox slips away from the gorse at evening and finds it easier to catch a hen.

When ice comes to the north of Europe and the woodcock finds his carriage, the north wind, waiting, he seems to come first to the eastern counties of Ireland with the November moon for his lantern and there some of the woodcock stay. But many go on to Galway at Kerry and Limerick, and we see them again in the woods of Leinster toward the end of the season, before their return to lands in which they are less disturbed by men, and from which they are only driven by the full fury of winter.

We are warned against envy. And yet, is it not sometimes hard to escape from envy of a creature that, without any of the contrivances which we all demand and with no expense, can be warm and content in a wood when the storm is raging outside, that can wake with the dawn which shines on our windows in vain and see the beauty of it, and be more familiar with twilight and starlight than we can ever be, and know the great winds and their ways as we can never get to know them, and that, without ticket, train or compass, can go straight to its summer home over hundreds of miles of mountain and of sea, doing so well without reason, of which we can only boast?

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I remember another old gamekeeper saying to me: "There was a great doctor once said that there was more nourishment in a brace of snipe than in a pound of beef. And he lived in London all his life."

A lifetime in London may not seem to us to qualify a man for a sound judgment concerning snipe, whose native lands are so far from cities, but the reason that the old gamekeeper brought London into his story was to give support and emphasis to the doctor's pronouncement, for he had an admiration for all he had heard of London, and a belief in the wisdom of all who dwelt in it, which he felt gave final authority to the opinion of one of them about the nutriment in a snipe, and especially to the opinion of a London doctor. Whether it was precisely a pound of beef that had not the nourishment of a brace of snipe I do not now remember; but that is of no importance, because the original remark was an exaggeration in any case, an exaggeration to uphold against all the ways of the cities, though reverencing the wisdom of London, the healthy life that the old man knew. And the more inconsistencies I notice in myself, the less I find fault with those of other men. But to come to the essence of the matter, which goes deeper than the question as to whether the old gamekeeper's story was true or not, there is certainly great health in eating snipe, provided that you have shot them yourself; and so I shall concern myself here with how to get them.

Well, first of all, I should look for them in Ireland, because something in my memory has led me to suppose that Ireland is of all lands, however far the snipe may wander, their native home. And they do wander far; but when a few frosts have turned the leaves of the crab apples scarlet and pink and orange along the hedges, or a threat of snow has been hinted at evening by a red and ominous sun, or at latest by the first full moon of November, which is said to bring woodcock south, then the wandering snipe come back to our bogs

from their distant home in Norway.

Not all our snipe are emigrants and perhaps nearly half of them stay in their ancient homes, the red bogs and the rushy marshes of Ireland. But all the jack snipe are wanderers; those minute birds with long, many-colored feathers that never quite fly out of sight when they get up close to a sportsman's feet, but that flap away on a lazy little flight, so different from the arrowy dart of the full snipe. All of them take the long journey, and it is a sign, as soon as you see them on the bogs, that the bigger snipe are in. Then what you look for is the southwest wind, and it is easily found in Ireland, for it blows nearly all the year round, coming along the Gulf Stream.

There are two reasons for which the snipe shooter looks for the southwest wind. One is that while it is blowing, the bogs will not be frozen and the snipe will be feeding there, and another is that as you walk downwind the sun is behind you for most of the day, for alone of all game the snipe is pursued downwind. You go downwind on the snipe because he has to turn into the wind to attain his full flight, so that if you are walking upwind on him he goes straight away, and at his full speed, and you have only a brown object to shoot at, about the size of half a crown; whereas, walk on him downwind and he turns after rising, flying to your left or your right until he is well away from you, and showing to you the clear white length of his body until he turns into the wind from which he borrows his speed. And so one hopes for the southwest wind with the sun behind one, for shooting into the sun is not so easy, as the Germans knew when they used to attack convoys coming at them at evening out of the sunset. And on such a day, as in Ireland luckily most of our days are, one goes to the brown lands, the withered grass and the rushes, or to the red bog, the strange wild land as dear to the Irishman as the desert is to the Arab, though neither of these lands support man, but are rather honored rivals, hostile to all his ways, contemptuous of all his cities.

THE red bog can be walked as the Sahara can be traveled, but never without caution. Every step there must be watched, while one watches also for snipe; and I have often wondered how one man manages to do these two things at the same time, but somehow one does. The red bog is a world of a million islands in a sea of moss and water, or a world of a million pools in a land of heather; but however one may describe it, one foot is on firm ground and the other has to find something firm for itself, while between the two steps mosses shine either bright green or scarlet, and the brighter they are the surer they are to let the unwary down into deeps that the Irish people say are bottomless, but which at any rate are over your head. That is the home of the curlew, the woodcock and hare and wandering flocks of teal and many other things that are freer than man, and also of the snipe in the full moon. For though there are always some snipe on the red bog, they make their great pilgrimage to it only when lured by the full moon. This power of the moon over millions of snipe was for a long time a mystery, but it is known now that the moon lures upward to the surface a worm out of the deeps of the bog, and this worm is the snipe's favorite food, so that the mystery of the power of the moon is now transferred from the snipe to a worm.

From long experience, I have never gone after snipe without a complete change of clothes in the car. I never make any exceptions, however small the bog I am going to; for it would be no good leaving the change of clothes behind on a day when I did not expect to fall into a bog, because I never expect to fall into one, and bogs are unpredictable. And the way family legends go, it may be said one day of an old shirt of mine that it was presented to me by the Government of the United States for saving the life of the American ambassador to Ireland from an attack by a great number of snipe, for snipe used to be much larger and fiercer in those days. What really happened was that I was out shooting with Mr. David Gray when he was at the American embassy in Dublin, and he or I suggested looking for snipe in a certain rushy patch, and my gamekeeper said it would be no good because it was too dry. In spite of this, Mr. Gray tried it, and he went in up to his neck. He had only a change of boots and stockings in his car, and a spare suit, but no extra shirt; so I lent him mine, into which he changed in the cold wind. The shirt afterward got mislaid, so Mr. Gray kindly bought me another, and this is the shirt of which some such tale may be told when the years have had time to mature it.

Another trap of the red bogs is the hare hole, a deep hole dug to catch a hare as he runs over the bog; and as they have to be well concealed from the hare, they can very easily let down a man, at least to the extent of one leg, and they, like everything else on the bog that is not heather, are half full of water. A very careful eye is needed to avoid these, and yet that same eye is on the watch for a snipe. I think that it must perform this double function by swiftly examining the ground well ahead, and not just where one is about to set one's foot, for if one's eye were fixed on the ground one would never see snipe at all. I don't know quite how one does it; walking the red bog has to be a kind of second nature, and if that does not come to one it is perhaps

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safer to keep to the road. On the other hand, the road now gets as many bodies each year as the bog ever got.

The red bog may stretch before you with its myriad little islands reflected in innumerable little lakes all the way to the great curve of the horizon; or a line of pale gray hills may sit watching it, as they have watched it for ages, waiting for whatever event eternal things wait; but somewhere beyond there may be a road, and unless one is looking for grouse or woodcock or any other things beside snipe it is a good thing to send a car around the bog to wait for one and not have to come all the way back shooting against the wind and giving too much advantage to the snipe. Of course, one does not go alone over these bogs, for one would never pick up all the snipe that one shot, and some of their lives would be wasted. It takes a dog to find all one's snipe, and it is pleasant to have a man with one to look after him.

AND THEN of course one needs a flask of whisky; sandwiches too for oneself and one's companion, but whisky even if one should be a teetotaler; for no one whom you will find to walk with you over an Irish bog will regard any lunch as a meal if there is no whisky. There will be a million couches of heather to choose from when it comes to the time for lunch, and if one looks for the luxury of absolute dryness, one can empty the snipe out of the gamebag and sit on that. After lunch is the time for a smoke, but it is not as a rule a good thing to smoke on a red bog, for, after the human voice, smoke is about the surest evidence of the presence of man. The snipe, with his undulled senses, can surely estimate the quality of the air that he breathes, which probably carries the flavor of tobacco far further than we suppose.

Another cause of all the snipe giving one only long shots one morning may be that they have just arrived to keep their tryst with the moon on the red bog, and have not yet begun to feed, and are all watchful. A stormy night will also make them on edge and what we call wild next morning. In dead silence, then, one walks downwind over the red bog and hopes that the snipe will not hear one's footsteps before one is within 30 yards of them. When they get up they go like arrows, so far as speed is concerned; like an arrow leaving the bow, but not like an arrow in any other respect, for they continually change course until they have found in the air the current that suits them. Then go straightaway.

When one has dropped one's bird one must not leave it all to the dog; the bog is too big for that, and is tainted in many places with the scent of other snipe. One must keep one's eye on the patch of heather by which the bird has fallen and walk towards it without blinking, which is a difficult thing to do on anything as tricky as a red bog; but if once one blinks one finds on opening one's eyes that there are 20 other tufts of heather just like

the tuft one had marked, and very soon a hundred, which, as one searches and searches, grow to a thousand. But when one does get to the right tuft of heather, that is to say, the one that seemed nearest the snipe as he fell, one should throw down a ball of paper, and if the paper is within 20 yards of the snipe the dog will probably find it. If one has two snipe on the ground it is impossible to mark both, and whoever is with one must mark the first of the two. But however many snipe one gets, or however few, on the red bog, one acquires a healthy appetite with which to eat them; and there once was a great doctor who said that there is more nourishment in a brace of snipe than in a pound of beef. And he lived in London all his life.

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IN the lost world I spoke of earlier, which only the hunter knows today, the golden plover occupies a place of his own. His is the time of evening and of silence, the hour when men go into their houses and wild things are abroad, and the earth and the sunset and twilight seem theirs rather than Man's. This is the time in which I first shot golden plover, and learned not only something of them, but of the quiet gloaming in which Man, retiring to his cities, has surrendered so much.

The song of the golden plover is unmistakable among the wild calls that come from the windy skies; for it is a song, one of the most musical of all calls, though each bird utters but a single note; it is the song of the flock, and as it goes quavering over the hills and valleys it is as distinct as the song of the nightingale. The golden plover are going south, and announcing as they go that winter is on the move. They will go to the wide fields where the sheep graze, never to small ones, for life is always to them what it is to the soldier at war: a time for constant vigilance, a time of perpetual thrill which makes food an exciting conquest and survival a triumph.

Small fields, then, are no place for the golden plover, as hedges there are too close to permit of the ordinary precautions of the wild bird or the soldier. And to fields that have anything artificial sprinkled about them they come no more, for the golden plover are clean feeders and care for none of our chemicals. When found in a field, either with the naked eye, or with field glasses in order to be sure that they are not thistles or starlings, one has to make one's plans, for without a sound plan one is

not going to outwit any creature whose life is spent on the watch. One may be aided by sheep or cattle or by another man, but unaided I know no way of getting at golden plover in the middle of a big field. The best way that I know is to send another man, preferably with a dog, to go into the field and put them up, while you hide under a hedge where you think they are likely to cross; and, if you are at the right place once in four times, you will do well enough.

And remember again what should be remembered always, that your competition with them in which you take part for a few hours is a game that they have played all their lives, and the flock forever. And you are not their only competitor—it might be an outrage against Nature if you were—but it is Nature's game through the ages. That is how the fox gets his food, lurking behind hedges and moving nearer, finding what cover he can; and in a different way the hawk. The hawk's way is to descend upon a flock, which is away at once, for they watch for the hawk as carefully as they are watching for you; and the hawk chooses one bird and follows that one like an arrow in pursuit of a volley of arrows, till it overtakes the chosen bird and kills it in the air.

If green plover are among the golden, as there very often are, they will get up first and lead the others away, adding a complication to one's plans. It is strange that those two very different birds should consort together, the one with the slow, flapping flight, the other, the golden, with the flight of an arrow; for the golden plover is not in reality a plover at all, but a humble relation of the bustard, built quite differently from the green plover, who has four toes and the golden only three. What brings them together is no relationship, but a quest that they have in common, the pursuit of the same kind of worm. Thus unexpected alliances are also sometimes made among men.

I remember waiting on winter evenings by a hedge among wide pastures, while the gloaming shone in the sky and enchanted the fields, and there came at last a clear high call in the air from a single golden plover that told me the birds were there. Then a flock went over in its long wedge, flying high. But it was a long time yet before any came down to the fields on which they roost, and I waited in a field alone with a goat, which came right up to me to see what I was doing; for he was familiar with the ways of men and of animals and of all that went on in the evening, but could not at first make out what I was doing there. And so he came up like the god Pan, after due enquiries, introducing me to his people and their world.

When the golden plover came down out of the sky they raced over the fields in which they meant to roost, uttering those myriad notes that make one quavering song, and poured over the hedge like a waterfall. Taught always to choose my bird, I fired at a single one, and it was some days before I was able to get a right and left out of this swift rush of birds in the failing light; but when at last I could do it I learned that, unsporting though it is to fire into the brown of partridges, to fire into the flock is almost the only way by which to get golden plover.

I found another haunt of the golden plover in some fields outside a small town, to which they came at nightfall. It was strange, lying on a field over which they used to come, to see the lights of the town shining as evening waned; behind me the night creeping over the fields with its mystery, before me the bright lights driving mystery away from the doors that had all been shut against the night, and, ringing out of the night, the wild call of the golden plover. They came down low to those fields as the light was about to leave them, but still there was light enough by which to shoot, and the grass was still green. In only a few minutes more I would get up and walk over the field to pick up the birds I had shot, and would find that the night was down among the roots of the grasses. Had I not had another man with me, waiting in the next field with a dog, I should never have found any. They are hard enough to find by day, when the golden spots on their feathers are so like specks of sunlight on blades of grass, and when the dark brown spots are like little shadows, but when night has fallen one needs more than ever the aid of a dog to find them.

A touch of frost, and the golden plover all leave their accustomed fields and are away to the seashore; but as soon as a thaw has come they get into their traveling formations, and those who watch for such things see their long wedges trailing across the sky, coming back to the fields they know.

But there comes a time when they molt the white feathers from their breasts and black ones grow there instead, and with that change in them comes the yearning for the wide plains of the sheep farms to the west, and they go to Fermanagh and lands that I do not know, and pack there into great flocks and leave our season of spring for the cold lands of the north. And with spring all sport is ended, and a truce is made between men and their wilder neighbors, a truce proclaimed by the bugles of all the blackbirds, and we take our way no more to the world of the hunter, and its gates for a while are closed.

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Somewhere a man has said to another, anxiously listening, "The Emperor is coming tomorrow"; or elsewhere one has announced, "The Cossacks have crossed the border"; or in another place a man has said, "The vote will be taken in the House tonight"; or, if it be fiction, "The red-eyed sleuth has arrived from Paris." But in little villages with cottages of white walls, all of one story, thatched by straw darkened by storms of many a generation, some man will say with feeling of equal importance, "The geese are in." Then some young man, *pitting his ardor and his experience* against the cunning and the experience of those great wanderers the wild geese, will take his gun and go down a stony lane lit by the sunset, while lights come out one by one in the village behind him; and the lane gets narrower as he goes, till the stones give way to soft brown earth and bracken and many weeds, and then heather appears and before him lies the bog. Over this wild lane he walks with plenty of light which will guide him safely. And so he comes to a place where feathers and droppings give him hope that the geese may come in with the nightfall.

There on the driest clump of rushes or bog myrtle that he can find he hides and makes himself comfortable while there is light by which to see what he is doing. The world becomes very silent and when the silence is broken it is only by winds and the wings of small birds and the far voices of rooks. It is as though Man had abdicated his dominion of the world and had given it back to the ancient things that were before his coming. Then a dog barks, his deputy, guarding Man's work, while he sleeps, but from Man himself not a word, and all the evening seems free of him. It is not a mile from the village, and yet as the colors increase in the western sky and daylight dwindles into a smaller and smaller arc and the singing birds go home, the young man out on the bog alone with his gun drops out from the civilization which made the village and is back in the older times before any animals were

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Singing Skies

continued

tamed or any fields plowed and no cities had spoiled the plains.

The bog rail croaks, green plover utter their plaintive cries, a singing wing goes by as the first of the ducks come in; but the young man waiting for geese does not fire at these. For there is a romance, a mystery and a rarity about the goose that makes him in Ireland what the lion is in East Africa or the tiger in the jungles of India. He is known as a voice passing over from cloud to cloud, prophesying hard weather; or as a rare unapproachable visitor, not as anything you can shoot when you want it, like many other birds. I knew a man who, as a boy and when I was a boy, told me much about geese, speaking as an authority on them and telling me how they were shot. It was from him that I first got the fascination that the wild goose has had for me ever since. He told me where to look for them and when, and what shot to use, and I listened as to some mysterious lore; and, indeed, there is much mystery about the ways of the gray lag. Years later I was speaking to that same man about some geese I had shot, and to my great surprise he blurted out that he had never shot a goose in his life. Still, if he was no authority on the subject, he felt the mystery of that wild child of Nature and passed the mystery on to me.

The orange, pink and vermilion are fading away in the west and something gold is appearing instead in the opposite part of the sky. Bushes change their shape, and shadows that have strayed far from the sunset run back to the west. And still there is no sound or sight of a goose. The young man crouched among the bog myrtle and rushes now fears that they will not come. He faces the west, hoping the geese will come between him and what is left of the sunset. A black shape sweeps by, looking very large, but it is only a green plover. More follow it, going away with their wailing cry, into what is unmistakably now the night, and a star shines and still the geese do not come. Despondency makes the young man sure they never will come now. But despondency comes from lesser things than reason; cold and cramp are two of these things, for damp and wind and the night have brought the cold, and crouching long in the rushes is very cramping. Yet a certain determination still keeps him there. And at that moment one voice from far off utters a clear cry.

Silence follows, silence over the whole of the bog, but the young man knows that it was a goose. And then, like a multitude cheering, break out the voices of the whole flock. They are gray lags, to the north, coming straight over the bog. If they pass to his left, as he turns to face them, they will come between him and the glow in the west, showing clearly against the sky. The young man has BBs in his right and As in his left. Both barrels are on full cock: he has an old hammer gun. They do not pass to his left, but they come so close to his right that he is all among

the clamor of their great voices which are ringing over the bog, and he can see their huge black shapes even against the night.

He fires at the nearest. Perhaps it was too near; BBs make a very small pattern. The voices of the geese increase to a great outcry, a protest to all the night against what has happened. But he has brought down no goose. He fires his left barrel, and they disappear, still resonantly protesting. And then he hears a heavy thump on the bog. A goose has fallen. He can still see rushes and water quite clearly all the way to where the dead goose must be; so there is no hurry, and he waits a minute or two to see if any more geese are coming. And then he goes to look for the bird he dropped.

But that minute or two was too long. Suddenly, as it seems, and certainly unexpectedly, night has come down on

the bog. The moon is too low to help, and only seems to be making the shadows blacker. He goes towards the place where the goose fell, but without keeping his eye on the spot, for all his eyesight is needed to get him safely over the bog. Sometimes the young man comes on shaky bog, and steps back hastily onto the nearest tuft of rushes, the one thing to be trusted in all that treacherous waste.

Now he learns the need of the ally that Man requires when he goes from the tame to the wild, that old ally the dog, who knows both worlds, Man's world and the world of Nature. But he has gone down there with no dog; and without any power of scent nor with sufficient eyesight for the work in hand, he roams helplessly.

TIME passes and he has searched a hundred lumps about the size of a goose, and none of them was one. And at last the moon, higher now and bright silver instead of dim gold, gives help to him, and shows him, on one of the lumps lying dark in the night a patch of whiteness. Yes, it is at last the goose that the moon has shown him, quite dead. He has nothing to do now but to get out of the bog with his prize. But he is now far from the part of it that he even thought he knew. He has pitted himself against Nature for the life of one of her children, and now he has to see to his own life. All the night is clearly against him. On which side will be the moon? A while ago, when turning the bog gold and black, it was all for magic and mystery, but now it helps man as well as the things of the wild; it shows him the outlines of low hills, which, strange though they look in the night, are shapes that he knows and which are guiding him home.

At last he reaches the edge of the bog and his feet touch firm land, and he feels for the tamed fields a welcome which he has not felt before. And as he walks up their slope, still guided by the dark hills, he suddenly sees the glow of a lighted window, not so beautiful as it was when he went down from it to the bog and the daylight was still in the sky and the window was a gleaming square of color; most of that orange glow is gone, and it is light now rather than color. And so from mystery, from moonlight to glowing window, the young man returns. He comes to his own house. He opens the door, and lamplight and firelight flash at him, and he comes on warmth again; faces look up eagerly, and there he stands with his goose, and his tale to tell. END

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Warsaw, Indiana

A special MEMO

TO ALL of you: A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! It's never been more of a pleasure to say it, and for one reason, because it gives me a chance to tell you of some of the things to come in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—things we hope and believe will contribute to making 1958, in sport, as happy a new year as there has ever been.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *South* . . . We start right off in our next issue with what is in a way June in January, presenting a full and footloose guide to the tremendous playground which extends from Hawaii in the West across the continent to the Lesser Antilles in the East. Winter is warm, the livin' is easy and the vacationist is monarch of all he surveys. There will be an illustrated map. As an introduction, Horace Sutton will define the carefree and occasionally appalling categories of vacationists you may expect to find in the various garden spots. Whatever your tastes, you will certainly be able to identify yourself with (or against) some of them, whether you are a skin-diver, sunbather, or stargazer, and whether you are able to join them in person or have to stay behind, nose against some northern grindstone. Our footloose sportsmen from all over have also combined to pinpoint the new resorts and new hotels, the golf courses, the sports available, the clothes to wear. Carleton Mitchell, the owner of the sensational racing yawl *Finisterre*, will describe a delightful procedure for Caribbean cruising in an article on sailing *Finisterre* around and about the Bahamas in a lazy-kind of way.

The South by Air . . . In the following issue, Bill Mauldin, who by choice travels these days in a flying machine rather than by jeep, begins a three-part report on the pleasures, perils and perquisites of a grand tour of the Caribbean in a Piper Apache with two pre-teen sons and a somewhat forbearing copilot. It all ends happily, naturally, because the Mauldin sense of humor is still intact.

Sport in Japan, Soccer in Sweden, Racing in Venezuela . . . Sport and travel of course overlap in myriad manners; more and more the evidence indicates that travel is in itself a sport. One thing is certain covering the world of sport means covering the world. And this brings up some other stories that are on the calendar for 1958: a report on sport in Japan by Herbert Warren Wind, who found in that densely populated country a new and almost incredible enthusiasm for the classic athletics and games of the West; the '58 European Games in Stockholm, now because of the intense participation of the Russians probably second only to the Olympics in importance among track events—which Roger Bannister will cover; also in Stockholm, in June, the World Soccer Cup matches; and along about April, the opening in Caracas of what will be, until something better comes along, the supreme and ultimate in race tracks.

New Faces . . . In the past, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has published the writings of eminent authors like William Faulkner, Robert Frost, John P. Marquand, John Steinbeck and many others. Adding their names to this list next year will be James Jones with a two-part article on skin-diving, which takes on added interest as a companion piece to the recent series on the same subject by Clare Boothe Luce; Nelson Algren with a Runyonesque tour of the comparatively unexplored

from the publisher

universe of the two-dollar bettor; Erskine Caldwell telling of a Rocky Mountain fishing trip; and Joel Sayre describing his own trip down the Grand Canyon in a rubber boat—not only a cliffhanger, but as well an exceptional description of how the human spirit responds to the challenge of natural forces.

Track and Trout . . . Next year will bring many PREVIEWS, two of them brand new. The first of these, scheduled for January, will be a comprehensive introduction to the indoor track season. Then along about the end of March or the beginning of April comes a unique opening to the trout season, featuring a special section on seven little-known trout streams in the U.S. that deserve, and no doubt will now get, greater fame. Outstanding fishing writers, including Ed Zern, John McDonald, Sparse Grey Hackle and Roderick Haig-Brown, will reveal the secrets of these streams and a distinguished group of artists will illustrate them.

Boxing . . . Two items of special note in boxing: an inquiry by Martin Kane into the present moribund state of boxing in our colleges, with recommendations for corrective measures; and a "scouting report" on the champion and leading contenders in the six divisions from heavyweight to featherweight.

Play ball! . . . Baseball, with franchises shifting and minor leagues sinking, has never been in a more critical period. Early in the year Robert Creamer takes a searching and long-range look at the whole subject of how baseball came to its present stage and where it can possibly go from here. Wherever it's going, the season starts in April, as sure as a full moon brings high tides; and that means our third annual Special Baseball Issue. The first of a four-part series begins in it this year, a series which will contain information of first importance to players of all levels of skill and of top interest to every fan. Written by five of the foremost major league players active today and illustrated by artists like Tony Ravielli and Robert Riger, it will be a clearly descriptive expositon of the national game as it is currently played and practiced in the majors, covering pitching, hitting, outfielding, infielding, catching and base running.

• • •

That's a start on 1958, anyway. But among and beyond these promised and projected stories also lies another entire year of the fast-breaking news of the events of sport, the scheduled, the unscheduled and the unpredictable, which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, as always, will be reporting in every issue as they happen.

With all of that—and reasonable assurance that we'll have a Kentucky Derby, an Indianapolis "500," an Army-Navy game, a round of golf, powder snow on the mountains and a brisk wind in the sails—I'll say it again, *Happy New Year!*

Harry Phillips

Bothwell's Banshees

CALIFORNIAN LINDLEY BOTHWELL OWNS AND RACES FINE OLD CARS THAT KINDLE NOSTALGIC MEMORIES OF A LUSTY TIME

THE WONDERFULLY nostalgic racing cars on the following pages are the pride of Lindley Bothwell, the California citrus rancher who invented, while an Oregon State cheerleader, the card stunts that since have decorated an implausible number of Coast football games, and who serves today as the Los Angeles regional executive of the Sports Car Club of America.

At 12 Bothwell discovered the allure of speed by whizzing down Los Angeles' Cahuenga Pass at 50 mph on a high-wheeled coaster cart. In 1926 he bought his first old car, a 1901 Olds, and two years later a 1909 Benz driven by Eddie Hearne and a 1907 Stearns which had known the heavy foot of the great Barney Oldfield. Today Bothwell has 18 veteran racing cars, 16 of which are shown here—all fitted with the riding mechanics' seats that typified the racers of a lusty bygone era.

There is no Walter Mitty in Bothwell; he races those clattering antiques himself, and his competitors have included such spirited leadfoots as Duke Nalon, Henry Banks, Jack McGrath and Manuel Ayulo. Bothwell's racers may be seen five or six times a year at events on the Coast and on Catalina Island. His chief regret is that no one else west of the Rockies maintains a similar stable, against which he might have a rousing series.

The particular jewel of this group is the No. 66 boat-tailed Peugeot (see page 122) with which Dario Resta won the 1916 Indianapolis "500" ("I think he would sell me before he would sell that car," says Mrs. Bothwell thoughtfully). Bothwell took it to the Brickyard in 1949 and turned an exhibition lap at an amazing 103.25 mph. Resta had won the 1916 event at the relatively leisurely pace of 84 mph.

Besides the racers Bothwell has a tidy collection of 69 other cars, and if you think his acquisitive interest in rapid transit ends there, you are mistaken, because he has five old Los Angeles streetcars in his barn as well.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK ELLIS

RACING AT PEBBLE BEACH, three of Lindley Bothwell's rapid antiques recapture the flavor of the automobile's toddling days. From top: a 1913 Stutz once driven by famed Bob Burman, a 1916 Hudson and a 1910 Buick.

3

5

10
Buick
10

GLEAMING LINEUP of vintage racing cars is displayed by California Owner Lindley Bothwell. All are kept in top racing condition. From bottom: 1914 Ford, 1913 Peugeot, 1907 Stearns, 1909 Pope-Hartford, 1913 Stutz, 1908 Benz, 1907 Packard, 1914 Ford, 1909 Benz, 1910 Buick, 1909 Mercedes, 1914 National, 1916 Hudson, 1910 Simplex, 1905 Mercedes and 1912 Cadillac.

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

1 Caution is indicated. Partner may have little or nothing. Any raise beyond three clubs is not justified. After your raise to three clubs, if partner has hearts stopped he should take a chance on three no trump.

2 This hand contains 20 points and is, therefore, short of a two no-trump opening. On the other hand, it is too strong for a one no-trump bid. It must be opened with one of a suit, and my choice is one club. I try to avoid opening with a spade bid, whenever plausible, on hands worth 20 or more points. It is much easier for partner to respond if you open with one club.

3 My own choice is for a direct leap to five diamonds, putting the guess right up to the opposition. There may be merit to a cue bid in hearts, in anticipation of the opponents getting to a high spade contract, in which case the heart lead would be called for. A bid of four diamonds deprives the opponents of some bidding room. A pass, with the intention of bidding five diamonds if the enemy gets to game, is better than the unstrategic raise to only three diamonds.

4 Double, for a take-out. This gives partner a choice between clubs and spades. A sizable demerit should be chalked up against the choice of a bid of only one spade. Two diamonds has some merit. Your hand is worth 21 points in support of spades; 20 in support of clubs.

5 This hand is a little too good for a simple raise in clubs. Some mild effort must be made to urge partner to go on, and the best choice is one no trump, which over a club indicates from 9 to 11 points. One diamond is an alternate call but in my view is not as apt to be effective.

6 I would advise you to quit while the quitting is good. This is obviously a misfit, and the best place to play such hands is at as low a level as convenient. One more bid by you may start a barrage of doubles from the enemy. Remember four suits do not necessarily spell three no trump.

7 Six hearts. Opposite a hand containing 25 points you could hardly miss making a slam. If partner happens to have a substantial three no-trump bid with all four aces, he would be in a position to contract for a grand slam.

A bid of six no trump might work out well and has the merit of making sure a slam is bid—which a jump to five hearts does not do. Four hearts is drastically inadequate.

8 My own preference is for a bid of six clubs. On holdings of this type, scientific exploration is almost impossible. This hand might be spread for 13 tricks and might not make more than 11, but you should be willing to gamble on developing a trick in spades. Partner might have the queen. He might have three or four small ones, and in any event the opponents will have a difficult discarding problem. Because of your unusual opening bid, partner is warned against bidding seven with what may be a useless ace.

9 Discretion calls for a pass. With a partner who has announced possession of practically nothing, it is futile to carry on the fight when the most you can hope to gain is a part score. You cannot expect to win more than six tricks in your own hand, and since partner may hold a complete blank it is foolish to contract for eight tricks. There is always the danger that West may be lying in ambush waiting for you to come out in the open again. If you cannot resist the urge to act, the double offers far greater safety than a bid of two spades, which could be crippled if trumps happen to be massed in West's hand.

10 It may come as a rude shock to some of the old guard that the bid of four no trump in this sequence is not looked upon by the elite as a Blackwood bid. It is just a good, old-fashioned measurement bid and tends to elicit from partner the information as to how good was South's two no-trump bid. The four no-trump call in this sequence is therefore just a king-size raise of the no-trump bid and announces that the holding merits distinctly more respect than a routine raise to three no trump. A four no-trump bid which comes from out of the blue when the common sense of the situation makes it clear that a suit contract is in contemplation is, of course, a Blackwood bid and therefore a demand for aces. In this situation South's two no-trump bid might have been based on only 15 points (see SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Sept. 16). Actually, your hand is worth 17 points, contains a good five-card suit and generally attractive features. You should therefore accept partner's invitation by proceeding to slam. The bid of five diamonds has some merit in that on an occasional hand a diamond contract might prove superior. Five spades, which might be passed by North, deserves whatever credit can be given to reward the player who declined to pass.

11 Deuce of diamonds. The lead of partner's suit is ruled out by the double. Nor should you select the unbid suit. The double of the slam calls for an abnormal lead, and in this particular case it appears that the abnormal lead is the dummy's first suit. You may wager a tidy sum that partner can ruff the opening lead.

12 East should play the queen of hearts, which demands that his partner underlead the ace. This may

continued

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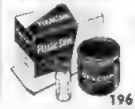

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BRIDGE QUIZ

continued

permit East to win the trick early enough to come through with a diamond. With the solid clubs in dummy available for discards, the defense must try to take diamond tricks in a hurry.

13 The heart opening is won in dummy and a low club is led. South will cover whatever East plays. If West wins this trick the suit will break, establishing declarer's ninth trick, and the spades will be safe from attack.

14 The problem was—as South, what is your best play to make six spades against West's opening lead of 9 of clubs?

These are the complete hands:

NORTH
♠ A 9 5 4 2
♥ 7 4 2
♦ K 9
♣ A K 6

WEST
♠ 8 7 3
♥ Q 6
♦ 10 8 7 4 3 2
♣ 9 8

EAST
♠ 6
♥ 10 9 8 5
♦ Q J 5
♣ Q J 10 7 2

SOUTH
♠ K Q J 10
♥ A K J 3
♦ A 6
♣ 5 4 3

South deals, both sides vulnerable.

You have two obvious chances to make the slam. First: the queen of hearts may be on side. Second: the hearts could break three-three, so that a club could be discarded on the fourth heart. The normal play is to try a high heart first and to finesse on the second round. This guards against singleton queen in the West hand. However, by playing both ace and king, declarer can guard against doubleton queen off side as well. If the queen does not fall on the second round, declarer returns to dummy to lead a small heart toward the jack. If East has the queen where it would have been originally finessible, he wins this trick, but now the jack is established for a club discard.

Your partner may groan if you finessed the jack on the very first heart lead; may offer respectful sympathy if you cashed a high heart before taking the finesse; should cheer if you made the superplay of cashing the two high hearts without taking a finesse. END

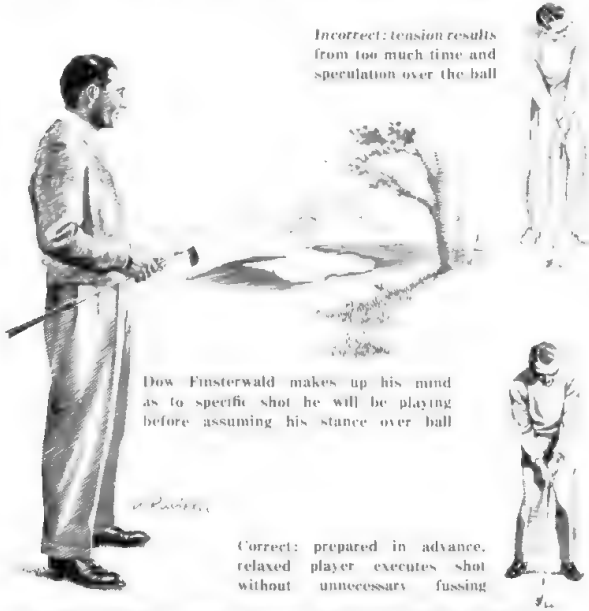
TIP FROM THE TOP

from **DOW FINSTERWALD**
Tequesta Country Club, Tequesta, Fla.

FOR GOLFERS OF ALL DEGREES OF SKILL

Golf is not a reflex action, but the nearer you can get your game *to it, the better. In the actual striking of the ball,* very little extra thought is needed to supplement the plan you've previously arrived at for playing that shot. It is, of course, impossible to separate the mental (the thinking out of the shot) completely from the physical (the actual shotmaking), but a golfer stands to profit if he can separate the two as much as possible. I think Henry Ransom does this very well.

Your thinking should be completed prior to taking your stance. As you walk down the fairway to your ball, begin to think out the upcoming shot, where you want to hit it, how hard you want to hit it and so on. Walk out to one side of the ball as you look the shot over. As in putting, this "triangling" can help you get a better sense of distance. Don't wait until you're standing over the ball to do your thinking. You will tighten up muscularly then. You're bound to. Think the shot out first. Then, when you step *up over the ball, just play your shot.* Don't give yourself too much time over the ball, or you'll second-guess yourself. Be positive. The results are invariably better if you play the wrong club with decision rather than the right club with wavering confidence.



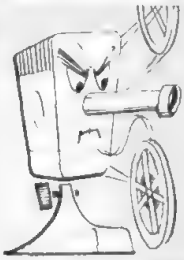
Incorrect: tension results from too much time and speculation over the ball

Dow Finsterwald makes up his mind as to specific shot he will be playing before assuming his stance over ball

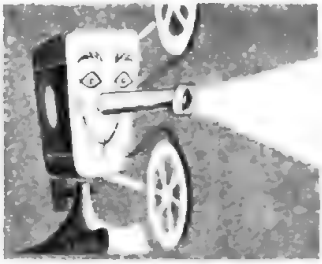
Correct: prepared in advance, relaxed player executes shot without unnecessary fussing

NEXT WEEK: *HAROLD CALLAWAY ON INSIDE-INSIDE*

BULB BLOW? SPOILED SHOW?



BUY A PAIR! HAVE A SPARE!



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THE READERS TAKE OVER

DAVIS CUP: THE SPORTING THING

Sirs:

According to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Bill Talbert, the U.S. Davis Cup team is about to be defeated in Australia, because three U.S. players refused to join the squad (*Decimation of a Black Christmas*, SI, Dec. 9). The excuse has been made, widely circulated and the gnats selected even before commencement of the matches against the Philippine and Belgian teams.

There is little doubt that the U.S. squad would be stronger with Richardson, Patty and Savitt. There is considerable doubt that the U.S. team, thus strengthened, would be capable of retaking the cup.

These doubts are incidental.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and Talbert have not done the "sporting thing" in attempting to blame the unhappy predicament of the U.S. squad on the failure of three men to join it. Accord of games' traitorous selfishness are: Richardson, a Rhodes scholar who considers any marriage obligation his senior; Patty, one prior claim; Patty, an internal bad temper; and Savitt, who doesn't give a damn; and Savitt, who gave [illegible] about it.

If Talbert, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and the [illegible] who [illegible] to [illegible] to [illegible] that [illegible] be satisfied by hitting tennis balls on tennis courts" by throwing [illegible] in magazine.

JOHN H. NOTMAN

Clinton, Iowa

• Mr. Notman's defense of the missing players is spirited, but his rationale lame. You cannot "win tennis competitions . . . by hitting tennis balls on tennis courts" if the players are not there to hit them. William Talbert did not seek to excuse a possible defeat because Richardson, Patty and Savitt refused to join the squad but wrote that "We are the only nation in the world challenging for the Davis Cup without all of our best players." What Talbert did say was that a player who has committed himself to the game and reaped the rewards should live up to his responsibilities.—ED.

THE MINORS: SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

SIRS:

I THOUGHT THAT SUPPOSEDLY VIRILE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED COULD NOT IN SUCH A FEW SHORT YEARS FALL INTO THE SENILITY OF IN-THE-RUT REPORTING.

YET, IN COVERAGE OF OUR RECENT MEETINGS IN COLORADO SPRINGS (*Doom Toward the Corner*, SI, Dec. 16), YOUR FOUR ABLE REPORTERS ON THE SCENE PURSUED AN OLD SPORTS ILLUSTRATED THEME: DOOM FOR THE MINORS.

AT THE CONCLUSION OF OTHER MINOR LEAGUE WINTER MEETINGS PRESIDENT GEORGE TRAUTMAN HAS BEEN PICTURED AS A WORRIED INSOMNIAC, TOSSING AT NIGHT WITH CONCERN OVER OUR PLIGHT AND, AT THE CONCLUSION OF LAST YEAR'S MEETINGS IN JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, AS BEING UPSET OVER ANOTHER REBUFF FROM THE MAJORS.

THE MAJORS AS A GROUP HAVE NOT REBUFFED US BOTH LAST YEAR AND AGAIN IN COLORADO SPRINGS. MUCH CONSTRUCTIVE LEGISLATION WAS ENACTED WHICH SHOULD HELP THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE OF ORGANIZED BASEBALL. . . .

AT COLORADO SPRINGS, MR. TRAUTMAN WAS REFERRING TO THOSE MAJOR LEAGUE EXECUTIVES WHO PLAN TO TELEVISE SUNDAY GAMES WHEN HE WAS QUOTED OUT OF CONTEXT BY SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, "HOW CAN YOU HAVE LEADERSHIP WHEN YOU HAVE NO FOLLOWERS?" HE WENT ON TO ASK ABOUT THOSE SAME MAJOR LEAGUE EXECUTIVES WHO HAVE BEEN SO HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL IN OTHER BUSINESS ENDEAVORS: "HOW CAN THEY PERMIT THE STRUCTURE OF BASEBALL TO TOPPLE?"

EARL LUNDQUIST
DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS NATL. ASSN. OF PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL LEAGUES
COLUMBUS, OHIO

• Mr. Lundquist sounds somewhat schizoid on the majors' attitude toward the minors. He resents and rightly so the proposed televised Sunday games and views with alarm the obvious wobbling of baseball's foundations. But, precisely, what is the "constructive legislation" that Mr. Lundquist claims was enacted? The revised bonus law has virtually no effect on the minor situation. The new draft law will not help the minors. President Trautman was not quoted out of context. Mr. Trautman leads the minors, not the majors, and it is the constant dissent in minor ranks that make effective leadership difficult. As for the minors' future, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED sticks to its prognosis that we will see fewer, more easily handled, more efficiently aligned and organized leagues and that they will be entirely subsidized by the major leagues.—ED.

HORSES OF THE YEAR (CONT.)

Sirs:

Now that all precincts have been heard from, a look at the various polls for Horse of the Year seems in order. The staffs of *The Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form* nominated Bold Ruler. The racing secretaries who voted in the Thoroughbred Racing Association poll cast their majority vote for Dedicate, with Bold Ruler as Best 3-Year Old Colt. *Turf and Sport Digest*, polling 175 sports writers, found for Bold Ruler.

A three-man committee of the august Jockey Club, the oldest supervisory organization in racing, made an unprecedented double selection in nominating Bold Ruler and Gallant Man jointly as Champion Horse. Simultaneously, your Mr. Tower named three horses to that honor: Bold Ruler, Gallant Man and Round Table. Part of Mr. Tower's accompanying citation reads: "All three contributed so much to the quality of the season that it becomes foolish, indeed to pick one as *the* best and leave the other two in the unfamiliar role of also ran." I think that about sums it up.

C. L. VAN RENSSELAER
New York City

BOXING: CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sirs:

I read with interest the comments of Crusader Cus D'Amato on the subject of a Floyd Patterson-Eddie Machen title fight (E&D, Dec. 2). Wielding the enormous amount of influence that it does, your magazine would do boxing a great service by coming out strongly for such a match. Crusader Cus seems determined to keep Nasty Norris and Evil Eddie from getting a chance at the heavyweight loot, despite the fact that Eddie is rated the No. 1 contender in all ratings. Who's running the monopoly now?

Let's face a few facts, as painful as they might be to all Patterson fans. Against token opposition in his first two defenses of the title, Floyd looked good, but he has never been tested by a young, hard-hitting heavyweight, such as Machen. Machen wants the fight, the public wants the fight and Crusader Cus wants money, so the fight is a natural. Floyd is not a sure bet to defeat Eddie (remember the Oklahoma-Notre Dame game). Against stronger opposition than Floyd had ever seen, Machen has been developing steadily in the last two years into the hard-hitting contender that he is. Assuming that D'Amato can be pressured into giving Machen a crack at his own little monopoly, Fearless Floyd, Inc., Evil Eddie might just please his fans by sending Floyd and Cus back to the prelims where Cus "can look after his boys."

ROBERT M. HITCH

New Haven, Conn.

● The reasons which Cus D'Amato advances for not sanctioning a Machen-Patterson match are involved with the long, lonely war he is waging "to weaken and discredit the International Boxing Club." D'Amato says that Machen was offered a fight with Patterson last summer and turned it down. This refusal Cus feels was dictated by the IBC to show him that even though he was the manager of the heavyweight champion he would not be able to get suitable opponents unless he joined their camp. Cus further claims that subsequently the IBC glibly assured Machen that it would be able to get him a fight with Patterson, implying that D'Amato would eventually come around. "These people are a bunch of bluffers," D'Amato says bitterly, and he is determined to call their bluff.

If D'Amato were to permit Patterson to fight Machen, he would, in one stroke, have lost his war. He would, in effect, be endorsing all the wrongs which he feels the IBC has inflicted upon the sport, wrongs which have brought it to what he considers its present dolorous estate.

One result of Cus's battle, of course, is that the public may temporarily suffer by not being able to witness a Patterson-Machen match. D'Amato concedes this, but he feels that if he persists in his attempt to free boxing from the special interests of the IBC, the public should benefit in the long run by having more and better fights to watch between superior fighters.

Although D'Amato has a rather low opinion of Machen's abilities, that has no bearing on his refusal to accept him as an opponent. Machen, indeed, has not looked particularly good in his last few fights, and many of boxing's knowing citizens are beginning to sour on this young man who once appeared so promising.

The truth is that the present bunch of heavyweights is undistinguished, and the National Boxing Association recognizes this. NBA President Gilbert H. Jackson said last week that his organization will not enforce, in Patterson's case, its regulation that a champion must defend every six months because of an absence of qualified contenders.

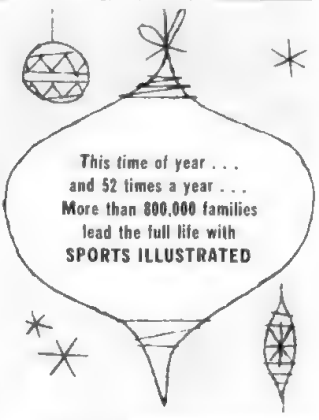
"The only man I can think of," Jackson said, "and many people don't think he is ready, is Eddie Machen. Patterson is anxious to get fights, but he has a very narrow field to operate in."

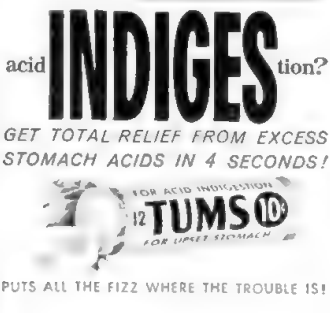
D'Amato has been beleaguered by a spottily hostile press, which has begun to point out with caustic insistence that Patterson has suffered by being used as an instrument of battle in D'Amato's campaign against the IBC. If Patterson is indeed suffering, the symptoms have been marvelously concealed. D'Amato has done nicely by him financially; his gross purses for his first two title defenses amounted to $373,000. Rocky Marciano, the champion before him, received gross purses of $360,787 for his first two championship fights.

If Patterson is suffering from what one writer calls "title defenses," ridiculing the quality of his opposition by the quotation marks, it is again difficult to see exactly how. Patterson's first opponent was Hurricane Jackson, who at the time they fought was rated the No. 1 contender by the NBA. D'Amato cannot be faulted because Jackson did not turn out to be made of sterner stuff. Patterson's second opponent was Pete Rademacher, the visionary amateur. Rademacher was outclassed, but no more so than was Don Cockell, a lardy British heavyweight whom Marciano knocked out in 1955 with a minimum of ridicule.

If Patterson is suffering because D'Amato has not got him another fight, the diagnosis is certainly premature. Only four months have elapsed since Patterson last fought. Jersey Joe Walcott waited 11 months before defending his title, Rocky Marciano defended but twice a year. If Patterson follows this precedent, which is based largely on tax considerations and a desire not to exhaust a painfully limited field of challengers, and has two fights in 1958—not an unlikely prospect—he cannot be criticized.

One thing is certain: Cus is not prepared to abandon his battle plan.—ED.

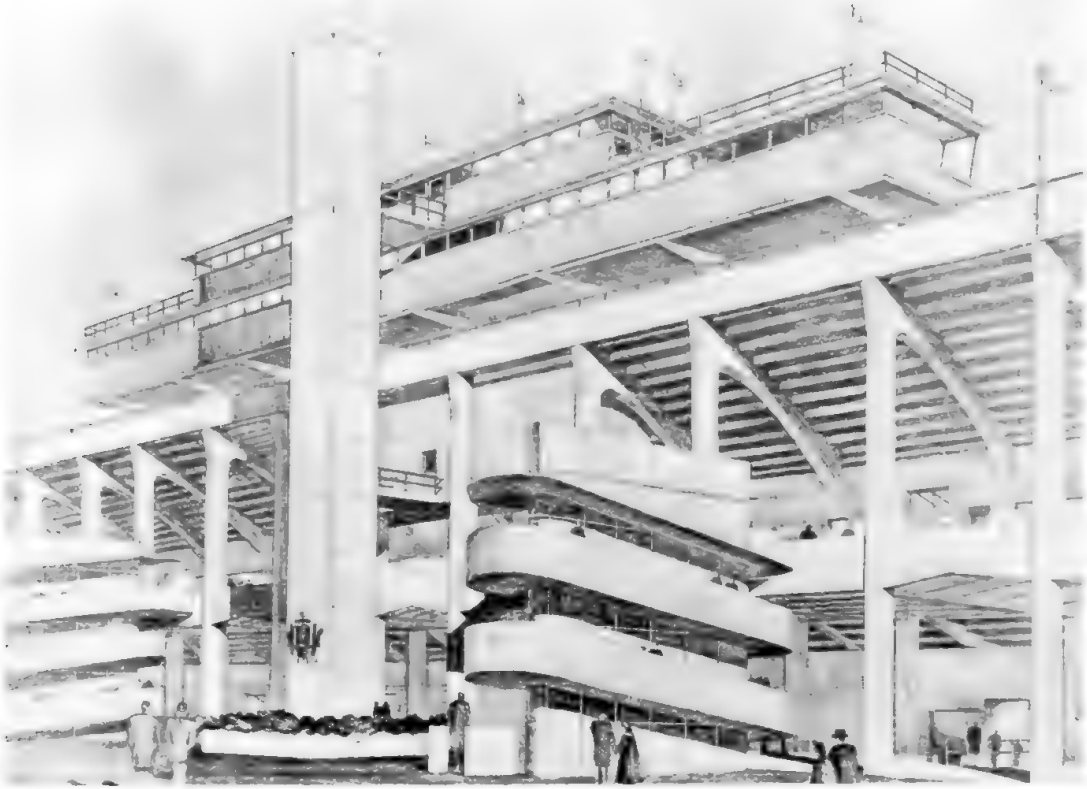


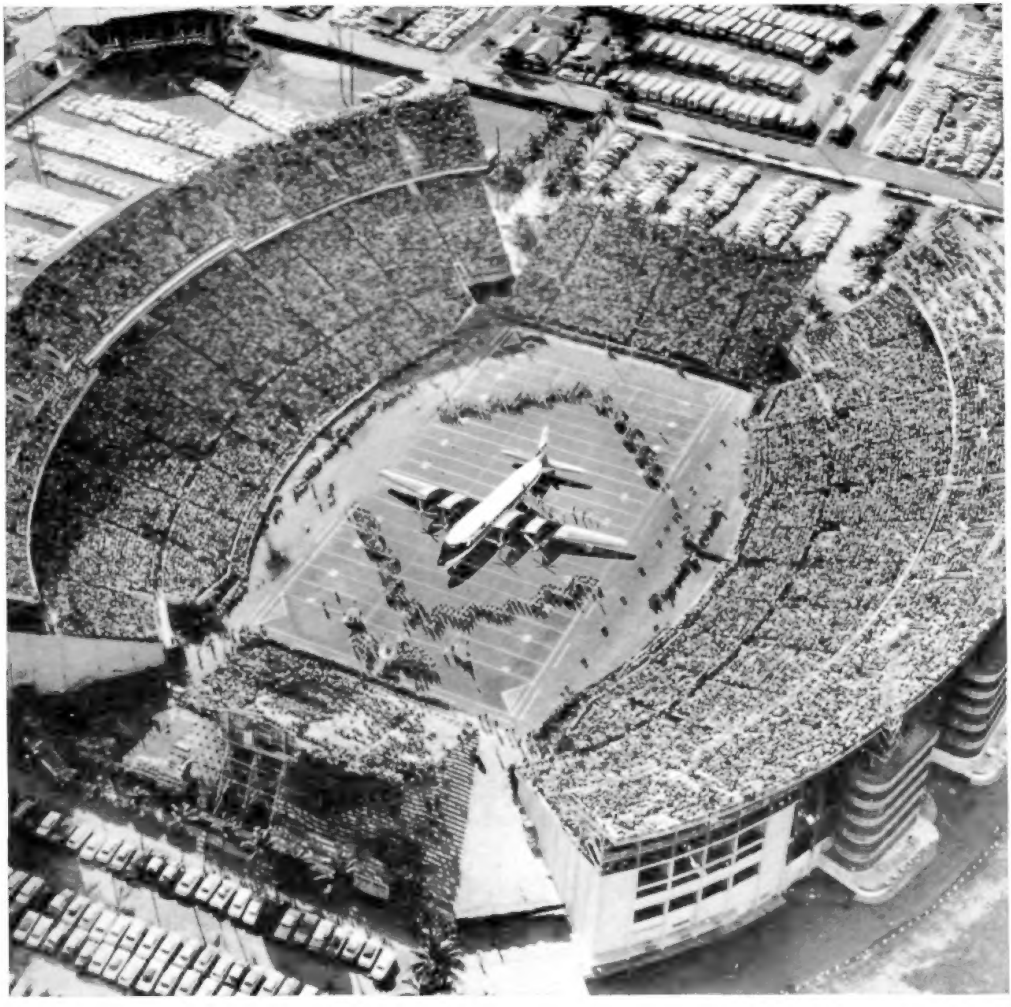


PAT ON THE BACK

ADMIRAL SMEDBERG and GENERAL DAVIDSON

Traditional enemies on the gridiron, Annapolis and West Point got together recently in the persons of their superintendents—Rear Admiral William R. Smedberg III and Lieutenant General Garrison Davidson—in a gesture of friendship. The occasion was the presentation by General Davidson of a check for $1,107 to Admiral Smedberg as a gift from cadets to midshipmen for the new Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The new 30,000-seat amphitheater (*below*) will stand one mile from the academy buildings and will be completed in 1959. Since there are no federal funds available for this structure, money is being raised by the nonprofit Naval Academy Athletic Association to meet the $3,100,000 construction figure. They've set up Box 777, Annapolis, Md. to receive contributions for the project, under an advisory board which includes Secretary of Navy Thomas S. Gates.





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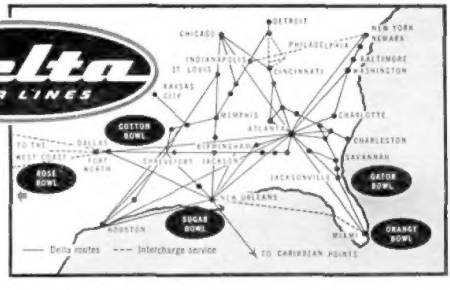

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SIR TURF

English Jockey Sir Gordon Richards rode 12 consecutive winners and set two world records which have never been bettered

by GEOFFREY RAPHAEL

THE little market town of Chepstow in Monmouthshire, Wales (pop. 4,078) sleeps at the mouth of the River Wye, where it flows into the Severn. South and east stand the great port of Bristol and the rolling Cotswolds, while north and west lies Wales, with her misty mountains and green valleys. Once Chepstow's sole claim to fame was the ruins of an 11th century castle, but Gordon Richards, more recently Sir Gordon, paid a short visit there in the autumn of 1933, and that put the town into the world's news.

Swarming to Chepstow's little race course the morning of October 4 was a large number of miners and industrial workers from South Wales, for within a radius of 50 miles lie the cities of Swansea and Cardiff, and the Rhondda Valley with Ebbw Vale and Merthyr Tydfil, and numberless mining villages with names that few can spell and only natives can pronounce.

Almost everybody in the vicinity with the price of admission and a few extra bob with which to bet was on the move to Chepstow.

Richards had made the trip to Chepstow's meeting after riding a winner in the fifth race at Nottingham on October 3. He had not raced in the sixth and last race on that day.

As the Chepstow meeting got under way, Richards rode the first three winners, Manner, Brush Past and Miss B. Tension began to mount as Richards, backed solidly by the betting, won the fourth and fifth races. The sixth was the last race of the day and nobody in the excited throng could remember if any jockey had ever ridden the winners of a full card.

Richards' sixth ride, somewhat propitiously named Delicia, was quickly installed favorite at 5 to 4. At the start of the sixth race Richards took the lead, showed the whip and booted his mount home by a length.

Before the race was even over wild cheering broke out and lasted until horse and rider got back to the winner's enclosure, where Richards received a tremendous ovation. The crowd then went happily on its way. It was a day to be relived and celebrated in many a pub and besides the record book had to be examined.

Richards had created an English native record, for although George Fordham had ridden six winners in 1864 and 1867, and the legendary Fred Archer had done the same in 1877 and 1882, in each instance there were more than six races on the card. It was no world record. In 1907 at Churchill Downs, Ky. James Lee, the colored jockey, had won a full card of six races, as did H. Phillips in 1916 at Reno. Numerous riders had won six out of but six mounts, or six out of seven mounts, on the same day, and one J. Sylvester at Ravenna Park in 1930 had won seven out of eight. Gordon Richards who had ridden a winner on his last mount on October 3 had now ridden seven consecutive mounts to victory.

VICTORIOUS Richards, at pinnacle of career, strides past crowd.

In the first race on the following day Richards struggled home with an even-money favorite by a head and won the second race on the 4-to-6 favorite by a length. (The eighth consecutive favorite to win.) In the third race Richards' mount was allowed to start second favorite at 9 to 4. Having duly won this race, he proceeded to win, in an atmosphere of mounting hysteria, the fourth and fifth races on two more favorites at 4 to 7 and 1 to 1 respectively. The last being his twelfth win on consecutive mounts, and eleventh consecutive win at the meeting on 10 favorites and one second favorite.

Since the third race, the talk had been only about his chance to ride all six winners for the second day running. As the time came for saddling the runners in the sixth, the paddock was jammed. The stocky little figure with the jaunty gait came out of the weighing room and with difficulty, because of the crowd, made his way across the paddock. Pats on the back, and shouts of "Come on, Gordon" greeted him as he went. There was little betting, because the record was the main interest, and in any case his mount Eagleray was quoted by the bookmakers at the prohibitive odds of 1 to 3, the shortest of the meeting.

As the horses galloped down to the starting post for the six furlong handicap, the tension was so great that the roar of the crowd had died to a murmur and, by the time the horses came under the starter's orders, there was almost complete silence. After the cry of "They're off!" the silence returned. As the field came up the straight three horses drew to the front: Lament, Cuttyren and Richards' mount, Eagleray. The jockeys went to their whips and raced neck and neck, with Eagleray, who was giving away a lot of weight, under tremendous pressure. The crowd suddenly cried out in a frenzied effort to spur on the horse and rider, and in the last few yards it seemed as though Richards was carrying his mount. The horses flashed past the post, and as the numbers went into the winners' frame, the crowd knew that Lament had won, with Eagleray third. The verdict: a head and a neck. The spell was broken, but Chepstow was now part of racing history and Gordon Richards had set two world records which still stand: he had ridden 11 consecutive winners at a meeting and had completed an amazing string of 12 winners on 12 consecutive mounts. END

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